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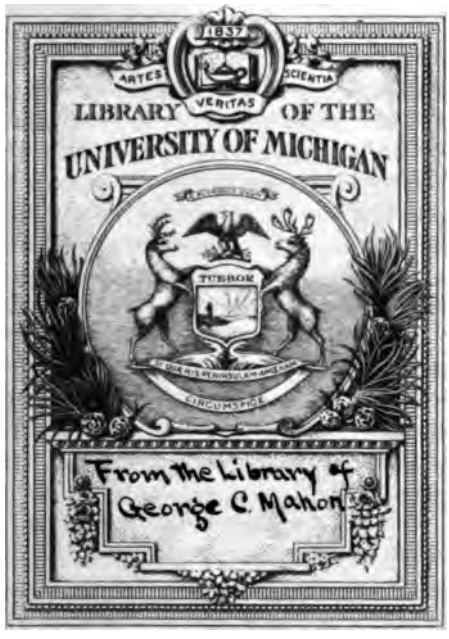
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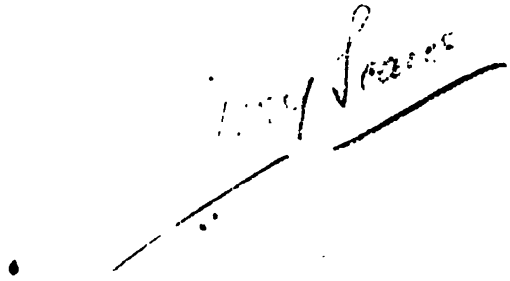

THE

CELTIC RECORDS.

AND

HISTORIC LITERATURE OF IRELAND.

BY

J. T. GILBERT, ESQ., M. R. I. A.,

AUTHOR OF

"THE STREETS OF DUBLIN" AND "THE HISTORY OF DUBLIN."

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

THE two papers on Irish History, which appear in this volume, were the first published productions of the present Historian of the City of Dublin, and although they were subsequently reprinted, yet a difficulty occasionally occurs in procuring them, *owing to their being long out of print;* the publisher, therefore, thinks it worth while preserving the few remaining copies, as they originally appeared, and for that purpose binds them up in their present dress, hoping that the writer will at no distant period, enlarge on this subject of his Country's History, for which his literary abilities so eminently qualify him.

W. B. KELLY.

8, GRAFTON-STREET, DUBLIN,
January, 1861.

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IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. III.—SEPTEMBER, 1851.

CONTENTS.

ARTICLE — PAGE

I.—Poetical Literature of the Past Half-Century:
Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half-Century, in Six Lectures, delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Association. By D. M. Moir, (Delta.) William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1851, - - - - 351

II.—Sheil, - - - - - - - 375

III.—The Historic Literature of Ireland:
Publications of the Irish Archæological Society, founded A. D. 1840, for the printing of the Genealogical, Ecclesiastical, Bardic, Topographical, and Historical Remains of Ireland: 14 vols. 4to. Dublin, 1841—1850, - - - - - - 409

IV.—Mr. Montague Dempsey's Experiences of the Landed Interest.—Chap. V. - - - - 469

V.—Government Patronage at Home and Abroad:
1. Return of the Number and Names of Persons appointed to any Judicial or other Legal Office, in the East Indies and British Colonies, since the 1st of January, 1832. 10th July, 1848—Mr. Keogh.
2. Further Return, in continuation of former. 18th July, 1848—Mr. Keogh.
3. Return of Number and Names of Persons appointed to any Judicial or other Legal Office, in the

East Indies, &c., since 10th July, 1848. 10th July, 1850—Mr. SADLEIR.
4. Motion relative to Appointments in India. 16th April, 1850, - - - - - 485

VI.—POSTSCRIPT:
The Whigs—Free Trade—Emigration—Decimation.
The Land Question, with Practical Plans for an Improved Land Tenure and New Land System, by Vincent Scully, Esq. Q.C. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 1851.
The League—"The Tablet" *v.* the Irish Bar, - 507

No. IV.

WILL BE PUBLISHED ON 1ST DECEMBER, 1851.

THE

IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. IV.—DECEMBER, 1851.

CONTENTS.

ARTICLE PAGE

I.—THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA:
The English in America. By the Author of "Sam Slick," &c., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1851, - - - - 523

II.—MARIA EDGEWORTH:
Memoirs—Essays—Tales—Novels, - 548

III.—A GLANCE AT THE PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION OF IRELAND, - - - - - 579

IV.—THE CELTIC RECORDS OF IRELAND:
Annala Rioġaċta Eireann. Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the Four Masters, from the earliest period to the year 1616. Edited from MSS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy and of Trinity College, Dublin, with a Translation, and copious Notes, by JOHN O'DONOVAN, L.L.D. M.R.I.A., Barrister-at-Law. 7 vols. 4to. Dublin: Hodges & Smith, 1851, - - 588

V.—THE POOR LAW IN IRELAND, AND THE CONSOLIDATED ANNUITIES, - - - - 700

VI.—MR. MONTAGUE DEMPSEY'S EXPERIENCES OF THE LANDED INTEREST.—Concluded, - - - 716

VII.—PRE-RAPHAELITISM:
Pre-Raphaelitism. By the Author of "Modern Painters." London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1851, 740

THE

IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. III.—SEPTEMBER, 1851.

ART. I.—POETICAL LITERATURE OF THE PAST HALF-CENTURY.

Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the past Half-Century, in Six Lectures, delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Association. By D. M. Moir. (DELTA.) William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1851.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."
Tennyson.

IT is one of the brotherhood—*Delta*, of that ilk—that marshals in array the high-priests of genius in this latter time, the poets of the last half-century, a period, we may observe, which has been as fruitful in appreciation as prodigal of genius. The ablest critics have walked in the train of the greatest poets—Byron had his Jeffrey, Wordsworth his Wilson. An immense region of literature has been devoted to that very task, which but the other day has occupied the lecturer now under review; and, perhaps the greatest difficulty which presented itself to him in the fulfilment of that task must have been, to compress into the compass of a little volume a subject, which had wooed and won the exuberant diffuseness of a half-century of criticism.

In the early pages of this book Mr. Moir observes,

"The literature of an age is the reflection of its existing modes of thought, etherialised and refined in the alembic of genius. * * It may also be admitted that the intellectual character of an era must ever be, in a great measure, moulded and *modified by contemporaneous exigencies.*"

It may be too much to say that the polity and the literature of an age are exchangeable terms; but that they are referable to a common measure we may be permitted to predicate.

"All mortal thoughts confess a *common* home."

There is a point of junction wherein all the ways of life find their termination. Individual and national character, religion, political institutions, literature, the arts, science, and social manners, act and re-act upon each other. Any given event, expression of thought, or impulse of passion, has manifold sources, manifold issues, numerous representatives. Thus it is that Rousseau, Mirabeau, and Byron meet and embrace, in spite of intervening time, and distance of place, and difference of circumstance, upon the common ground and trysting-place of the French Revolution.

"Coming events cast their shadows before;" events accomplished have their shadows, too—in another direction. The dawn precedes the day; the day is remembered in the twilight; the literature of an age may be the precursor and *prophet* of a great event, may be, too, its *historian*. And of this latter character much of the poetry of the last half-century has been. We think that Mr. Moir has not given sufficient prominence to the influence which the political convulsions of France in the last century unquestionably exercised on our literature; and we shall call upon Hazlitt to supply the deficiency. "Mr. Wordsworth," says this distinguished writer, "is at the head of that which has been denominated the Lake School of Poetry. * * This school of poetry had its origin in the French Revolution, or rather in those sentiments and opinions which produced that Revolution. * * Our poetical literature had, towards the close of the last century, degenerated into the most trite, insipid, and mechanical of all things in the hands of the followers of Pope, and the old French school of poetry. * * The change in the *belles lettres* was as complete, and to many persons as startling, as the change of politics with which it went hand in hand. * * According to the prevailing notions, all was to be natural and new. Nothing that was established was to be tolerated. All the commonplace figures of poetry were discarded; a classical allusion was looked upon as a piece of antiquated foppery. * * The object was to

reduce all things to an absolute level; and a singularly affected and outrageous simplicity prevailed in style and sentiment. * * The paradox they" [the Lakers] "set out with was, that all things by nature are equally fit subjects for poetry; or, that if there is any preference to be given, those that are the meanest and most unpromising are the best, as they leave the greatest scope for the unbounded stores of thought and fancy in the writer's own mind. * * They were for bringing back poetry to its primitive simplicity and state of nature, as he" [Rousseau] "was for bringing society back to the savage state." Nor is a word of all this a whit the less true, because the Jacobinism, the levelling spirit of the *poet* Wordsworth, were confined to his *style* and choice of *subjects*, and are not found to pervade the political opinions and religious sentiments of the *man* Wordsworth. The explosion in France reverberated through all the fields of human power, and knowledge, and sentiment, and through every recess of society. The Polity of Paris was echoed by the Poetry of Westmoreland, and Peter Bell was another name for Jourdain Tile-Beard. *A bas les Aristocrates*—down with Damon! Nor did Wordsworth stand alone—"nous sommes tous Dépresménils!" Crabbe—(the Crabbe of the second era—for in his earlier time, ere his poetical *civism* had blossomed, he was an aristocrat who might have supped at Parnassus with Pope)—Byron—Moore—Coleridge—Shelley—and all the great poets of the past half-century, were *concitoyens* in the Republic of Letters. All hail to the "regenerated!" *

And the subject, seen from another point of view, assumes fresh importance; for, is it not so written, "the *seeing* eye, and the *hearing* ear?"—And did not the mighty event to which we have just drawn attention educate the "eye" and "ear" of society to "see" and to "hear"—that is, to understand and appreciate—the glory and the melody of that verse, a great portion of which would have been unintelligible to the generation succeeding that which had "made poetry a mere mechanic art," were it not that new modes of thinking

* Is it necessary to observe, that reflections upon historical events in their connection with literature, cannot reasonably be held to imply sympathy with violence? We have no wish to see a guillotine in College Green; but then—the Past *is* past, and our own for every purpose.

and new phases of manners, accompanying, or immediately following political changes, had prepared the way for a new literature?

Go behind the year '89, and pass back from the Jacobins to the Jacobites, and "tea-cup times of hood and hoop." A young nobleman of Nottinghamshire requests Lady Mary Wortley Montague to introduce him to Pope—"he—a—himself 'cultivates the Muses,'" and to get up some dish-of-tea-business for that end. "Manuscripts hopefully submitted for the correction—it is hoped the approval—of—a—the—favorite guest of Apollo, and the tuneful nine," (and that lot generally.) How the "note of interrogation" (so called, because of his crookedness and other qualities, by a "wag"—an animal now extinct, like the red deer, save in remote parts of Ireland), how the note of interrogation does wriggle, and humph, and become doubly a note of interrogation! "Pr'ythee, my lord, do you call this verse? Methinks it is but sorry thought, in unwonted words." He has got hold of *Childe Harold*, and does not know what to make of "*the stars that are the poetry of heaven.*" He shovels over to another bundle of paper—"'*The mind, the*'—ah!—'*music*'—yes, it *is* music—'*breathing*'"—here he himself becomes breathless with horror—"'*from her face.*'" *Respice finem.* The tea and flirtation over, Lady Mary's fan put up to rest, poor thing, and the young poet's MSS. swept clean out of sight with the tea-cups, the end of it is, that our Nottinghamshire Viscount, who, not content with his family pedigree, "*claimed kindred*" with the "*stars,*" establishes his claim to kindred with *another* heavenly body, and gets to know something of the sanitory (or insanitory) side of the Court of Chancery. Alack! the readers of Debrett shall never read Don Juan. Then, there's our friend, Coleridge. Let us get Horace Walpole to give him letters of marque to Gray. To be sure, you might as well ask Gibbon to dinner, "to meet Carlyle." However, here we are, the "*iron sleet of arrowy shower,*" and "*the bird that made the breeze to blow.*" "Pray, sir, be seated," says the iron sleet, "I hope my worthy, and esteemed friend at Strawberry Hill is in the enjoyment of good health and a serene mind—the 'mens sana in corpore sano.' Are you an enthusiast for the Classics? Ah!—hah!—humph!

'At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name!'

An albatross? A *bird*, my good sir, do you say? And—and—what's this?

'I guess 'twas frightful, there to see
A lady so richly clad as she,
Beautiful exceedingly!'

Nay, our brisk beaux would not think it so 'frightful' to encounter a fair damsel." Mr. Gray "feareth that a spirit is talking to him." He proceeds,

"'I fear thee and thy glittering eye
And thy skinny hand so brown.'

"My case exactly," he groans to himself, "shut up here with a lunatic with a 'glittering eye.' My dear sir," he adds aloud, "I have myself been censured by worthy gentlemen, who, perhaps justly, prefer what is correct to what is striking, for having given too free a rein to the Pegasus of fancy, *but*," &c. &c. In brief, neither Coleridge nor the Ancient Mariner shall ever come to be of that company, of whom the former might say as truly as the latter,

"We were the first, that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

We shall take leave of this branch of the subject by a quotation from Mr. Moir having reference thereto:—

"While the materials for verse cannot well exist in abundance in the Cimmerian chaos of primal barbarism, * * scarcely more affluent will they be found in the zenith of that luxury which states and peoples generally attain immediately before their decline, and final overthrow and extinction. There is a middle space between light and darkness, a twilight with its receding stars and its rising sun, a table-land separating the confines of barbarism and refinement, which appears to be that best adapted for most things—for intellectual enterprise and exercise, as well as for the development of the imaginative faculty; for there the arabesque pageantry of night, and the shadows of darkness have not yet disappeared, and the dawn is fringing the orient clouds with gold. Picturesqueness is the attribute which renders this particular aspect of man the best adapted for representing him in a poetical light. His actions appear in it more

impulsive, and less involved; and, from the alternations of light and shade, with a more aërial perspective, the world is in it rendered a fitter theatre alike for 'the painter's pencil and the poet's pen.' This was the very state of things existing at the commencement of the present century; and with it a new grand epoch of the world's history was to begin. A band of giant intellects, as in the days of Elizabeth, was again to illumine the foot-hardened and cloud-shadowed pathways of literature and science. Old feelings were to be set aside, old customs to be abrogated, old manners to pass into oblivion; and out of bloodshed and confusion, and revolutions civil and religious, a new order of things was to arise—gloomy, ghastly, deplorable, and hopeless, according to some, but according to the sun-bright hopes of more ardent spirits, freighted with

> ——'a progeny of golden years,
> Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.'

Far, as yet, have these Elysian dreams been from perfect fulfilment; yet have we every reason to plume ourselves, when we regard what has been done for literature by Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, Crabbe, Coleridge, Wilson, Campbell, Southey, and their compeers."

The following is *Delta's* liberal and just review of the merits of Wordsworth:—

"With much "(continues Mr. Moir, commenting on Coleridge's opinion of Wordsworth, which we do not quote), "with much, nay, with almost all of this I am quite disposed to agree; but then it applies only to Wordsworth's better manner, and to his most successful compositions. His peculiar faults, which are left untouched by Coleridge, are quite as obvious as his peculiar beauties. Alike in his later as in his earlier poems, Wordsworth is not seldom verbose and exaggerated, to a degree that verges on bombast and Ancient Pistol, occasionally simple to a silliness that reminds of Shallow and Slender. * * No really great poet resembles Wordsworth in tedious prolixity, save Spencer. In their happier moods, they each flash upon us with the crimson light of setting suns, or with the 'innocent brightness of the new-born day'; but withal, and with reverence for their manifold excellencies be it spoken, they are not unfrequently garrulous, spin long yarns, and consequently must submit to be often read only in extract by the less enthusiastic. Yet, with all his exaggeration of tone, cumbrous machinery, over-minuteness of detail, occasionally trite baldness, and disregard of proportion in the relations of objects—his perverse blending of the little with the great, and his not seldom mistaking the simply silly for the severely simple—Wordsworth is a 'prevailing poet,' and must be ever regarded as a great one, for his high and manifold merits. Next to Scott, who stands alone, and above all, and equal at least to Byron, Wilson, and Coleridge, he was the most original minded man of his age. Approxi-

mating to the holy Scriptures themselves, his writings have a simplicity of thought, and a singleness of purpose, which we vainly look for elsewhere; and after perusing a fashionable, clever, trumpery work of the day, redolent of the scented vices and quibbling artifices of society, we turn to the pictures and moralisings of Wordsworth, like the 'captive long in city pent' to the green woods and the blue skies, to the waterfalls and to the mountains, to the scenes of primitive bliss and patriarchal simplicity.

"From 1798 until 1818, when Professor Wilson flashed on it (Wordsworth's poetry) the light of his critical genius, it might be said to have remained a book sealed, to whose cipher there was no key. To him, therefore, the world in a great measure owes the *sesame* to the occult treasure, and Wordsworth the happiness of knowing, in his declining years, that he had not over-estimated his powers—that his name was enrolled amongst the immortals. The subject has since that time, been the one most prolific of discussion in our contemporary literary annals; and has been ably handled by Jeffrey, Gifford, Southey, Lockhart, Hazlitt, Savage Landor, Sterling, De Quincey, and fifty other able pens."

We cannot but advert to the false criticism that claims for Scott (in the above extract) the character of "the most original minded man of his age." We indignantly deny it. That Scott was original, in the same sense that Spencer was original, we of course know well enough; but he was anything in the world *but* the "most original minded man of *his* age" (that is, of the nineteenth century, or the earlier portion of it). *Non meus hic sermo.* We are about to prove the direct reverse of the position laid down by Mr. Moir, and how?—by his own lips! No, not by *induction* from anything that may fall from him in the course of his evidence, but by his own direct testimony. Come, Mr. Moir, kiss the book, turn your face to the jury, and speak up:

"Common to every human heart, there is a certain class of emotions, the expression of which 'turn as they leave the lips to song;' and hence the primitive form of poetry in the ballad. It is also to be remarked, that throughout all countries the themes of these ballads are the same—'Ladye love, and war, renown, and knightly worth.' So large a portion even of the poetry of Homer takes this shape, that it has been seized upon as a leading feature in the controversy regarding the unity of the authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey, * * and many of these separate gems of narrative were by Dr. Maginn—who at the same time repudiated the heresy—disjoined from the context, and translated under the title of 'Homeric Ballads.' Mr. Macaulay thinks it highly probable that the traditionary legends of primitive Rome

also existed in the same popular form, and hence their re-appearance, under his plastic touch, in the 'Ancient Lays.' It has been the same from 'Zembla to the line;' for amongst others Davis, in his 'Researches,' mentions those of the Chinese; * * * Percy, Ellis, and Ritson, the English; Hailes, Scott, Motherwell, and Robert Chambers, the Scottish. * * * To them Scotland in some measure owes its greatest poet, in so far at least as determining the bent of his genius was concerned; for it was while listening with rapt ear to the stirring or plaintive minstrelsies of the border districts, that the fire of song awakened in the young heart of Walter Scott; and his first great appearance was in presenting these traditionary stores in a collected form to the world, accompanied by imitations of their style and manner so accurate and striking, as at once to prove the close study he had given them, and the depth of that impression which the originals had made on his feelings and fancy * * * *At this shrine Scott kindled the torch of his genius.* and set himself in earnest to work out scenes of interest and images of beauty and of power, *from the warblings of scalds, and bards, and troubadours, and minnesingers—in short, from the vast mass of materials which were open to him in the hitherto almost unappropriated and rich vast quarry* of the *feudal system;* and the first grand *result* came forth in the *Lay of the last Minstrel.*"

Our politest thanks are surely due to Mr. Moir: has not his own clear pen relieved us from critical labour on the topic? And we shall call an additional witness, whose evidence in reference to this point would be found conclusive, even if Mr. Moir himself were not forthcoming. The critic, who so truthfully said of Shakespeare "that he was just like any other man, but that he was like all other men"—Hazlitt—thus speaks of Scott:—"He has no excellences of a lofty or recondite kind, which lie beyond the reach of an ordinary capacity to find out, but he has all the good qualities which all the world agree to understand. His style is clear, flowing, and transparent: his sentiments, of which his style is an easy and natural medium, are common to him with his readers. *He has none of Mr. Wordsworth's idiosyncracy.* * * The force of his mind is picturesque rather than moral. *He gives more of the features of nature, than of the soul of passion.* * * *He is very inferior to Byron in intense passion, to Moore in delightful fancy, to Wordsworth in profound sentiment.*" Are we not justified in thinking that "intense passion, delightful fancy, and profound sentiment," are more essential to a poet, for whom it is pretended that he is "*the most original minded man of his age,*" than "all the good

qualities which all the world agree to understand, a style clear, flowing, and transparent, and sentiments common to him with his readers?" We shall hear Hazlitt further:—"The reader," says he, "rises up from the purusal" [of Scott's poetry] "with new images and associations, but he remains the same man that he was before. A great mind" (and, we presume, a "most original minded man") "is one that moulds the minds of others. *Mr. Scott has put the Border Minstrelsy and scattered traditions of his country into easy animated verse. Mr. Wordsworth*," thinks Hazlitt, "*is the most original poet now living.* He is the reverse of Walter Scott in his defects and excellencies. * * His poetry is not external *but internal; it does not depend upon tradition, or story, or old song; he furnishes it from his own mind, and is his own subject.*" You were saying something, my Lord Jeffrey? Anent the *Lady of the Lake*, we believe? "We consider this," says Jeffrey, speaking of the poem, "as an attempt to transfer the refinements of modern poetry to the matter and the manner of the ancient metrical romance. * * This is a *romance*, therefore, composed by a *minstrel of the present day.*"

The following is *Delta's* accurate portrait of Coleridge:—

"We must now turn to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who, in almost every respect save genius, was the counterpart of Wordsworth. The latter steadfastly pursued his purposes, and, with a coolness of determination, formed his plans aud worked them out, scorning the obstacles before him; or dauntlesly grappling with them, persevering through good and bad report, until he overcame them. * * Not so his equal, and probably, at one time, superior in genius—Coleridge—who started in the race like a Flying Childers, and yet, infirm of purpose, drew up ere the race was half run. Take Coleridge at thirty, and no poet of any age or country had done what he had; while, at the same time, those who knew him best felt that these things were but as the 'morning giving promise of a glorious day.' All concur in declaring that his published writings at that period—original and wild and wonderful as they might seem—conveyed no adequate idea of his capabilities, of the periscopic knowledge and gigantic faculties of the man, * * *The seeming daybreak turned out but an aurora borealis. Titanic in its dimensions, his statue was to prove only a Torso.*"

A large section of Mr. Moir's Crystal Palace for the Exhibition of the industry of all poets, has been, of course, devoted to the

shamrocks, the round towers, the Peris, and veils *à la Prophets*, the little pert-looking, cocknosed, unstockinged slippers (cobbled on *the* Oriental last), the fire-worshippers' flaming altars, and the little henna-tinged paws, in the manufacture of which the well known house of *Boroimhe & Mokannah* have proved so successful. And, eloquent as Mr. Moir is in his catalogue of these same articles of poetical commerce, yet candour, and the deplorable accident of having been born in "this unhappy country," compel us to express the opinion that the "chiel" from the "land o' cakes" has failed, if he ever have been "amang" us, in "takin' notes" anent, or correctly noting our national character, in its entirety. Our good friend *Delta* assures us he "cannot part with Mr. Moore, without giving a characteristic specimen of the Melodies," and quotes thereupon the "Young May Moon."

Now the verses in question are certainly characteristic of Moore (and we don't mind if you get Feramorz to sing them), but not a bit characteristic of *Irish* Moore.

* * *

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
And, sighing, look back through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover."

Can the reader credit it? Of this very melody (with which the Irish reader is of course familiar), of such rare, and recondite beauty, from which we have quoted the last stanza, Mr. Moir—himself a poet—expressly speaks with contempt. Well may we exclaim,

——"Can such things be,
And overcome us, like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder!"

As we find ourselves "racy of the soil," we shall see what Mr. Moir has to say on a subject which has already occupied the criticism of the "Dublin University Magazine," and of our other periodical literature.

"Although the three portions of the United Kingdom have been

gradually amalgamating in language, customs, and social institutions, and the r ugh angles of distinctive character have been steadily and rapidly disappearing, more especially within the last twenty-five years, yet this process has not hitherto been so complete, but that Scotland and Ireland still continue, although at more broken intervals, to pour forth snatches of their own native minstrelsies. * * Not less distinct in their native character are the ballads and songs of modern Ireland. The best of these—and many of them are full of spirit, wild grace, and passionate beauty—have proceeded from the pens of Thomas Davis, Gerald Griffin, John Banim, T. J. Callanan, Samuel Ferguson, William Maginn, Clarence Mangan, Edward Walsh, Samuel Lover, and John Anster" (*Faust-Anster*), "and we have besides touching specimens by Mrs. Tighe, the Honourable Mrs. Price Blackwood, and Mrs. Downing."

As we may not find our way to Scotland (indeed, if we went over the water at all, we should be very apt to get *crystalized* on the way, just at present, and so eat oaten cake never), we would suggest to some friend of Mr. Macarthy, the propriety of forwarding a copy of that gentleman's poems to Mr. Moir's publisher, as the latter worthy will, we hope, bring out a second edition. We have not space, we fear, for a quotation:—his famous bells have chimed in the ears and hearts of all Paddy-Land.

You may rest assured that Campbell occupies a prominent place in Mr. Moir's Lectures.

"No poet ever made a more brilliant entrée than Thomas Campbell did, in the 'Pleasures of Hope,' written at twenty-one. In fact, it was regarded as a marvel of genius, and at once deservedly placed its author among the immortals. * * With a daring hand the young poet essayed every string of the lyre, and they each responded in tones of sublimity, or of beauty and pathos. The poem was evidently the product of fine genius and intense labour; for nothing so uniformly fine, so sustained in excellence, was ever produced without intense labour; yet so exquisite is the art, that the words seem to have dropped into their places, and the melody, 'like one sweetly played in tune,' flows on apparently without effort, now wailing through the depths of tenderness, and now rising into the cloud-lands of imagination with the roll of thunder. * * When we look on the 'Pleasures of Hope' as a work achieved while the author yet stood on the threshold of manhood, it is almost impossible to speak of it in terms of exaggerated praise; and whether taking it in parts, or as a whole, I do not think I overrate its merits, in preferring it to any didactic poem of equal length in the British language. No poet at such an age ever produced such an exquisite specimen of poetical mastery—that is, of fine conception

and of high art combined. * * No ungraceful expressions, no trite observations, no hackneyed similes, no unnatural sentiments, no metaphysical scepticisms, break in to mar the delightful reverie. The heart is lapped in Elysium, the rugged is softened down, and the repulsive hid from view; nature is mantled in the enchanting hues of the poet's imagination, and life seems but a tender tale set to music."

Of Byron our author speaks thus:

"Up to the time at which this lecture commences, the writings of Wordsworth had been more talked of than read; the fame of Coleridge was limited to a small circle of affectionate admirers; the star of Campbell was still in the ascendant—the cynosure of eyes with the select; Crabbe was quietly but industriously cultivating his own homely peculiar field; while the tide of popularity flowed triumphantly along with Scott, whose fresh, free song all the aspiring young bards imitated like a forest of mocking birds. Open their tomes where you listed, let it have been at page one or page one hundred, there were nothing but moss-trooper and marauder—baron bold and gay ladye—hound in leash and hawk in hood—bastion huge and grey chapelle—henchmen and servitors—slashed sleeves and Spanish boots—steel-barred aventayles and nodding morions—'guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums, and thunder.' The chivalrous epics of Scott are indeed glorious things—full of vivacity, energy, variety, and nature—and will endure while a monument of human genius remains; but their thousand and one imitations have vanished—as I before mentioned—like the clouds of yesterday. When the mighty master himself, instead of satiating the public, took to another field, that of prose, and left poetry to younger men, arose the Oriental dynasty, under the prime viziership of Lord Byron; and down went William of Deloraine, and Wat of Buccleuch, before Hassan and Selim, Conrad and Medora, the Jereed men and the Janissaries, and all the white-turbaned, wide-trousered, hyacinthine-tressed, pearl-cinctured, gazelle-eyed, opium-chewing, loving, and hating sons and daughters of Mahomet. Every puny rhymester called the moon *Phingari;* daggers, *yataghans;* drummers, *tambourgis;* tobacco-pipes, *chibouques*, and women, *houris*. It was up with the crescent, and down with the cross; and, in as far as scribbling at least went, every poet was a detester of port and pork, and a renegade from all things Christian. Nay, even something like the personal appearance of Childe Harold was aspired to; and each beardless bardling, whether baker's, butcher's, or barber's apprentice, had his hair cut and his shirt-collar turned down *à la Byron*. Midshipmen perseveringly strove to look Conrad-like and misanthropic; lawyer's clerks affected the most melancholious mood; and half-pay ensigns, contemptuous of county police, or the public safety—

——"'With the left heel insidiously aside,
Provoked the caper that they seemed to chide;'

and on hacks, hired by the hour, adventured imitations of Mazeppa at a hand-gallop along the king's highway. The premature appearance of George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor, and his crushing of Lord Brougham in the *Edinburgh Review*, are matters too well known to need any thing here beyond mere allusion; and '*The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*,' his satire in 'retort courteous,' may be passed over—vigorous, and venomous, as it was—in an equally summary manner. Even in the early volume, however, mixed up with much crudeness and juvenility, there were undoubted sparkles of that genius which afterwards astonished the world; and in the maturer satire—rash, ill-judged, and presumptuous as it was, indications of an ardent temperament and masculine intellect. But these glimpses were heliacal; the true morning of Byron's genius manifested itself in *Childe Harold*—a work of transcendant power and beauty, rich in its descriptions, passionate in its tones, majestic in its aspirings, sublime in its very doubts—which at once stamped his reputation as a great and prevailing poet. Its effect was electric—its success was instantaneously recognised. The star of his popularity shot with a burst to the zenith; and, as he himself expresses it, 'I got up one fine morning and found myself famous.'

"The poetry of Byron may be divided into three great sections; each pretty distinctly different from the other, in regard alike to subject and to manner. The first, commencing with the opening cantos of Childe Harold, includes the Giaour, the Bride of Abydos, the Corsair, Lara, and some minor pieces. The second comprehends the siege of Corinth and *Parisina*, Mazeppa, the concluding cantos of Childe Harold, the Prisoner of Chillon, the Lament of Tasso, and Manfred. The third, starting with Beppo, and comparatively dozing or prosing through the Tragedies and Mysteries, characteristically terminated with Don Juan. In all the works of the first section, we have the history of an individual mind, as regarded in different phases—for Harold, the Giaour, Selim, Conrad, and Lara are all and each the same person placed in some novel and romantic situation. Not widely different are the renegade Alp, or the reckless Mazeppa, or the guilty Hugo. But the compositions in which the three last-named characters occur indicate a transition state between those before mentioned and those which were to follow. Up to this period all the works of Lord Byron were characterised by passionate energy, by indomitable self-will, by point and antithesis—by emphatic sarcasm, and by brief but beautiful descriptive touches of men and nature. With much quite his own, we had much to remind us of Burns, of Scott, and of Crabbe; occasionally also of Campbell, but certainly nothing, not a vestige of the Lake school. The composition of the third canto of Childe Harold, and of the Prisoner of Chillon, however, opened up a new era in his mental history—evidently brought about by the writings of Wordsworth, Wilson, and Coleridge. He began to substitute contemplation for action, and the softer affections of humanity for its sterner and darker passions. We had now a keener

sensibility to the charms of nature—a love of stars and flowers, and lakes and mountains, and descriptions which were formerly dashed off in general outline, were now filled up with elaboration, and graced with all the minuteness of picturesque detail.

> "'Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends,
> Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home;
> Where a blue sky and glowing clime extends,
> He had the passion and the power to roam;
> The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
> Were unto him companionship; they spake
> A mutual language clearer than the tone
> Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
> For Nature's pages, glossed by sunbeams on the lake.'

"It is here and elsewhere that we observe the brooding influence of the pantheism of Wordsworth—the poet seeming to feel his existence, less as an individual of a particular species, than as a portion of an eternal spirit, animating and pervading all things within the dominion of nature."

The reader will have remarked that Mr. Moir traces to Wordsworth a considerable influence on Byron's poetry; and, in connection with this topic, we will venture to quote the following passage from the Essays of Mr. Macaulay:—"Though always sneering at Mr. Wordsworth, he [Byron] was yet, though perhaps unconsciously, *the interpreter between Mr. Wordsworth and the multitude.* In the Lyrical Ballads and the Excursion, Mr. Wordsworth appeared as the high-priest of a worship, of which nature was the idol. No poems have ever indicated a more exquisite perception of the beauty of the outer world, or a more passionate love and reverence for that beauty. Yet, they were not popular; and it is not likely that they ever will be popular as the poetry of Sir Walter Scott is popular. The feeling which pervaded them was too deep for general sympathy. Their style was often too mysterious for general comprehension. They made a few *esoteric* disciples, and many scoffers. *Lord Byron founded what may be termed an exoteric Lake school;* and all the readers of verse in England, we might say in Europe, hastened to sit at his feet. *What Mr. Wordsworth had said like a recluse, Lord Byron said like a man of the world,* with less profound feeling, but with more perspicuity, energy, and conciseness. *We would refer our readers to the last two cantos of Childe Harold, and to Manfred, in proof of these observations.*"

We have nothing to add upon the subject, but we shall take this opportunity of correcting the clumsy error into which Mr. Moir has fallen in attributing to Byron the expression, "I *got up* one *fine* morning, &c." For our part, we wish the sayings of great men to be repeated as *they* said them. There is a delicate chastity of exactness in matters of this sort, which, we think, cannot be too strictly preserved. Now, in Moore's *Life of Byron*, we find that Byron's own words did not allude to meteorological observations, but were simply to this effect—"I awoke one morning, and found myself famous." With respect to Mr. Moir's vulgar edition of the poet's well-known "*Io Triumphe*," we have only to say, that "Wan fine mornin'" is the exordium of all the tribe of Teagues, and Larrys, and Phelims, whom we meet in the pages of Cockney tourists, garrulous about *laygindo*, merry or melancholy, Leprechaunish or Bansheeish.

"Who killed John Keats?" Let us see *Delta's* epitaph on him:

"Crude, unequal, extravagant, nay, absurd as he sometimes is—for there is scarcely an isolated page in ENDYMION to which one or more of those harsh epithets may not in some degree be justly applied—yet, on the other hand, it would be difficult to point out any twenty lines in sequence unredeemed by some happy turn of thought, some bright image, or some eloquent expression. That all this was the result of imaginative wealth and youthful inexperience is demonstrated by the last poems John Keats was permitted to give the world, and which were as rich, but much more select in imagery, purer in taste, and more fastidious in diction, as well as more felicitous and artistic. He had found out that, in order to keep interest alive, it was necessary to deal less with the shadowy, the remote, and the abstract; and that without losing in dignity, he might descend more to the thoughts and feelings—nay, even to the ways, and habits, and language of actual life. From the pure mythological of *Endymion*, he attempted a blending of the real with the supernatural in *Lamia*, and exactly with the degree of success which might, in the management of such elements, have been expected from him. *Isabella* or *the Pot* of *Basil*, his version of Boccaccio's exquisite little story, is much less questionable. We have, therein, character and incident, as well as description; and to these, the last is made subordinate. We there also see, for the first time, that *instead of playing with his theme, he has set himself in earnest to grapple with it.* The composition is more elaborate, and we have a selection of thoughts and images instead of the indiscriminate pouring forth of all. * * In this poem he wonderfully triumphed over his earlier besetting frailties—want of precision and carelessness of style, and exhibited such rapid strides

of improvement, as enable us to form some probable estimate of what his genius might have achieved, had he been destined to reach maturer years. * * In his earlier poems Keats was too extramundane—too fond of the visionary. His fancy and feelings rioted in a sort of sun-coloured cloud-land, where all was gorgeous and glowing, rose-tinctured, or thunderous; but ever most indistinct, and often incomprehensible, save when regarded as dream-like imaginings—*the morning reveries of a young enthusiast.* His genius, however, was gradually coming under the control of judgment; his powers of conception and of expression were alike maturing; and his heart was day by day expanding to the genial influences of healthy simple nature. A large portion of what he has left behind is crude, unconcocted, and unsatisfactory, *exhibiting rather poetical materials than poetical superstructure;* but his happier strains indicate the presence of a great poet in something more than embryo. Which of our acknowledged magnates, if cut off at the same age, would have left so much really excellent? Altogether, whether we regard his short fevered life, or the quality of his genius, John Keats was assuredly one of the most remarkable men in the range of our poetical literature; nor, while taste and sensibility remain in the world, can ever his prediction of his own fate be verified, when he dictated his epitaph as that of one 'whose name was written in water.'"

We fully and cordially agree with *Delta's* general estimate of poor John Keats, "the greatest of all our poets who have died in early youth." His genius was, indeed, in its main features, as peculiar as his incredible fate, for which latter we have the authority of Byron's cock-robin elegy. Keats was an idolator of the Beautiful, and his ardent Faith endowed even inanimate creation with life, nay more, with a kind of womanly life. In one of his miscellaneous poems he thus addresses the moon:

"Of upcast eye, and tender pondering!"

To the same planet he exclaims:

"Thou dost bless everywhere, with *silver lip*
Kissing dead things to life—
* * *
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
Ambitious for the *hallowing of thine eyes.*"

His pregnant soul would fain invest all things with a subtle spirit of life vibrating in harmony with his own. If the characteristic of Wordsworth's poetry was pan-theistic, that of Keats was pan-erotic. "His opening line" [of Endymion], says Mr. Moir, "'*A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,*' is the *key-note to the whole body of his poetry.*"

Of the great, but truly unfortunate Shelley, Mr. Moir gives us the following portrait:

"He is assuredly the most ethereal of all our poets, alike in imagery and language; his imagery dealing principally with elemental nature, while his language, in delicate tenuity, seems almost fitted to describe dissolving views, as they 'come like shadows, so depart.'

"Even now he is principally remembered by his lesser works, his *Sensitive Plant*, his *Skylark*, his *Cloud*, &c.

* * "A much higher place has been claimed for the great mass of his verse than it seems to me to be at all entitled to. Gorgeous, graceful, and subtle qualities it indeed invariably possesses; and no one can be more ready to admit them than I am; but he had only a section of the essential properties necessary to constitute a master in the art. The finest poetry is that (whatever critical coteries may assert to the contrary, and it is exactly the same with painting and sculpture) which is most patent to the general understanding, and hence to the approval or disapproval of the common sense of mankind. We have only to try the productions of Shakspeare, of Milton, of Dryden, of Gray and Collins, Scott, Burns, Campbell, and Byron, indeed of any truly great writer whatever, in any language, by this standard, to be convinced that such must be the case. Verse that will not stand being read aloud before a jury of common-sense men is—and you may rely upon the test—wanting in some great essential quality. It is here that the bulk of the poetry of Shelley—and not of him only, but of most of those who have succeeded him in his track as poets—is, when weighed in the balance, found wanting. And why? Because these writers have left the highways of truth and nature, and, seeking the bye-lanes, have there, mistaking the uncommon for the valuable, bowed down to the idols of affectation and false taste. * *. Shelley was undoubtedly a man of genius, of very high genius, but of a peculiar and unhealthy kind. It is needless to disguise the fact, and it accounts for all—his mind was diseased: he never knew, even from boyhood, what it was to breathe the atmosphere of healthy life, to have the *mens sana in corpore sano*. His sensibilities were over acute; his morality was thoroughly morbid; his metaphysical speculations allegorical, incongruous, incomprehensible—alike baseless and objectless. The suns and systems of his universe were mere *nebulæ;* his continents were a chaos of dead matter; his oceans 'a world of waters, and without a shore.' For the law of gravitation—that law which was to preserve the planets in their courses—he substituted some undemonstrable dreamlike reflection of a dream, which he termed intellectual beauty. Life, according to him, was a phantasmagorical pictured vision, mere colours on the sun-set clouds; and earth a globe hung on nothing—self-governing, yet, strange to say, without laws. It is gratuitous absurdity to call his mystical speculations a search after truth; they are no such thing; and are as little worth the attention of reasoning and responsible man as

the heterogeneous reveries of a night-mare. They are a mere flaring up in the face of all that Revelation mercifully disclosed, and all that sober reason has confirmed. Shelley's faith was a pure psychological negation, and cannot be confuted, simply because it asserts nothing; and under the childish idea that all the crime, guilt, and misery of the world have resulted from—what?—not the depravity of individuals, but from the very means, civil and ecclesiastical, by which these, in all nations, have been at least attempted to be controlled. He seemed to take an insane delight in selecting, for poetical illustration, subjects utterly loathsome and repulsive; and which religion and morality, the virtuous and the pure, the whole natural heart and spirit of upright man, either rise up in rebellion against, or shrink back from instinctively, and with horror."

As far as mere brilliancy and power of genius are concerned, Shelley might have ranked with our greatest poets, or at least have been of their company; but his poetical supremacy has been too fatally challenged by his irreligious insanity, and the Paradise of English rhyme, beholding its Michael in Milton, sees in Shelley its Lucifer.

The following stanza in the *Revolt of Islam* contains within its brief compass a biography of Shelley, and a review of his works:

> "To own all sympathies, and outrage none,
> And, in the inmost bowers of sense and thought,
> Until life's sunny day is quite gone down,
> To sit and smile with joy, or, not alone,
> To kiss salt tears from the warm cheek of woe,
> To live, as if to love and live were one"—

Well, why do you pause? Finish the stanza—

> "This is not faith or law, nor those who bow
> To thrones on Heaven or Earth such destiny may know."

There is the whole secret—the nutshell cracked, and laid open. His poetry was of the poets, his philosophy of the fools. "He is principally remembered by his lesser works," says Mr. Moir. As a mere matter of fact, this is so; but those who have ever met with an edition of Shelley's works other than such as the Albums supply, will "principally remember" the *Revolt of Islam*. With all its faults of obscurity and prolixity, it not only breathes a spirit of exalted feeling, but contains numerous passages of practical power sufficient to satisfy even a "jury of common-sense men."

Who comes this way with laurelled brow and "bugle-horn," his "comrades" of verse following him at a discreet distance, as is meet? Of him may we say—of his spiritual self—in his own silver accents:

"Never did creature pass,
So slightly, musically made,
So light upon the grass."

A man truly who hath "uttered rhyme and reason." Way for the laureate! Through all his better poetry runs a rich, deep vein of wisdom, its great characteristic in our opinion; but it has another. "No humour like Irish humour," says *Pendennis*. Notwithstanding our prepossessions, we are not blind to the fact that Tennyson has a humour all his own, delicate and quaint. Of his two characteristics combined here is an example:

"The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

To him, indeed, above all men, is it given, like his own "cruel little Lilian," to be

"So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple."

The exquisitely delicate humour of the following character, (the poem is entitled "A Character,") would drive a punster mad:—

"With a half-glance upon the sky
At night, he said, 'The wanderings
Of this most intricate universe
Teach me the nothingness of things.'
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.
He spake of beauty: that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air;
Then, looking as 'twere in a glass,
He smooth'd his chin, and sleeked his hair,
And said the earth was beautiful."

Was it from this picture Dickens got his Pecksniff? The latter, compared to the former, reminds us of those caricatures we sometimes see in *Punch*, "after" some works of the great masters, which they profess to parody.

Of the Princess (viewed as a whole) we entertain no enthusiastic admiration. We have never been in love with a strong-minded woman. But the whole poem is worth reading for its glorious ending, from which we cannot but quote a few lines:—

"For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like to difference:
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
* * *
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit, side by side, full summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other, ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men."

Not less in beauty and wisdom are the two poems he entitles, "*You ask me why, though ill at ease,*" and "*Love thou thy land.*" He is not free from the perverse madness which was the characteristic of the Lakers in their less happy moments of inspiration, and because the great poets Coleridge and Wordsworth sometimes wrote prose and published it as verse, and doggrel, and would have it that it was poetry, Tennyson will do so too, as we shall presently see. He sings to an owl thus:

"I would mock thy chaunt anew;
But I connot mimic it;
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
With a lengthened loud halloo,
Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo—o—o."

That to be "simple," or familiar, it is not necessary to be "silly," the following lines will show. It is of Olivia the *Talking Oak* thus discourseth:—

"But as for her, she staid at home,
And on the roof she went,
And down the way you use to come
She looked with discontent.
She left the novel half uncut
Upon the rose-wood shelf;
She left the new piano shut;
She could not please herself."

We shall hear Mr. Moir felicitating the laureate:

"Mixed up with many of the elements used by Wordsworth, Hunt, Keats, and Shelley, poetry about twenty years ago began to assume something like a new form of manifestation in the verse of Alfred Tennyson—a man of fine and original, but of capricious and wayward genius. With a delightful manner of his own—one more so this age knoweth not—Tennyson seems strangely destitute of self-reliance. Let it not be supposed for one moment that I am not deeply alive to the excellencies of Alfred Tennyson as a poet, for I regard him in some points standing at this moment at the very head of our poetical literature. But he is much more apt to be copied in his errors than in his excellencies; and what I maintain is that, *although a great artist, he is a very unequal one.* Possessed of a rich and rare genius, he is, in a certain walk, and that his own—the imaginative, the quaintly graphic, and the picturesque—unquestionably a master. Above all, his poetry possesses, in an eminent degree, one of the highest attributes—suggestiveness; and there he will even stand the severe test of old Longinus, who enunciates in his tenth section, that 'we may pronounce that sublime, beautiful, and true, which permanently pleases, and which *takes generally with all sorts of men.*' The laurel crown of England 'which Dryden and divine Spenser wore,' has, by the recent lamented decease of the great Poet of the Lakes, been transferred to the more youthful brow of Alfred Tennyson.

"'He won it well, and may he wear it long.'"

"*Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the past half-century*"—Yes, such is the title of the work. Foreign, as well as native poetical literature? No, no—*English* poetical literature, merely. Then, why is there made no mention of Longfellow? Why, because he is a foreigner, and that would be to notice foreign——It would be no such thing! We care not a farthing upon what clod of earth a man may have been born. Genius is your true citizen of the world. We care not what may be the fashion of the political state under whose rule Longfellow may live. *English* is a big word, and will stretch farther even than the limits of the Empire on which, 'tis

said, the sun never sets; for *the* people of the New World are an *English*-speaking people, and Longfellow has written *English* poetry, and is a name in *English* literature, as much as though he were a subject of her Majesty. Was not Terence an African born? And yet we never think of his skin, though we read his poetry. But it is objected, *he* lived under Roman rule, *Civis Romanus erat*, whereas Mr. Longfellow——It really matters not. Had it even been otherwise, he should be accounted by us as much a Roman poet as Virgil; for the common bond of *language* made them countrymen and fellow-citizens in the land of genius. America may send us foreign corn; but she cannot send us foreign literature. "I am an English poet," cries Shakspeare from the banks of Avon. "So are we," say Moore and Scott, by the Liffey, or the Tweed. "And I, too," rejoins Longfellow from the New World shore of the Atlantic. His beautiful poem, "Evangeline," though disfigured by that fatal affectation, loved of Southey and not unloved even of Coleridge, attempting to cramp the feet of modern language in the sandals of ancient prosody, is redeemed by a tale of surpassing interest, treated with true poetic feeling.

"Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
* * *
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of grey o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.
* * * *
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
'Gabriel! O my beloved!'
* * *
Still stands the forest primeval; but, far away from its shadow,
Side by side in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!"

Well, what is it? Why don't you go on?

"Hark! my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn."

Reader, it is even so—and our "merry comrades," the imps that

"thick men's *ink*," are screaming to us for M.S.S.—yell upon yell! Mighty is their hunger for all things plume of goose hath touched. We shall soon bid adieu to our braw John Highlandman, but we shall first quote what Professor Wilson says of him:

"Of Moir," says glorious Christopher, "our own 'delightful Delta,' as we love to call him—and the epithet now by right appertains to his name—we shall now say simply this, that he has produced many original pieces which will possess a permanent place in the poetry of Scotland. Delicacy and grace characterize his happiest compositions; some of them are beautiful in a cheerful spirit that has only to look on nature to be happy; and others breathe the simplest and purest pathos. His scenery, whether sea-coast or inland, is always truly Scottish; and at times his pen drops touches of light on minute objects, that till then had slumbered in the shade, but now 'shine well where they stand' or lie, as component or characteristic parts of our lowland landscapes. Let others labour away at long poems, and for their pains get neglect or oblivion; Moir is seen as he is in many short ones, which the Scottish Muses 'may not willingly let die.' And that must be a pleasant thought when it touches the heart of the mildest and most modest of men, as he sits by his family fire, beside those most dear to him, after a day past in smoothing, by his skill, the bed and the brow of pain, in restoring sickness to health, in alleviating sufferings that cannot be cured, or in mitigating the pangs of death."

We can conceive an author making a lasting reputation as the writer of a standard book on the subject treated by Delta. A man who could bring to the task knowledge, experience, susceptibility, discernment—a head—a heart—and a practised pen—might "awake one morning, and find himself famous." The subject is well worthy of all the energies of criticism the most learned, candid, and exalted. We cannot bring ourselves to think that Mr. Moir has done with it all that might be done, but he has accomplished that which a gifted man might be proud to have attempted. It is now of record—this appendix to the poetical literature of the last half century; and most useful and delightful will it be, by many a pleasant fireside and in many a snug study, to turn from the pages of the poets to those of their eloquent critic. We would wish to

speak of Mr. Moir's "booke" in the terms in which the Editors of Shakspeare's "booke" discoursed thereof, some two hundred years ago, in followynge wyse, in their "Preface of the Players:"

"To the great variety of Readers,

From the most able to him that can but spell: there you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publique, and you will stand for your priviledges, wee know; to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines may be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your five shillings worth, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy." Mr. Moir's "Booke" is a portrait gallery—portable—a great point—for the little volume will not tire the delicatest hand of lady-reader by the evening fire, and is beautifully brought out. The vol. or the hand—which? Both! The likenesses are for the most part good, the colouring always fine, and you may refresh your eye with rare glimpses of back-ground, unobtrusive and appropriate. Therein you will encounter Byron's fierce and melancholy and tender glance, as of the eagle regarding his mate; and the calm eye of Wordsworth, as of an angel watching; and the great Minstrel's hale and vigorous look; and the "glittering eye" of the "Ancient" one; and the elegant presence of the Courtier of Hope; and Rogers gazing on Ginevra's fleshless arm; and Shelley with his draggled Lucifer-plumes; and the Irish boy with "tear-drop bright'ning to a smile;" and Southey, "on the banks of Sella," in his hand the bridle of the riderless *Orelio;* and Felicia, and her band of sisters, "Beauty making beautiful old rhyme;" and the lesser spirits of the time—of all that time—of all these fifty years—the first moiety of the as yet greatest product of the Ages, the NINETEENTH CENTURY! How proudly rose that wave of Time—with what a sparkle and glory on its crest! What a world-heard hymn in its long boom, that swelled to thunder in its advance, and then died gradually away in the delicate music of its receding years!

And for this *coming* wave that has just raised its head—*This* half-century—what of it? Who is there can prophesy thereof?

There is much room for doubt and for fear—progression has been continuous, but unequally so—we begin to feel old—the Future will crave for change—and, finally, "Society is a standing miracle," at all periods, but especially now. Our Time—the day with us—and the day *after* it—are very critical. True, Material Civilization exalteth her horn, and at this very hour holds her levee in that "house," whence she had better "throw no stones." But where may we see any sure hope for that civilization of the heart and of the mind, to which the material arts are but handmaids? At home the path of progress is perilous—abroad Liberty has become a reproach. The continental peoples have failed to establish such free institutions as Christianity can afford to keep house with. And, with all this, we know that Liberty is to genius, what light is to the plant,

> "For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,
> 'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway."

The political and social complexion of our time will surely colour the literature of this next half century, whose great men and poets are yet invisible to our eyes. We look forth into the future, and we cry, Where are the Deliverers?—for all great minds *deliver* the world from some bondage of intellect, of fact, or of heart—

Sister Anne! Sister Anne! do you see any one coming?*

Art. II.—SHEIL.

Fifteen years ago we sat beside the man who is the subject of this memoir, and heard him, addressing the citizens of Waterford, and referring to the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, say, "I was born on the banks of your river, I left it a boy and a slave, I returned to it a man and a freeman, and may I in death sleep calmly by its murmuring waters." Whilst we recall these words now the orator is again before us, and the shrill voice swells upon the ear, the eloquence of the tongue supplying the defect of

* Whilst the above review was being printed, we received the melancholy account of Dr. Moir's death. He was a poet of a high order, and well deserved all the praise given him by Professor Wilson. His last poem, entitled, "The Death of Selim," appeared in Blackwood for July, 1851.

vocal power; we see the small slight form quivering with energy, and the quick bright eye is flashing with all the light of genius—but the man has passed away for ever. He was one formed for the time in which he lived, a time which marked its epochs by great struggles for human liberty—by great mental disenthralments, by immortal triumphs, by ameliorations in the condition of the people, which constituted the honour, and made the glory of the age. We are not of that class who seek to depreciate the present by over-praising the past; in truth, our pleasures of memory are but those sorrowful recollections of the past which the great healer, Time, has spiritualized. Well, yet grievingly, do we remember the men of Sheil's era—many of them were our dear and valued friends—and as we recall the memory of Mackintosh, of Horner, of Sydney Smith, of Peel, of O'Connell, of Sir Walter, of Campbell, of Bentham, of poor Maginn, and pleasant, grumbling, good-natured Theodore Hook, and grieve that the memory of them is all that now remains, we feel with Jeremy Taylor, "Thus, death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits produces disorders, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year, and all minister to death; and you can go no whither, but you tread upon a dead man's bones."

Richard Lalor Sheil was born at Belleveu, in the county Kilkenny, the residence of his father, Edward Sheil, on the 16th of August, 1791. Edward Sheil had speculated in Cadiz as a merchant, and had acquired a rather large fortune, which he invested in the purchase of the Belleveu property, and soon after he had become a landed proprietor, he married a Miss Catherine MacCarthy, of Spring House, in the county of Tipperary. Sheil's early instruction was received from a French priest, the Abbé de Grimeau, who was forced to quit his country during the violence of the first revolution, and having arrived safely in Ireland, was received into Mr. Sheil's family as private tutor to his son. Shortly after the treaty of Amiens, this Abbé returned to his native Languedoc, and young Sheil was sent to a school at Kensington, established by the

son of the celebrated Prince de Broglio, and in which instruction was given by the Jesuits, who then called themselves Les Pères de la Foi. Here Sheil was placed under the care and tuition of a Genoese named Molinari, and upon this tutor's being ordered by his superior to proceed to Siberia, and if possible make his way into China as a missionary, Sheil was removed to Stonyhurst, the College of the Jesuits in Lancashire. Stoneyhurst was once the property of the Sherbourne family, and passed afterwards into the possession of the Dukes of Norfolk; eventually it was purchased by Mr. Weld of Ludlow Castle, who had been educated by the Jesuits at St. Omer's, and they having been forced to fly from their schools at Leige and Bruges, were at last welcomed by their old pupil to Stonyhurst. Here they were permitted to stay during his life, and at his death (he had been for some time an ecclesiastic, although having a large family) he devised the mansion-house, with a large tract of land, to his old masters. Sheil continued some years at Stonyhurst, and of his life there, of his teachers, and of the Jesuits, so far as he himself knew them, he ever spoke and wrote in terms of deep and sincere regard. We like a man who can look back with pleasure on his school days, and who can recall the traits and manners of those who taught, and those who learned with him; it is a pleasant healthy state of heart and mind, and though, as old times come back upon us, we find, it is true, that many of our hopes, some of our highest day dreams, and most towering mind-built castles, are but airy nothings, yet we love the old recollections because they sprang from pure sources, and had, as Campbell says,

> "Least the taint of earthly clod,
> Were freshest from the hand of God."

We liked to hear Sheil, the man long inured to all the cares and cankers of a jarring political life, recalling the memories of his schoolmates and of his teachers. It made him in our minds a better man, and showed us, that however *blasé* the politician might be, still that all true feeling was not obliterated. Let him who doubts the power of our schoolboy joys and recollections to outlive our youth, even to continue fresh as in our schoolboy days, read Stanley's Life of Arnold, and he will there find, in that beautiful and graceful tribute from a pupil in the record of a good man's life,

the dignity of the teacher's calling, and the gratitude men cherish for a worthy preceptor, who made the schoolboy time a bright era in existence.

After leaving Stonyhurst, Sheil entered Trinity College, Dublin, where, we need scarcely add, his attention was devoted to classical reading; indeed, we have seldom, if ever, found a man of Sheil's peculiar cast of genius able to study with pleasure, or perhaps even capable of appreciating, the mathematical sciences. In the College Historical Society, of which we was a member, Sheil was not a very frequent speaker; and when he did address the society, his efforts were not considered of a very high order, either for argument or eloquence. The fact is, that to draw forth his powers, Sheil required a subject in which his feelings were deeply and genuinely interested. Every man who prepares his addresses with that care and elaboration which Sheil bestowed on his speeches, requires a subject which interests not only during the conception of the ideas, but also to the full completion of the composition. He could not excel in the Historical Society; the stage was there certainly; quick and able speakers were opposed to him; but it was a mimic stage, and the speakers were but actors. In the Catholic Association it was entirely another scene: there all was real, and the eloquence, the genius, the power of the orator, raised him above all defects of voice, of stature, and of gesture. In the Society the Rev. James Maghee was his chief rival, and most certainly his superior as an orator and a debater.

Having kept his terms in Lincoln's Inn, Sheil was called to the Irish Bar in Hilary Term, 1814; but his father having by unfortunate speculations lost a large portion of his property, Sheil was unwilling to press upon him for the money requisite to pay the charges on his call, and he accordingly tried his genius for dramatic composition, and produced his first tragedy, entitled "Adelaide, or the Emigrants," which he dedicated to Miss O'Neill, and applied to her the lines of Voltaire—

"L'illusion cette reine des cœurs
Marche a ta suite, inspire les alarmes,
Le sentiment, les regrets, les douleurs,
Et le plaisir de rependre des larmes."

Indeed, all his tragedies appear to have been written for Miss O'Neill; and he seems, in describing the charms of his heroines, to have had before him the peculiar beauties which distinguished the great actress. In the tragedy just referred to, the following lines are found, and they exhibit a very beautiful specimen of word-painting—a perfect portrait:—

> "Those fair blue eyes,
> Where shines a soul most pensive and most loving,
> Her soft variety of winning ways,—
> And all the tender witchery of her smiles,
> That charm each sterner grief, her studious care
> In all the offices of sweet affection,
> Would render the world enamoured."

And in "Evadne" there is a very fine picture of Miss O'Neill, in all the glory of her beauty. "Adelaide" was well received, chiefly indeed owing to the acting of Miss O'Neill, who played the heroine. Although there are fine poetic passages in the tragedy, it is not a work of high or even second-rate merit. In 1816, Sheil married a Miss O'Halloran, a niece of the late Sir William M'Mahon, Master of the Rolls, and this match was one looked on as prudent, owing to the connection with Sir William; but Sheil appears to have profited little by it. Sir Walter Scott used to say, "There is no admiration for me like that of an admiring attorney;" but the simple fact is, that no sooner does a lawyer let the world see that he is addicted to flirtation with the Muses, than the attorneys at once consider him unfaithful to Themis; the novels of Justinian are the only novels the would-be lawyer should know. Sheil had not the wisdom of Sir William Blackstone, and did not, like him, bid good-bye to his books when called; so he bore an empty bag, and to supply the want of money he again turned his attention to dramatic composition, and produced, first, the tragedy of "Bellamira, or the Fall of Tunis," and secondly, "The Apostate." These tragedies were successful, but entirely owing to the acting, the composition is not superior to that of "Adelaide;" but, as if resolved to show the world what he really could do, with time and care, Sheil produced, in 1819, the well-known tragedy of "Evadne, or the Statue," which he dedicated to Thomas Moore. The tragedy is founded on

Shirley's "Traytor," and in the preface Sheil thought it necessary to explain this circumstance, and excused himself by stating, that "No one contests the originality of Douglas, because Home took his plot from an old ballad, and even profited by the Mirope of Voltaire. Rowe's 'Fair Penitent' is a still stronger case: that fine tragedy is modelled on Massinger's 'Fatal Dowry.' Otway and Southerne rarely invented their plots." If he were writing now he might add, that Burges modelled his "Riches," and Sir E. B. Lytton his "Money," on Massinger's "City Madame." We do not, for our parts, think "Evadne" worthy all the laudation it has received. We remember well the bewitching acting of Miss O'Neill; Macready was *Ludovico*, Young, *Colonna*, and Charles Kemble, *Vicentio*. With this cast no doubt there are few tragedies producable that *could* fail, but we do not consider "Evadne" as poetical, as powerful in interest, or as effective in its situations, as "the Wife," or "Virginius," of Sheridan Knowles, the "Gisippus" of Gerald Griffin, or Charles Kean's purchased play, "The Wife's Secret." The best scene in the entire of "Evadne" is in the fifth act, the Statue scene. Colonna, in revenge for the insult offered to his sister's honour by the king, resolves to kill him, though his (Colonna's) guest. He comes through the gallery of statues to the door of the king's chamber; Evadne is concealed behind one of the statues, but advances to address her brother.

[COLONNA *advances towards the chamber-door.*

COL. I will do it!

[*He pushes the door, and finds, from his agitated condition, it is difficult to move.*

I can scarce move the door—it will not yield—
It seems as if some mighty hand were laid
Against it to repel me.
(*Voice exclaims*) Hold!
COL. (*Starting*) It was only
My thought informed the air with voice around me—
Why should I feel as if I walked in guilt
And trod to common murder—he shall die!
Come then, enraging thought, into my breast
And turn it into iron!
(*Voice*) Hold!

COL. It shot
With keen reality into mine ear.
A figure in the shadow of the moon,
Moves slowly in my sight, and now appears
Like a fair spirit of the midnight hour!
What art thou?

EVADNE *advances from behind the statues.*

EVAD. Heaven does not alone employ
The holy creatures of another world,
As heralds of its merciful behests:
But can make angels of the things of earth,
And use them in its purest minist'rings.
My brother!

COL. How, my sister! is it meet
You watch the foot-fall of my midnight tread?
Come you across my purpose?

EVAD. From my chamber
That to the great hall leads, I did behold you,
In dreadful converse with Ludovico.—
Your looks at the banquet did unto my fears
Forebode no blessed issue, for your smiles
Seemed veils of death, and underneath your brows
I saw the silent furies—Oh, Colonna,—
Thank Heaven, the safety of Vicentio
Has given me power to watch your dangerous steps!
What would you do?

COL. Methinks it ill pertains
To woman's humbler nature to pursue
The steps of man, and pry into his purpose.
Get thee to rest.

EVAD. Is that high front, Colonna,
One to write Cain upon?—Alas, Colonna,
I did behold you with Ludovico,
By yonder moon, and I as soon had seen thee
Commune with the great foe of mankind—
What wouldst thou do?

COL. Murder!

EVAD. What else, Colonna,
Couldst thou have learned from Ludovico?

COL. In yonder chamber lies the king—I go
To stab him to the heart?

EVAD. 'Tis nobly done!
I will not call him king—but guest, Colonna—
Remember, you have called him here—remember

You have pledged him in your father's golden cup;
Have broken bread with him—the man, Colonna,——
COL. Who dares to set a price upon my life—
What think'st thou 'twas?
EVAD. I think there's nought too dear
To buy Colonna's life.
COL. 'Twas a vast price
He asked me then—you were to pay it too—
It was my Evadne's honour.
EVAD. Ha!
COL. He gives my life upon condition—Oh, my sister!
I am ashamed to tell thee what he asked.
EVAD. What! did he?—
COL. Thou dost understand me now?—
Now—if thou wilt, abide thee here, Evadne,
Where thou mayest hear his groan. [*Going in.*
EVAD. Forbear, Colonna!
For Heaven's sake, stay—this was the price he asked thee!
He asked thee for thy life?—*thy* life?—but, no—
Vicentio lives, and——
COL. *(Aside)* How is this? She seems
To bear too much of woman in her heart;
She trembles—yet she does not shrink—her cheek
Is not inflamed with anger, and her eye
Darts not the lightning!—
EVAD. Oh! my dearest brother,
Let not this hand, this pure, this white fair hand,
Be blotted o'er with blood.
COL. Why, is it possible,
She has ta'en the sinful wish into her heart?
By Heaven, her pride is dazzled at the thought
Of having this same purple villain kneel,
And bend his crown before her—She's a woman!
Evadne!
EVAD. Well?
COL. The king expects me to
Conduct you to his chamber—Shall I do so?
EVAD. I prithee, be not angry at my prayer—
But bid him come to me.
COL. What! bid him come to thee?
EVAD. And leave me with him here.
COL. What! leave thee with him?
EVAD. Yes—I implore it of thee—prithee, Colonna,
Conduct my sovereign here.

COL. Yes—I will try her—
I know not what she means, but, hitherto,
I deemed her virtuous.—If she fall, she dies.—
I'll here conceal myself, and if in word
She give consent, I 'll rush upon them both
And strike one heart thro' the other.
EVAD. Send him to me.
COL. There's a wild purpose in her solemn eye—
I know not if 'tis sin, but I will make
A terrible experiment.—What, ho!
My liege, I bear fulfilment of my promise—
Colonna bears Evadne to your arms!

We admit this scene is very beautiful and very poetical, but we think it cannot be for a moment compared with the interview between Virginius and Lucius,* or that heart-rending one before Appius;† or with the scene amongst the tombs in "Gisippus;" or the scene in "The Wife's Secret," in which Evylin discovers the supposed lover of his wife; or that scene in the same play, where, with all the majesty of innocence, on finding itself suspected, the wife cries, still half forgiving,

"I did not think I could so nearly hate thee."

We believe that Sheil had not the true spirit of a tragic poet. *Dramas* he might write, but the poetry of tragedy was beyond the limit of his genius. One advantage he certainly did derive from his tragedies, they filled his pockets; for all his dramatic works he received the sum of £2500. It was generally supposed that he assisted Banim in the composition and construction of the once much admired play, "Damon and Pythias." Notwithstanding his success as a dramatist, the clients were still very few, and being anxious to extend his literary fame, he, in conjunction with the present Mr. Commissioner Curran, commenced those much talked of, but little known, "Sketches of the Irish Bar," which appeared from time to time, for a period of about seven years, in the pages of "The New Monthly Magazine." Amongst these sketches we may mention as particularly worthy of notice, those of O'Connell, Sergeant (now Chief Justice) Blackburne, the late Chief Justice

* Virginius, Act 3, Scene 5. † Ibid. Act 4, Scene 1.

Doherty, the late Lord Norbury, the late Sir M. O'Loghlin, Leslie Foster, the Clonmel Assizes, and the Farewell of the Bar to Lord Manners. Whilst writing these sketches, Sheil was the welcome guest of the literary society of Dublin. Our city was not then, as now, the capital of a nation falling off 2,000,000 in its population in ten years. In the hall of the Four Courts other topics of conversation were started than the last slaughter in the Kilrush Union, or the last legal robbery perpetrated by way of sale in the Incumbered Estates Court. Lady Morgan held her pleasant reunions, and talked of every thing, from Kant's philosophy to O'Connell's last speech. We had sufficient taste to support the National Theatre; we had an unbounded reliance in the potato crop. Richard Cobden was grinding the full labour from his white slaves, and free trade was a bugbear in Manchester; poor rates were unknown; and men had heartease enough to permit their enjoying the sunshine of life.

In such a state of society as this, the unemployed members of the Bar were, as might be expected, devoted to literature. The hall and library of the Four Courts were the places in which Doherty delighted to set his hearers in a roar. Goold and O'Connell flashed their humour and wit, to the delight of their companions; and Sheil resolved that he would catch the inspiration of the moment, and chronicle the best sayings and every day doings of the pleasant life about him. Thomas Campbell was then the chief literary support of the *New Monthly*. Well do we remember the laughing eye, the spruce dress, and half dandy, half *dégagé* air of the poet; the mind within was, in his case, well denoted by the dress of the outward man; and when he received from his friend Sheil the first "Sketches of the Irish Bar," his entire approbation was given to them, and we think most justly. Dashing, off-hand and clever, they display all the vivacity and power of language which render the writings of Jules Janin so delightful, but are divested of his occasional froth and flippancy. We give first an extract from the paper on the "Calamities of the Bar;" and although more than a quarter of a century has passed by since it was written, yet how often during these years has the melancholy tale told in the extract been enacted, how often may it not be enacted by some from amongst those 1,380 members who now compose the Irish Bar!

"The life of an eminent lawyer may be thus rapidly sketched. He is called without any other property than those talents which have not in general a descendable quality. For some years he remains unemployed; at last gets a brief, creeps into the partialities of a solicitor, and sets up a bag and wife together. Irish morality does not permit the introduction into the chambers of a barrister of those moveable objects of unwedded endearments, which Lord Thurlow used to recommend to the juvenile members of the profession; and marriage, that perpetual blister, is prescribed as the only effectual sanative for the turbulent passions of the Irish bar. In the spirit of imprudence, which is often mistaken for romance, our young counsellor enters with some dowerless beauty into an indissoluble copartnership of the heart. A pretty pauper is almost sure to be a prodigal. "Live like yourself," is soon my lady's word. Shall Mrs. O'Brallaghan, the wife of a mere attorney, provokingly display her amorphous ankle, as she ascends the crimson steps of her carriage, with all the airs of fashionable impertinence; and is the wife of a counsellor in full practice, though she may have 'ridden double' at her aunt Deborah's, to be unprovided with that ordinary convenience of persons of condition? After a faint show of resistance, the conjugal injunction is obeyed. But is it in an obscure street that the coachman is to bring his clattering horses to an instantaneous stand? Is he to draw up in an alley, and to wheel in a *cul de sac?* And then there is such a bargain to be had of a house in Merrion-square. A house in Merrion-square is accordingly purchased, and a bond, with warrant of attorney for confessing judgment thereon, is passed for the fine. The lady discovers a taste in furniture, and the profits of four circuits are made oblations to *virtu*. The counsellor is raised to the dignity of King's Counsel, and his lady is initiated into the splendours of the Viceregal court. She is now thrown into the eddies of fashionable life; and in order to afford evidence of her domestic propensities, she issues cards to half the town, with an intimation that she is at home? She has all this time been prolific to the full extent of Hibernian fecundity. The counsellor's sons swagger it with the choicest spirits of Kildare-street; and the young ladies are accomplished in all the multifarious departments of musical and literary affectation. Quadrilles and waltzes shake the illuminated chambers with a perpetual concussion. The passenger is arrested in nocturnal progress by the crowd of brilliant vehicles before the door, while the blaze of light streaming from the windows, and the sound of the harp and the tabour, and the din of extravagance, intimate the joyaunce that is going on within. But where is the counsellor all this while? He sits in a sequestered chamber, like a hermit in the forest of Comus, and pursues his midnight labours by the light of a solitary taper, scarcely hearing the din of pleasure that rolls above his head. The wasteful pleasures of the drawing-room, and the patient drudgery of the library, go on for years. The counsellor is at the top of the forensic, and his lady stands at the summit of the fashion-

able world. Death at length knocks at the door. He is seized by a sudden illness. The loud knock of the judges peals upon his ear, but the double tap of the attorney is heard no more. He makes an unavailing effort to attend the courts, but is hurried back to his home, and laid in his bed. His eyes now begin to open to the realities of his condition. In the loneliness and silence of the sick man's chamber a train of reflections presents itself to his mind, which his former state of professional occupancy had tended to exclude. He takes a death-bed survey of his circumstances; looks upon the future; and by the light of that melancholy lamp that burns beside him, and throws its shadowing gleams upon his features, he sees himself, at the close of a most prosperous life, without a groat. The sense of his own folly, and the anticipated destitution of his family, settle at his heart. He has not adopted even the simple and cheap expedient of insuring his life, or by some miserable negligence has let the insurance drop. From the source of his best affections, and of his purest pleasures, he drinks that potion—that aqua Tophana of the mind, which renders all expedients of art without avail. Despair sits ministering beside him with her poisoned chalice, and bids defiance to Crampton. The hour of agony is at hand, when the loud and heartless voice of official insolence echoes from chamber to chamber; and, after a brief interval, the event of which the unhappy man had but too prescient a surmise is announced, the sheriff's officers have got in, and his Majesty's writ of *fieri facias* is in the progress of execution; the sanctuaries of death are violated by the peremptory ministers of the law, and the blanket and the silk gown are seized together; and this is the conclusion of a life of opulence and of distinction, and let me add, of folly as well as fame. After having charmed his country by his eloquence and enlightened it by his erudition, he breathes his last sigh amidst the tears of his children, the reproaches of his creditors, and a bailiff's jests."

Of the present Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Sheil wrote fairly and justly, allowing, of course, something for difference of politics. We give

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKBURNE.

"He was called to the bar about the time that the celebrated John Philpot Curran was made Master of the Rolls.* A meeting of the bar was held for the purpose of presenting to Mr. Curran a congratulatory address. When this assembly had been convened, and after some of the most eminent persons in the profession had delivered their opinions, a young gentleman drew upon himself the general attention by coming deliberately forward and opposing the motion, to afford a tribute of respect to

* He was called in Trinity Term, 1805; Curran was raised to the bench in 1806.

a man whose genius had reflected so much honor upon his country, and in whose speeches passages are to be found which rival the master-pieces of eloquence in ancient language. It would not have been extraordinary if some hoary pleader, actuated by political prejudices, operating upon a naturally narrow mind, which had undergone still greater contraction in the inferior departments of the profession, had opposed the tribute which it was intended to offer to the most renowned advocate at the bar; but it excited no little surprise, that a man who was not old enough to have personally mingled with the ferocious contests of the civil war, (during which Mr. Curran had displayed an intrepidity which excited the animosities of the successful party,) and whose mind ought to have been susceptible of the impressions which the eloquence of Mr. Curran was so well calculated to produce upon the young and sensitive, should have tendered himself as a volunteer to the faction of which that great speaker was the antagonist, and had earned his best honours in their hate. The boldness of this proceeding was quite sufficient to attract notice. Every eye was fixed on this juvenile and unknown dissentient from the great body of the bar. They saw a formal and considerate-looking person, with a gravity far beyond his years, advance with perfect coolness and self-possession; and while they condemned the feelings by which he was instigated, they could not but perceive that he had qualifications which were calculated to raise him to great eminence in his profession. His enunciation was perfect; every tone was mellow and musical, and the cadences which marked his flowing and unelaborated sentences, manifested the finest sense of harmony, and a peculiarly rhythmical elocution. To these external qualities was added an easy, round, graceful, and unstudied gesture. Although he took the side upon which many angry and vindictive passions were marshalled, yet he betrayed none of the violence of political detestation. He was throughout calm, sober, and subdued, and displayed that clearness in statement, and that faculty for methodical exposition, which have since so much contributed to his great success in his profession. It was painful to see Mr. Blackburne exhibiting at the same time so much ability and so little sense of the transcendant merits of the celebrated person whose laurels he endeavoured to blight. This step was the subject, I have heard, of general comment. It was considered a decided intimation of the course in politics which the young gentleman intended to take, and his promotion under a Tory ministry was generally expected."

The paper on Mr. Sergeant Blackburne is remarkable as containing one of the finest efforts of Sheil's pen, the description of the "Burning of the Sheas," as given to the reader in the sketch, and also as containing the same facts described oratorically. We subjoin both passages; but we think it right to explain first the facts of the case. The Sheas were middle-men, and their tenant was a

farmer named William Gorman. He was ejected by the Sheas for nonpayment of rent, and in revenge for the ejectment he resolved to murder them. He joined the gang of a notorious criminal named Maher, and it was resolved that no time should be lost in consummating vengeance. A woman of most abandoned life, Mary Kelly, discovered the plot, but through terror and through callousness, did not divulge the horrible secret. Upon the night of the murder, being unable to rest through anxiety of mind, she stole forth to the house where Maher and his hellish gang were deliberating, and overheard all their plans. She hid herself amongst some brambles, and saw the murderers pass. She knew eight of them; they carried lighted turf, which they breathed upon from time to time, and kept it burning. She saw them advance to the house of the Sheas, and soon the roof was in flames. She heard the groans and shrieks of the victims, and the yells and whoops and savage laughter of the murderers; but soon all was still. As Sheil writes,

"All was now over—the roof had fallen in, and the ruins of the cottage were become a sepulchre. Gorman and Maher, with their associates, left the scene of their atrocities, and returned by the same path by which they had arrived. Another eye, however, besides that of God, was upon them. They passed a second time near the place were Mary Kelly lay concealed: again she cowered at their approach, and, as they went by, had a second opportunity of identifying them. Here a circumstance took place which is, perhaps, more utterly detestable than any other which I have yet recorded. The conversation of the murderers turned upon the doings of the night, and William Gorman amused the party by mimicking the groans of the dying, and mocking the agonies which he had inflicted. * * *

"For sixteen months no information whatever was communicated to Government. Mary Kelly was still silent, and did not dare to reproach Maher with the murder of Catherine Mullaly, for whose life she had made a stipulation.* She did not even venture to look in the face of the murderer, although, when he visited her house, which he continued to do, she could not help shuddering at his presence. Still the deeds which she had seen were inlaid and burned in dreadful colours in her mind. The recollection of the frightful spectacle never left her. She became almost incapable of sleep; and, haunted by images of horror, used in the dead of night to rise from her bed, and wander over the lonely glen in which she

* When she first discovered that the Sheas were to be murdered, she had extorted a promise from Maher that their servant, and her cousin, Catherine Mullaly, should not be harmed. She was burned with the others.

had seen such sights; and although one would have supposed that she would have instinctively fled from the spot, she felt herself drawn by a kind of attraction to the ruins of the Shea's habitation, where she was accustomed to remain till the morning broke, and then return, wild and wan, to her home. She stated, when examined in private previous to the trial in which she gave her evidence, that she was pursued by the spectre of her unfortunate kinswoman, and that whenever she lay down on her bed she thought of the 'burning,' and felt as if Catherine Mullaly was lying beside her, holding her child, 'as black as a coal, in her arms.' At length her conscience got the better of her apprehensions, and in confession she revealed her secret to a priest, who prevailed upon her to give information, which, after a struggle, she communicated to Captain Despard, a justice of the peace for the county of Tipperary."

The description of the tortures of the conscience-racked Schoolmaster, in the "Mysteries of Paris," has been often cited as an example of very powerful writing; we think the record of remorse just given is far more touching and real—both are true. We know nothing to equal this terrible phantom—"She was pursued by the spectre of her unfortunate kinswoman, and that whenever she lay down in her bed, she thought of the 'burning,' and felt as if Catherine Mullaly was lying beside her, holding her child, as black as a coal, in her arms." The reader will now be able to understand the following extracts:—

THE BURNING OF THE SHEAS.

"Upon the morning of the 20th of November, 1821, the remains of the house of Patrick Shea, a respectable farmer, who held a considerable quantity of land at the foot of the mountain of Slievenamon, exhibited an appalling spectacle. It had been consumed by fire on the preceding night, and a large concourse of people (the intelligence of the conflagration having been rapidly diffused through the neighbouring glens) assembled to look upon the ruins. Of the thatched roof, which had first received the fire, a few smoking rafters were all that remained. The walls had given way, and stood gaping in rents, through which, on approaching them, the eye caught a glimpse of the dreadful effects of the devouring element. The door was burned to its hinges; and on arriving at the threshold, as awful a scene offered itself to the spectator, as is recorded in the annals of terror. The bodies of sixteen human beings of both sexes lay together in a mass of corpses. The door having been closed when the flames broke out, the inhabitants precipitated themselves towards it, and, in all likelihood, mutually counteracted their efforts to burst into the open air. The house being a small one, every individual in it had an opportunity of rushing

towards the entrance, where they were gathered by hope, and perished in despair. Here they lay piled upon each other. Those who were uppermost were burned to the bones, while the wretches who were stretched beneath them, were partially consumed. One of the spectators, the uncle of a young woman, Catherine Mullaly, who perished in the flames, described the scene with a terrible particularity. With an expression of horror which six years had not effaced, he said, when examined as a witness, that the melted flesh ran from the heap of carcasses in black streams along the floor. But terrible as this sight must have been, there was another still more appalling. The young woman whom I have already mentioned, Catherine Mullaly, resided in the house, and had been not very long before married. She had advanced a considerable period in pregnancy, and her child, which was born in the flames in a premature labour, made the eighteenth victim. I shall never forget the answer given by her uncle at the trial, when he was asked how many had perished, he answered that there was seventeen; but that if the child that was dropped (that was his phrase) in the fire was counted, the whole would make eighteen. His unfortunate niece was delivered of her offspring in the midst of the flames. She was not found among the mass of carcasses at the door. There were sixteen wretches assembled there, but, on advancing further into the house, in a corner of the room, lay the body of this unhappy young creature, and the condition in which her child was discovered, accounted for her separation from the group of the dead. A tub of water lay on the ground beside her. In it she had placed the infant of which she had been just delivered while the fires were raging around her, in the hope of preserving it; and in preserving its limbs she had succeeded, for the body was perfect with the exception of the head, which was held above the water, and which was burned away. Near this tub she was found, with the skeleton of the arm with which she had held her child hanging over it. It will be supposed that the whole of this spectacle excited a feeling of dismay among the spectators; but they were actuated by a variety of sentiments. Most of them had learned caution and silence, which are among the characteristics of the Irish peasantry, and whatever were then their feelings, deemed it advisable to gaze on without a comment; and there were not wanting individuals who, folding their arms, and looking on the awful retribution, whispered sternly to each other, 'that William Gorman was at last revenged.'"

This is the calm, clear statement of the case, clothed, it is true, in beautiful language; we shall now find the same facts thundered on the ears of the listening peasantry, in all the power of oratory, and all the grace of eloquent diction.

"The recollection of what I have seen and heard during the present assizes, is enough to freeze the blood. Well might Judge Burton, who is

a good and tender-hearted man—well might he say, with tears in his eyes, that he had not in the course of his judicial experience beheld so frightful a mass of enormities as the calendar presented. How deep a stain have those misdeeds left upon the character of your country, and what efforts should not be made by every man of ordinary humanity, to arrest the progress of villany, which is rolling in a torrent of blood, and bearing down all the restraints of law, morality, and religion before it. Look, for example, at the murder of the Sheas, and tell me if there be any thing in the records of horror, by which that accursed deed has been excelled! The unborn child, the little innocent who had never lifted its sinless hands, or breathed the air of heaven—the little child in its mother's womb—I do not wonder that the tears which flow down the cheeks of many a rude face about me, should bear attestation to your horror of that detestable atrocity. But I am wrong in saying that the child who perished in the flames was not born. Its mother was delivered in the midst of the flames. Merciful God! Born in fire! sent into the world in the midst of a furnace! transferred from the womb to the flames that raged round the agonies of an expiring mother! There are other mothers who hear me. This vast assemblage contains women, doomed by the primeval malediction to the groans of childbirth, which cannot be suppressed on the bed of down, into which the rack of maternal agony still finds its way. But say, you who know it best, you who are of the same sex as Catherine Mullaly, what must have been the throes with which she brought forth her unfortunate offspring, and felt her infant consumed by the fires with which she was surrounded! We can but lift up our hands to the God of Justice, and ask him, why has he invested us with the same form as the demons who perpetrated that unexampled murder! And why did they commit it?—by virtue of a horrible league by which they were associated together, not only against their enemy, but against human nature and the God who made it!—for they were bound together—they were sworn in the name of their Creator, and they invoked Heaven to sanctify a deed which they were confederated to perpetrate by a sacrament of Hell!"

Who is there, after reading these passages, can deny that Sheil was the Morales of orators?

We are happy to perceive that in the sketch of Sergeant Blackburne, full justice is done to the great legal learning, the remarkable power of condensation, and consummate ability of the man. We recollect it was a disputed point whether Blackburne or the late Chief Justice Pennefather was the better general lawyer—and the opinion of the majority was in favour of the latter. However, the lawyer can be no longer thought of, and if Sheil were writing his sketch now, we are sure he would feel satisfaction in acknowledging Black-

burne to be a judge who confers honor on his country, and lustre on his noble profession, and dignity upon the bench, and whose learning secures deep and profound reverence for the decisions of that highest court of law, of which he is the fitting Chief.

As a specimen of Sheil's lighter style, we subjoin the following sketch of

CHIEF JUSTICE NORBURY'S STUDY.

"In the centre of the room lies a heap of old papers, covered with dust, mingled with political pamphlets, written some forty years ago, together with an odd volume of 'The Irish Parliamentary Debates,' recording the speeches of Mr. Sergeant Toler.* On the shelves, which are half empty and exhibit a most 'beggarly account,' there are some forty moth-eaten law books, and by their side appear odd volumes of 'Peregrine Pickle,' and 'Roderick Random,' with the 'Newgate Calendar' complete. A couple of worn-out saddles, with rusty stirrups, hung from the top of one of the bookcases, which are enveloped with cobwebs; and a long line of veteran boots, of mouldy leather, are arrayed on the opposite side of the room. King William's Picture stands over the chimney-piece, with prints of Eclipse and other celebrated racers, from which his Lordship's politics and other predilections may be collected."

So much for his lordship's study. Now for

THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS IN THE DAYS OF CHIEF JUSTICE NORBURY.

"His performances at Nisi Prius were greatly preferable, in the decline of the Dublin stage, to any theatrical exhibition; and as he drew exceedingly full houses, Mr. Jones began to look at him with some jealousy, and is said to have been advised by Mr. Sergeant Goold, who had a share of £3,565 5s. 9¼d. in Crow-street theatre, to file a bill for an injunction

* As a specimen of Lord Norbury's (then Mr. Solicitor-General Toler) parliamentary eloquence, we give the following attack on Mr. Ponsonby: "What was it come to, that in the Irish House of Commons they should listen to one of their own members degrading the character of an Irish gentleman by language which was fitted but for hallowing a mob? Had he heard a man uttering out of these doors such language as that by which the honourable gentleman had violated the decorum of parliament, he would have seized the ruffian by the throat, and dragged him to the dust! What were the House made of, who could listen in patience to such abominable sentiments?—sentiments, thank God! which were acknowledged by no class of men in this country; except the execrable and infamous nest of traitors, who were known by the name of United Irishmen, who sat brooding in Belfast over their discontents and treasons, and from whose publications he could trace word by word every expression the honourable gentleman had used."—*Irish Parliamentary Debates, Feb. 22nd,* 1797.

Ponsonby stated that the only reply he should make to the honourable member was, that he would not laugh at him.

against the Chief Justice, for an infringement of his patent. Lord Norbury was at the head of an excellent company. The spirit of the judge extended itself naturally enough to the counsel; and men who were grave and considerate every where else, threw off all soberness and propriety, and became infected with the habits of the venerable manager of the court, the moment they entered the Common Pleas. His principal performers were Messrs. Grady, Wallace, O'Connell, and Goold, who instituted a sort of rivalry in uproar, and played against each other. With such a judge, and such auxiliaries to co-operate with him, some idea may be formed of the attractions which were held out to that numerous class who have no fixed occupation, and by whom, in the hope of laughing hunger away, the Four Courts are frequented in Dublin. Long before Lord Norbury took his seat, the galleries were densely filled with faces strangely expressive of idleness, haggardness, and humour. At about eleven his lordship's registrar, Mr. Peter Jackson, used to slide in, with an official leer; and a little after, Lord Norbury entered, with a grotesque waddle, and having bowed to the Bar, cast his eyes round the court. * * While the jury were swearing, he nodded familiarly to most of them, occasionally observing, 'A most respectable man.' * * The junior counsel having opened the pleadings, Lord Norbury generally exclaimed, 'A very promising young man! Jackson, what is that young gentleman's name?' 'Mr. ———, my lord.' 'What! of the County Cork? I knew it by his air, sir. You are a gentleman of very high pretensions, and I protest I have never heard the many counts stated in a more dignified manner in all my life. I hope I shall find you, like the paper before me, a Daily Freeman in my court.' Having despatched the junior, whom he was sure to make the luckless but not inappropriate victim of his encomiums, he suffered the leading counsel to proceed. As he was considered to have a strong bias towards the plaintiff, experimental attorneys brought in the Common Pleas the very worst and most discreditable adventures in litigation. The statement of the case, therefore, generally disclosed some paltry ground of action, which, however, did not prevent his lordship exclaiming in the outset, 'A very important action indeed! If you make out your facts in evidence, Mr. Wallace, there will be serious matter for the jury.' The evidence was then produced; and the witnesses often consisted of wretches vomited out of stews and cellars, whose emaciated and discoloured countenances showed their want and depravity; while their watchful and working eyes intimated that mixture of sagacity and humour by which the lower orders of Irish attestators are distinguished. They generally appeared in coats and breeches, the external decency of which, as they were hired for the occasion, was ludicrously contrasted with the ragged and filthy shirts, which Mr. Henry Dean Grady, who was well acquainted with 'the inner man' of an Irish witness, though not without repeated injunctions to unbutton, at last compelled them to disclose. The cross-examina-

tions of this gentleman were admirable pieces of the most serviceable and dexterous extravagance. He was the Scarron of the bar; and few of the most practised and skilful of the horde of perjurers whom he was employed to encounter, could successfully withstand the exceedingly droll and comical scrutiny through which he forced them to pass. He had a sort of 'Hail fellow, well met!' manner with every varlet, which enabled him to get into his heart and core, until he had completely turned him inside out, and excited such a spirit of mirth, that the knave whom he was uncovering could not help joining in the merriment which the detection of his villany had produced. Lord Norbury, however, when he saw Mr. Grady pushing the plaintiff to extremities, used to come to his aid, and rally the broken recollections of the witness. This interposition called the defendant's counsel into stronger action, and they were as vigorously encountered by the counsel on the other side. Interruption created remonstrance; remonstrance called forth retort; retort generated sarcasm; and at length voices were raised so loud, and the blood of the forensic combatants was so warmed, that a general scene of confusion, to which Lord Norbury most amply contributed, took place. The uproar gradually increased till it became tremendous; and to add to the tumult, a question of law, which threw Lord Norbury's faculties into a complete chaos, was thrown into the conflict. Mr. Grady and Mr. O'Connell shouted upon one side, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Goold upon the other, and at last, Lord Norbury, the witnesses, the counsel, the parties, and the audience, were engaged in one universal riot, in which it was difficult to determine whether the laughter of the audience, the exclamations of the parties, the protestations of the witnesses, the cries of the counsel, or the bellowing of Lord Norbury predominated. At length, however, his lordship's superiority of lungs prevailed; and, like Æolus in his cavern, (of whom, with his puffed cheeks and inflamed visage, he would furnish a painter with a model,) he shouted his stormy subjects into peace. These scenes repeatedly occurred during the trial, until at last both parties had closed, and a new exhibition took place. This was Lord Norbury's monologue, commonly called a charge. He usually began by pronouncing the loftiest encomiums upon the party in the action against whom he intended to advise the jury to give their verdict. For this the audience were well prepared; and accordingly, after he had stated that the defendant was one of the most honorable men alive, and that he knew his father, and loved him, he suddenly came with a most singular emphasis, which he accompanied with a strange shake of his wig, to the fatal 'but,' which made the audience, who were in expectation of it, burst into a fit of laughter, while he proceeded to charge, as he almost uniformly did, in the plaintiff's favour. He then entered more deeply, as he said, into the case, and, flinging his judicial robe half aside, and sometimes casting off his wig, started from his seat, and threw off a wild harangue, in which neither law, method, nor argument could be discovered. It ge-

nerally consisted of narratives connected with the history of his early life, which it was impossible to associate with the subject—of jests from Joe Miller, mixed with jokes of his own manufacture, and of sarcastic allusions to any of the counsel who had endeavoured to check him during the trial. He was exceedingly fond of quotations from Milton and Shakspeare, which, however out of place, were exceedingly well delivered, and evinced an excellent enunciation. At the conclusion of his charge he made some efforts to call the attention of the jury to any leading incident which particularly struck him, but what he meant it was not very easy to conjecture; and when he sat down, the whole performance exhibited a mind which resembled a whirlpool of mud, in which law, facts, arguments, and evidence were lost in unfathomable confusion."

The late Sir Michael O'Loghlin was one of Sheil's nearest friends, and the following extract is not to be considered as either overstrained or farcical. It does not place the professional position of O'Loghlin in too flattering a light. Attorneys were just as anxious to secure his assistance in court, or chamber, or in office, as is here represented.

O'LOGHLIN AT COURT.

"'Counsellor O'Loughlin, my motion is on in the Rolls!'—'Oh! Counsellor, I'm ruined for the want of you in the Common Pleas!'—'For God's sake, Counsellor, step up for a moment to Master Townshend's office!'—'Counsellor, what *will* I do without you in the King's Bench!'—'Counsellor O'Loghlin, Mr. O'Grady is carrying all before him in the Court of Exchequer!'—Such were the simultaneous exclamations, which, upon entering the Hall of the Four Courts, at the beginning of last term, I heard from a crowd of attorneys, who surrounded a little gentleman, attired in a wig and gown, and were clamorously contending for his professional services, which they had respectively retained, and to which, from the strenuousness of their adjurations, they seemed to attach the utmost value. Mr. O'Loghlin stood in some suspense in the midst of this riotous competition. While he was deliberating to which of the earnest applicants for his attendance he would addict himself, I had an opportunity to take notes of him. He had, at first view, a very juvenile aspect. His figure was light—his stature low, but his form compact, and symmetrically put together. His complexion was fresh and healthy, and intimated a wise acquaintance with the morning sun, more than a familiarity with the less salubrious glimmerings of the midnight lamp. His hair was of sanded hue, like that of his Danish forefathers, from whom his name, which in Gaelic signifies Denmark, as well as his physiognomy, intimates his descent. Although, at first, he appeared to have just passed the boundaries of boyhood, yet, upon a closer inspection, all symptoms of puerility disappeared.

His head is large, and, from the breadth and altitude of the forehead, denotes a more than ordinary quantity of that valuable pulp, with the abundance of which the intellectual power is said to be in measure. His large eyes, of deep blue, although not enlightened by the flashings of constitutional vivacity, carry a more professional expression, and bespeak caution, sagacity, and slyness, while his mouth exhibits a steadfast kindliness of nature, and a tranquillity of temper, mixed with some love of ridicule, and, although perfectly free from malevolence, a lurking tendency to derision. An enormous bag, pregnant with briefs, was thrown over his shoulder. To this prodigious wallet of litigation on his back, his person presented a curious contrast. At the moment I surveyed him, he was surrounded by an aggregate meeting of attorneys, each of whom claimed a title paramount to 'the Counsellor,' and vehemently enforced their respective rights to his exclusive appropriation. He seemed to be at a loss to determine to which of these amiable expostulants his predilections ought to be given. I thought that he chiefly besitated between Mr. Richard Scott, the protector of the subject in Ennis, and Mr. Edward Hickman, the patron of the crown upon the Connaught circuit. Ned, a loyalist of the brightest water, had hold of him by one shoulder, while Dick, a patriot of the first magnitude, laid his grasp upon the other. Between their rival attractions Mr. O'Loghlin stood, with a look which, so far from intimating that either of 'the two charmers' should be 'away,' expressed regret at his inability to apportion himself between these fascinating disputants for his favours. Mr. Scott, whose face was inflamed with anxiety for one of his numerous clients, exhibited great vehemence and emotion. His meteoric hair stood up, his quick and eager eye was on fire, the indentations upon his forehead were filled with perspiration, and the whole of his strongly Celtic visage was moved by that honourable earnestness, which arises from a solicitude for the interest of those who entrust their fortunes to his care. Ned Hickman, whose countenance never relinquishes the expression of finesse and drollery for which it is remarkable, excepting when laid down for an air of profound reverence for the Attorney-General, was amusingly opposed to Mr. Scott; for Ned holds all emotions to be vulgar, and, on account of its gentility, hath addicted himself to self-control. Mr. O'Loghlin, as I have intimated, seemed for some time to waver between them, but at length Mr. Hickman, by virtue of a whisper, accompanied by a look of official sagacity (for he is one of the crown solicitors), prevailed, and was carrying Mr. O'Loghlin off in triumph, when a deep and rumbling sound was heard to issue from the Court of Exchequer, and shortly after, there was seen descending its steps, a form of prodigious altitude and dimensions, in whose masses of corpulency, which were piled up to an amazing height, I recognized no less eminent a person than Bumbo Green. He came like an ambulating hill. This enormous heap of animation approached to put in his claim to Mr. O'Loghlin. Bumbo had an action, which was to be

tried before Chief Baron O'Grady, against the proprietors of the mail-coach to Ennis, for not having provided a vehicle large enough to contain him. Mr. O'Loghlin was to state his case. Bumbo had espied the capture which Ned Hickman had made of his favourite counsel. It was easy to perceive, from the expression of resolute severity which sat upon his vast and angry visage, that he was determined not to acquiesce in this unwarrantable proceeding. As he advanced, Ned Hickman stood appalled, and, conscious of the futility of remonstrance, let loose the hold which he had upon the counsellor, while the latter, with that involuntary and somewhat reluctant but inevitable submission, which is instinctively paid to great by little men, obeyed the nod of his enormous employer, and, with the homage which the Attorney-General for Lilliput might be supposed to entertain for a solicitor from Brobdignag, passively yielded to the dominion, and followed into the Exchequer the gigantic waddle of Bumbo Green." *

In the mean time, whilst these sketches were in the course of publication, the Roman Catholics of Ireland had, through the energy of O'Connell, formed themselves into committees, and boards, and societies, and at length into the Catholic Association. Here it was that the public life of Sheil really commenced. Upon the Veto question he had opposed O'Connell, but, finding the opinions of the great mass of his fellow Catholics did not coincide with his own upon this subject, he yielded to the public view, and became a supporter of the entire policy of the Catholic body. From his entrance as member of the Association, to the day on which he moved its dissolution, Sheil was, next to O'Connell, the chief leader and first orator amongst his

* We have given these extracts from the "Sketches of the Irish Bar," as we believe they exhibit that peculiar talent in which Sheil so much excelled, great power of description, whether of individual character or of human nature taken in the mass. The sketches are little read, in fact, not known by the present generation. We understand that Mr. Colburn is about to republish them, and we most sincerely hope so. The sketches of Lord Manners, the Farewell to Lord Manners, the Clonmel Assizes, the Clare Election, Bellew, Doherty, Pennefather, (O'Connell we think is not Sheil's,) North, Norbury, &c. &c., these are well worth making known to the present race of Irishmen. The republication would, we are sure, pay well, and besides it would form a graceful testimonial to the memory of the author, far more so than busts or statues. The age of statues appears to have passed away, at least in Ireland—although, indeed, we have heard that a statue is to be erected to the late Mr. Thomas Davis, who was formerly connected with the seditious or rebellion inciting portion of the Dublin newspaper press. Statues were formerly reserved for the wise and great: we like to be singular in Ireland, and take for our motto the *converse* of Propertius' line,

"*Omnia non pariter rerum omnibus apta.*"

co-religionists. The gigantic energy, the indomitable resolution, and ready, rough humour, the popular eloquence of O'Connell, could not be approached by Sheil; but for a fierce fiery energy, for epigrams that stung like scorpions, for antithetical, scathing passages, for bright, glittering imagery, for bursts of eloquent rhetoric, which for the time whirled the minds of his audience almost beyond the control of reason, no Irishman, save Grattan, ever equalled Sheil. Doherty could sneer, and sneer terribly; O'Connell could abuse, and abuse with all the heartiness of a baffled shrew; John Wilson Croker could, in the compass of a printed page, display all the unmitigated virulence of a theological disputant, and all the coarse violence of a detected bungling scholar, but none of them could, like Sheil, hurl sarcasm on an opponent, which, whilst it annihilated its victim, was appreciated in its full force by all, from the highest to the lowest in the land. His pathos though deep was not genuine, it was not the pathos of O'Connell, nor the pathos of Curran. Their's was the pathos of the heart, by one touch of nature bringing back upon the memory, all the joys and sorrows which had elevated or depressed the hearers, in such moments as the orators described. Sheil was pathetic as an actor—a great actor. He could not make pathos; he could, with the materials before him, ready to his purpose, conjure up scenes so heart-rending, that the conclusion of his address was, in some sense, to the feelings a relief. Nothing was exaggerated, the facts were supplied, he placed them before his audience vividly, and strongly, and terribly; it was tasteful, well managed melodrama, rather than tragedy: he was, in truth, as we have written, the Morales of orators.

There was yet another quality, or element of oratory, which he possessed in a very high degree, namely, strong power of ridicule. O'Connell possessed this power, but it was coarse, often low; Doherty possessed it, and used it well and ably; Whiteside, when judicious, is no mean master of the art; but Sheil combined the beauty of language, and all the eloquence of a classical orator, in his passages of irony and ridicule.

The Association continued its meetings, the Catholics thronged to swell its ranks, and O'Connell and Sheil were the idols of the hour. Upon the death of the Duke of York, Sheil made that speech

which has been so much applauded and so much condemned; in our minds, nothing but the extraordinary state to which party feeling had mounted, could at all extenuate so foul a specimen of unmitigated savagery. The attack of the orator was not forgotten; and upon the occasion of his speech on the memory of Wolfe Tone, the government pounced upon him as a victim. He was arrested, and bailed by O'Connell and the late Chief Baron Wolfe. Plunket was Attorney-General, and Sheil resolved to defend himself by quoting passages from speeches of Plunket's, much more seditious and violent than that for which the prosecution was instituted. The day of trial came on, and though Sheil was anxious for the struggle, his counsel, O'Connell, Robert Holmes, and the present Mr. Justice Perrin, raised legal objections against a trial at the particular period; their application for delay was granted, and in the interval between that time and the next term Lord Liverpool died suddenly, Canning became premier, and the prosecution was abandoned.

On the 24th of October, 1828, the great meeting, of which so much has been said and written, was held on Penenden Heath. It was a meeting got up by Lord Winchelsea, as the head of the "Cumberland Brunswickers," or more properly, the English Orangemen. However, men of all parties attended; the Liberals led by Lord Darnley and Lord Camden, the Radicals headed by Henry Hunt and Cobbett. Sheil appeared, and made one of his best speeches, bnt owing to the noise and shouting, which are sure to prevail where three parties contend for the advancement of their own views, little of the speech reached the ears of the audience; however, this was of no consequence to Sheil, as he had sent the full report to the newspapers in the morning. The effect of the address upon the minds of those most capable of judging it, was satisfactory, even flattering, to the orator. Jeremy Bentham wrote in terms of admiration of it, and expressed great regret at not being able, owing to ill health, to attend a dinner given to Sheil.

Some short time after the meeting Sheil returned to Ireland, and the government having resolved to grant Emancipation, when Parliament re-assembled on the 6th of February, 1829, it was advised, in the speech from the throne, that "a final, equitable, and satis-

factory adjustment of the Catholic claims," should be fully carried out. Those who ruled the Catholic Association considered that after this passage in the royal speech, the continued action of the body might serve but to delay the changes recommended, and embarrass the government. It was accordingly determined to break up the Association. Sheil moved its dissolution, and the motion was carried unanimously.

During all these years spent by Sheil in agitating for Emancipation, his business as a lawyer had been slowly but steadily, increasing. He was a good Equity draftsman, he was a very popular Nisi Prius *advocate*, but like other very good advocates, he required a junior well up in all the many points of law that may arise in the course of a trial. On his own circuit, the Leinster, he could not be considered equal to Hatchel, or Doherty, or Brewster. As a court lawyer we do not find his name appearing very often in the pages of "The Law Recorder;" but after Doherty had been appointed Solicitor-General, and still more, after he had been raised to the bench in 1830, we did certainly perceive a very marked improvement in Sheil's general business. It was a strange circumstance, that although he knew very little law, yet, that on points of practice few men excelled him; we doubt if M'Donagh, or Armstrong, or Meagher would be considered his superiors. This—for such a man as Sheil—odd branch of legal learning, arose, doubtlessly, from his natural tenacity of memory, rendered still more quick and retentive by his long continued habit of never trusting to extempore speeches. We think Sheil would have been, not a great lawyer, but a great well-feed advocate, had he continued at the bar. Those who remember him at the profession in regular practice, can fully appreciate the distinction we draw; those who recollect only his *speech* for, not his defence of, John O'Connell in the State Trials, can form no idea whatever of his peculiar merits and faults. One of his last forensic efforts—indeed one of the most brilliant jury speeches we have ever heard—was made by Sheil about twenty-two or twenty-three years ago, at the Waterford assizes. It was in an action for slander. Sheil was for the plaintiff. The case was Anthony *v.* Evans. The plaintiff and defendant were women. We are not aware that the speech has ever been reported, except in the news-

papers of the time, but for beauty and grace of language, for argument and ingenuity, we have heard few addresses surpass it. Those who were so fortunate as to hear Butt's speech in that Irish "*cause célèbre*," Tate *v.* Rawson, can form a very fair estimate of the great merit of Sheil's address, when we state that his appeal was fully as able and as eloquent in the former as Butt's in the latter case.

Upon the 13th of July, 1830, Sheil was called to the Inner Bar, and received his silk gown on the same day as the present Master Litton, Mr. Bessonet, now Assistant-Barrister for the County Waterford, and the late Mr. Commissioner Farrell.

In 1830, upon the change in the Ministry, the Marquis of Anglesea was sent to Ireland as Viceroy. Sheil was then in London, and the Marquis having expressed a wish to see him, he waited on his lordship, who offered, if he wished to enter parliament, to secure his return for Milborne Port. Sheil gladly accepted the offer, and in March, 1831, he took his seat for the borough, and made his first speech on the 21st of the same month, on the second reading of the Reform Bill. We never liked this speech; it is in bad taste; and though showing in many parts the man of genius, it is unworthy of that fame which he afterwards won in the house. We have heard and read many accounts of this speech, the best, by far the best sketch, of the man and the speech, is from the ever-glorious pen of Christopher North. In "Blackwood's Magazine" for August, 1831, there appeared, in the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," a sketch of the quality, personal and mental, of most of the new men in the House of Commons. "Tickler" is supposed to have been present at the debates on the Reform Bill, and on returning to Edinburgh gives the following account of Sheil's first appearance as a senator.

"NORTH.

"Did you hear Sheil?

"TICKLER.

"I did—he is a very clever one too—but not so effective as Macaulay. I dare say he may be the abler man, take him all in all, of the two; but his oratory is in worse taste, and, at any rate, too Irish to be quite the thing *yonder*. The House, however, gave him a most gracious hearing, and I for one was much edified.

"NORTH.

"The thing looked very well in the report. How does he look himself?

"TICKLER.

"He's another of your little fellows—but not in the least like either Lord Johnny, or Jeffrey, or Macaulay. A more insignificant person as to the bodily organ, I never set spectacles on. Small of the smallest in stature, shabby of the shabbiest in attire, fidgety and tailor-like in gesture, in gait shambling and jerking—with an invisible nose, huge nostrils, a cheesey complexion, and a Jewish chin. You would say it was impossible that any thing worth hearing should come from such an abortion. Nor do the first notes redeem him. His voice is as hoarse as a deal board, except when it is as piercing as the rasp of a gimlet; and of all the brogues I have ever heard, he is the most abominable—quite of the sunk area school. But never mind—wait a little—and this vile machinery will do wonders.

"NORTH.

"We can wait. Fill your glass.

"TICKLER.

"To make some amends for her carelessness to all other external affairs, Nature has given him as fine a pair of eyes as ever graced human head—large, deeply set, dark, liquid, flashing like gems; and these fix you presently like a basilisk, so that you forget every thing else about him; and although it would be impossible to conceive any thing more absurdly ungraceful than his action—sharp, sudden jolt and shuffles, and right-about twists and leaps—all set to a running discord of grunts and screams—yet before he has spoken ten minutes, you forget all this too, and give yourself up to what I always considered a pleasant sensation—the feeling, I mean, that you are in the presence of a man of genius.

"NORTH.

"Even his poetry shewed something of the real fire."

And then Tickler goes on to compare him with Grant, the late Lord Denman, Sir James Graham, Hobhouse, O'Connell—in fact, prefers him to all the new batch but Macaulay.

After the passing of the Reform Bill, O'Connell started the first agitation for Repeal, Sheil joined the O'Connell party, and having, after the death of his first wife, married, in the year 1830, the widow of Edmond Power, Esq. of Gurteen, in the county Waterford, but possessing estates in the county Tipperary, he was, on the dissolution of parliament in 1832, through this connection, elected Member for the latter county, with the Hon. Cornelius O'Callaghan, eldest son of Lord Lismore. He entered parliament a Repealer, and

appeared resolved to spare neither Whig nor Tory. His fierce and rankling onslaughts were too galling to be forgotten or forgiven; and during the Irish agitation against the Coercion Bill, Mr. M. D. Hill stated, at a meeting assembled in Hull, that the Act was advised and urged on in private by some members who were most active in opposition in the House. A portion of the press fixed upon Sheil as the member to whom Hill had alluded. Sheil indignantly denied the charge, and demanded a committee of inquiry. Then arose the once well-known cry, "WHO IS THE TRAITOR?" The Whigs—many of them, at all events—opposed the appointment of the committee; however, owing to the exertions of Peel and Sir Henry Hardinge, it was at last nominated. Hill, finding he was unable to prove the charge, offered an apology; the committee reported the accusation against Sheil as groundless, and he came forth from the inquiry with a stainless reputation.

In the year 1834, the question of Repeal was brought before the House, and after a debate of six nights was of course negatived. Sheil then saw the utter inutility of the agitation; and O'Connell, having resolved to let the subject rest for a time, when he again raised the cry, Sheil refused to aid the movement.

We have heard it said, and we have read it—who has not?—that for this refusal Sheil was a renegade, a betrayer of his country, a rat, a trimmer. But why? Is the soldier of liberty, who meets the enslaver upon the shore, and hand to hand, and foot to foot, contests the fight, and

"Beats the tyrant backward home,"

to be branded as a traitor, because he is unwilling to join in the wild schemes of his compatriots, whom by his former exertions he has freed? Sheil gave time, and thought, and study—all the aid of his eloquence, and every force of his powerful genius, to the cause of Emancipation, and helped most, next to O'Connell, to win that cause. He gave the same help of his eloquence and his genius to the first struggle for Repeal—he saw the cause was hopeless—then, and not till then, did he forsake it. When O'Connell again raised the call for Repeal, Sheil, as we have stated, refused to join him. He saw the band of stout and brawling patriots, who had, in 1834,

we think that from the facts and arguments above stated, counting on Peel's unfixedness of principle, and calculating on the patent weakness of the Whigs, he might very reasonably have considered the measure a feasible one, still he never, never, bitter though he was to all other non-repealers, uttered one word of slight or reproach to the name, the honour, or the fame of Richard Sheil.

In the early part of 1835, Lord Melbourne came into office, and from this period to the year 1841, Sheil's Parliamentary life was one brilliant success. William the Fourth was not inclined to advance Sheil's prospects; in fact, Lord Melbourne made no secret of the matter—but, at the accession of Queen Victoria, all obstacles were removed, and Sheil received those rewards to which his genius, and his merits entitled him. During these six years no question tending to the general interest of the kingdom was unaided, or unsupported by him; on Irish subjects he was foremost of the first. He held the office of Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital for a year, and in 1839 was appointed Vice-president of the Board of Trade.† He held this office for two years, and on the resignation of Sir George Grey, in 1841, he was made Judge Advocate General. We have often felt astonishment at the absurdity of those, who find fault with Sheil for having accepted office. That malignant Rump of the Repeal Association, the Young Ireland faction, have ever made it a ground of calumny against him; but we think that whether the party in power be Whig or Tory, the more Irishmen in office, so much the better for the prosperity of our country.

In 1841, upon the dissolution of Parliament, Sheil was returned for Dungarvan. During Peel's rule—a rule which comprised within its space more disaster to England, and more annihilation of Irish interests, than that of any other minister worthy of the title statesman—Sheil was ever powerful in exposing the errors, the indecision, and the cowardice which distinguished, in so unenviable a degree, the policy of the government. On the 8th of April, 1842, Sheil made his great speech against the Income Tax. Peel considered the effect to be so powerful on the house, that he was unwilling to trust the reply to Stanley, and attempted, himself, to

† He was the first Catholic raised to the Privy Council in England for centuries.

answer Sheil's eloquence and argument. Of Sheil's genius as a statesman we know, and can know nothing. In truth, Irishmen of Sheil's politics have little opportunity of showing their ability in statescraft. The Colonies, the Exchequer,* and the Home Department appear formed for the sole object of enabling Lord John Russell's connections to luxuriate in office, at the expense, and to the great detriment of the nation.

That Sheil's services to the Liberal party were great, has never been denied, and to assert that his services to Ireland were not equally great, is a slanderous falsehood. For all those years during which Peel held office, the advantage of the kingdom, and the real good of his country, were the chief objects of Sheil's care. When Peel, having forsaken the principles he had held through life, and having played the renegade to his party, retired from office, bearing with him the contempt of the nation and the approval of Birmingham, Sheil was nominated to the Mastership of the Mint; after this appointment he did not often take part in the debates. His health was very much shaken by his former close attention, and he was harassed by continued attacks of gout. Colchicum soon lost, as it ever does, its effect as a sedative, and rest became the chief remedy. In the early part of the present year Sheil was appointed Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary at the Court of Tuscany. He died at Florence, of a sudden attack of gout, on Sunday, the 25th of May, and was interred on Wednesday, the 28th, in the Church of San Michele. He has left no family; his son, by his first wife, died some few years ago. The committee of management of Glasnevin Cemetery proposed to Sheil's friends to place his remains beside those of O'Connell; the offer was not accepted, as Mrs. Sheil wished that his grave might be where she could in death sleep beside him. When we look around on the unmarked, untrophied graves of those who were once the idols or the benefactors of the Irish people, we feel satisfaction at knowing that Sheil's last

* We never hear or read a "budget speech" of Sir Charles Wood's, but we think it a pity he should be placed in a position requiring common powers of speech or any clearness of understanding; he would make a most capital model sinecurist, quite equal to that old French placeman of whom Madame de Sévigné writes, "*Il exerçoit tres bien sa charge quand il n'avoit rien à fair.*"

resting-place will not afford another example, of the applicability to that portion of the Irish people calling itself "Liberal," of Pope's bitter line,

"The unwilling gratitude of base mankind."

In private life few men were more lovable than Sheil. He never forgot a friend or a favour. To the man struggling upward he was ever kind. He never denied merit where it was deserved. We remember well how kindly he spoke of the able speech made by Mr. Maguire, who opposed him at his last election for Dungarvan. Even all the lying and slander, uttered against himself, by the rhetorical idiots forming the Young Ireland impracticables, did not bind his lips, or prevent his giving to some of them the credit which they deserved, whilst he lamented their ingenuous trust in those men who traded on their talents, luring them by praise to ruin. Sheil's humour was genial, more like the quiet jesting of pleasant Charles Lamb, mingled with a little Irish fun, than that of any other we have known. His stories of Irish life, of old adventures when a literary man in London, and when working for Emancipation, remained fixed for ever in the mind. In fact, the recollection of a friendly evening spent with him always brought a smile to the thinker's lips. Sheil was one of those men, that if met by a friend in New Zealand or California, that friend would turn the conversation, not on the strange, new, striking world around, but to the pleasant nights spent in the far-off land of home, where they "heard the chimes at midnight," and could cry with Shallow, "Oh! the days that we have seen!"

We do not say of Sheil, "*De mortuus.*" We think it a coward's motto, or the last begging petition of a scoundrel. Of Sheil's early life and writings we have shown the reader some memorials and specimens, almost forgotten or unknown; in them there is nothing to regret, or wish undone or unwritten; of his later life there is every thing to feel proud.

Art. III.—THE HISTORIC LITERATURE OF IRELAND.

Publications of the Irish Archæological Society, founded A.D. 1840, *for the printing of the Genealogical, Ecclesiastical, Bardic, Topographical, and Historical Remains of Ireland:* 14 *vols.** 4*to. Dublin:* 1841—50.

A few Continental authors have, within the present century, effected a complete change in the style of writing history: eschewing the dull volumes of tedious compilers, they have had recourse to the works of the old contemporary chroniclers, by a careful collation of which, with legal and official documents, they have succeeded in producing an animated and life-like picture of the manners and customs of former ages; "in a complete narrative, exhausting texts, assembling scattered details, collecting even to the slightest indications of facts and of characters, and from all these forming one body, into which science and art unite to breathe the breath of life."†

The writers, to whom we are indebted for this new school of historic literature, are Augustin Thierry and his brother Amédée, Michaud, Sismondi, Guizot and Barante. Scarcely inferior to any of these great names, in depth of research and powers of narration, Macaulay, much as he habitually allows his political prejudices to obscure his judgment, may be regarded as their English representative.

The way was prepared for these attractive writers by the historic antiquarians and the publishing associations which, on the Continent and in England and Scotland, have been and still continue labouring to rescue the works of the old chroniclers from the dust and neglect of centuries. But for the exertions of these literary pioneers‡ the

* The full titles of these works, together with the names of the editors, &c. will be found in the notes to the present paper.

† Récits des temps Mérovingiens.

‡ We may mention the following great national historical collections to show how much Ireland is behind the rest of Europe in the cultivation of native history: André Du Chesne, "Historiæ Francorum Scriptores coætanei, ab gentis origine usque ad Phillipi IV. tempora," 5 volumes, folio, 1636—49. "Historiæ Normannorum Scriptores Antiqui, res ab illis gestas explicantes, ab ann 838 ad ann 1220," folio, 1619. Martin Bouquet, "Recueil des Historiens des Gaules et de la France, &c., accom-

most diligent author would scarcely be able, in the period of a single life, to bring together the materials necessary for the proper illustration of even one important era, and the history of Europe would consequently still remain arid and repulsive as the driest and most uninteresting annals.

In France, the efforts of the publishing associations are ably seconded by the government, while in England and Scotland, the general appreciation of national historic researches, among the educated classes, has ever afforded ample and substantial encouragement to the literary antiquarian.

Far different has, hitherto, been the case in Ireland, subjected, almost ever since the invention of printing, to perpetual civil war and religious persecutions, little time was there to be found for the cultivation of letters. Another no less potent cause acted against the study of Irish literature, this was the miscalculating policy which formerly dictated the eradication of the old Celtic language of the country; a short-sighted attempt, condemned equally by the enlightened Bedell and the philosophic Boyle, at a time when it was most warmly pursued by its fanatical advocates; and which only served to make the natives cling with a fiercer and more desperate

pagné de sommaires, de tables et de notes" (continué par Haudiquier, Precieux, Clement, Poirier, et Brial), 1738—1832, 19 volumes. "Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France depuis la fondation de la Monarchie Française Jusqu'au xiiime siècle; avec une introduction, des supplemens, des notices et des notes, par M. Guizot," 1823—27, 29 volumes, 8vo. "Collection complète des Mémoires relatifs à l'Historie de France, depuis le regne de Philippe Auguste jusqu'au commencement du xviie siècle, avec des notices sur chaque auteur et des observations sur chaque ouvrage, par M. Petitot," 53 vols. 8vo. 1819—27. "Collection de Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France, depuis l'avénement de Henri IV. jusqu' à la paix de Paris, conclue en 1763, avec des notices sur chaque auteur et des observations par Petitot et Montmerqué," (second series,) 79 vols. 8vo. 1820—29. "Collection de Mémoires relatifs à la Revolution Française, avec des notices sur leurs auteurs et des éclaircissements historiques par Berville et Barrière," 56 vols. 8vo. 1820—1826. The above are noticed, as they seldom appear in our country, and show how much superior is the historical literature of France to that of Great Britain. Of the other national collections we shall only mention Lud. Ant. Muratori's "Antiquitates Italicæ medii ævi, post declinationem Romani imperii ad ann 1500," 6 vols. folio, 1738—42; "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores præcipui ab anno æræ Christianæ D ad MD," 29 vols. folio, 1723—51; "Annali d' Italia dell'era volgare, sino all 1750," 17 vols. folio, 1753—6; and J. Langebek's "Scriptores rerum Danicarum medii ævi," 7 vols. folio, 1772—92.

tenacity* to the old tongue of their fathers, in which their dearest and most ennobling recollections and traditions were enshrined.

There are, even in the present day, many estimable persons in Ireland of opinion that the publication of historic works tends to revive old prejudices and to awake bad feelings; had this idea prevailed among the more enlightened of other countries, literature would not now have to boast of the works of Scott, of Lamartine,

* The attachment of the Irish to their native language is very remarkable: we learn from a manuscript cited by Dr. Leland, sometime Fellow of the University of Dublin, that when, in former times, any of the clans were unable to withstand the hostile powers of the invaders, they used to claim the assistance of their neighbouring tribes, "for the sake of the old tongue of the Gaels of Erinn;" an argument which never failed to elicit the desired reinforcements. It is a curious historical fact, that the Irish troops, who principally contributed to save the town of Louvain, in 1635, from the vigorous assault of the great French army under Marshals Chatillon and De Brezé, were, in that fearful contest, marshalled and commanded in the military terms which the language of their country supplied. A Latin writer of the seventeenth century, who was conversant with most of the European tongues, tells us that the Irish language "surpasseth in gravity the Spanish, in elegance the Italian, in colloquial charms the French, it equals, if it does not surpass, the German itself in inspiring terror. From the lips of the Irish preacher it is a bolt to arrest the evil-doer in the career of guilt, and to allure by its soft and insinuating tones to the paths of virtue. The witticism, the jest, and the epigram it expresses briefly; and, in the hands of the poet, it is so pliant and flexible, that the '*Uraiceacht na n-eigeas*,' or 'Precepts of the Poets,' lays down rules for more than a hundred different kinds of metre; so that in the opinion of men who are well acquainted with several languages, Irish poetry does not yield, either in variety, construction, or polish of its metres, to the poetry of any nation in Europe. Spenser himself corroborates this opinion, when he says: 'I have caused divers of Irish poems to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention; they are sprinkled with some pretty flowers of natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness to them.'" "To maintain for themselves the manners and traditions of their fathers," says the great French historian, "against the efforts of the invaders, the Irish made for themselves monuments which neither steel nor fire could destroy; they had recourse to the art of singing, in which they gloried in excelling, and which in the times of independence had been their pride and pleasure. The bards and minstrels became the keepers of the records of the nation. Wandering from village to village, they carried to every hearth memoirs of ancient Erinn; they studied to render them agreeable to all tastes and all ages; they had war songs for the men, love ditties for the women, and marvellous tales for the children of the mansion. Every house preserved two harps ever ready for travellers, and he who could best celebrate the liberty of former times, the glory of patriots, and the grandeur of their cause, was rewarded by a more lavish hospitality. The kings of England endeavoured more than once to strike a blow at Ireland in this last refuge of its regrets and hopes; the wandering poets were persecuted, banished, delivered up to tortures and death; but violence only served to irritate indomitable wills: the art of

and of Manzoni. Such an argument, moreover, strikes at the dissemination of TRUTH, and has, we know by sad examples, led, in Continental countries, to results most disastrous to the liberties of mankind. It is an incontrovertible fact, that political animosities have, in all nations, been designedly engendered and fostered by the propagation of historic falsehoods, which are ever ready to usurp the place unoccupied by truth. The contemplation of the

singing and of poetry had its martyrs like religion; and the remembrances, the destruction of which was desired, were increased by the feeling of how much they cost them to preserve."

In allusion to those penal times we find the following lines in a late anonymous writer:—

"Ah, God is good and nature strong—they let not thus decay
The seeds that deep in Irish breasts of Irish feeling lay;
Still sun and rain made emerald green the loveliest fields on earth,
And gave the type of deathless hope, the little shamrock, birth;
Still crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or stretched on mountain fern,
The teacher and his pupils met, *feloniously*—to learn;
Still round the peasant's heart of hearts his darling music twined,
A fount of Irish sobs or smiles in every note enshrined;
And still beside the smouldering turf were fond traditions told
Of heavenly saints and princely chiefs—the power and faith of old."

The native poets delighted to revile

——"the stranger's tongue upborne by law,
Whose phrase uncouth distorts the Gaelic jaw,"

and found endless pleasure in eulogizing their own language. As an illustration of this we may quote the following lines from one of the poems of Denis O'Mahony the Blind, a Munster bard of the last century:—

"*As iseadh ba bhlasda, ba cneasda, ba fhior-liomhtha,*
Ba oilte, ba aite, ba thapadh a m-brigh bin ghuib;
Ba shnaighte, ba shnasghlaine racaireachd gaois-laoithe,
Ni h-ionan 's glafairneach mhallaighthe ar bh-fior-naimhde."

"Unlike the jargon of our foreign foe,
On raptur'd ear it pours its copious flow;
Most feeling, mild, polite, and polish'd tongue,
That learned sage e'er spoke or poet sung."

Mr. Christopher Anderson, a learned Scotch author, in his recently published work on the "Native Irish," labours to prove that the neglect of the Irish language has been alike injurious to the progress of English and that of general knowledge. Speaking of the natives he says, "the Irish is still the language of their hearts, and even of the best part of their understanding. In it they still continue to express their joy or sorrow; for this is the language which is associated with their earliest recollections. In it their mothers hushed them to rest in the days of their infancy; and in youth, if they loved music, they were charmed with the numbers of the 'Culan,' or of 'Erin go brath.'" Bopp, Grimm, Diefenbach, and other profound German philologists, have borne testimony to the special importance of the Irish language, as being the richest in its vocabulary and grammatical forms, at the same time that it possesses the most ancient and numerous records, of the nature of histories, laws, and poems; and we may add, that the number of vocables in the Irish language exceeds 50,000.

history of our ancestors, their misfortunes, their virtues, their errors and their crimes, cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence on us, their descendants, inasmuch as one of the great masters of the human mind has told us that "history is philosophy, teaching by example." Despite all obstacles, it is, however, pleasing to recollect, that even in the worst times a few men were to be found who, under most discouraging circumstances, at considerable personal sacrifices, and actuated solely by a love of their country's literature, essayed and achieved much for the preservation of our historic documents: the names of Ussher, Ware, Colgan, Fleming, and Ward must ever be remembered with gratitude as the first who, by their elegant Latin treatises, rendered the ancient history of Ireland familiar to the learned of Europe. Since the seventeenth century the study of Irish literature has never been entirely neglected, but notwithstanding all the efforts of individuals, the greatest and most important monuments of the early history of the country are still unpublished and inaccessible. A short view of these documents will give an idea of the obstacles which still continue to oppose the production of a *true* "History of Ireland."

From the earliest period of which we have any account, to the commencement of the seventeenth century, the native Irish, or Gaels, were governed by a peculiar written code, known as the *Brehon laws*. These laws are referred to by Venerable Bede, by the ante-Danish poets, by Cenfaelad in the seventh century, by Probus in the tenth, by Tighernach in the eleventh, and by the Magnates Hiberniæ in the fourteenth century. Placed in the extremity of Europe, secluded from the rest of the world, unconquered, unmixed, and never affected by the concussions of the fall of the Roman Empire, the Irish must have possessed primeval institutions, which these documents are best calculated to unfold.* Many copies of these laws are still preserved in our public libraries, and are in general accompanied by elaborate glosses and commentaries, written for the most part by the Irish jurists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The contents of the *Brehon* laws still remaining to us† "are very

* Bibliotheca Macta Stouensis.

† Suggestions with a view to the Transcription and Publication of the MSS. of the Brehon Laws, now in the Libraries of the British Museum,

various, and may be fonnd to have important bearings upon the existing condition of society in Ireland. Some relate to offences against person and property; and regulate in the most minute manner, the fines to be paid by the offenders, as well as the compensations to be received by the injured parties, or their representatives. Others prescribe the prices to be paid for work done, or articles purchased. A very interesting class of laws lays down the privileges attaching to persons in the different ranks of society. Others have reference to the distribution and transfer of land. It must be apparent that documents of such a nature are of great importance; not only as illustrating the customs and character of the ancient Irish, but even as throwing light upon the earliest and most obscure part of European history. As the Celtic nations retired westward before the pressure of new colonizing swarms, they carried with them into the British islands much of their primitive language and usages. The former remains to this day. It is therefore unreasonable to deny the probability of their having also preserved such remnants of the latter, as might serve to supply the philosophic historian with valuable materials. It ought to be added, that the study of comparative philology would be promoted in no ordinary way by the publication of the ancient Irish laws. They are written in a dialect almost as different from the vernacular Irish of the present day, as Anglo-Saxon is from English.* They

the University of Oxford, the Royal Irish Academy, and Trinity College, Dublin. 12mo. London: 1851.

* The name of *Brehon* is cognate with the Celtic noun *Breath* or *Breah*, which signifies a judicial decision. The language of those laws is so peculiar and so long obsolete, that there are but two scholars to be found capable of deciphering and translating them, with accuracy and precision: it is scarcely necessary to say, that we refer to Dr. John O'Donovan and Mr. Eugene Curry. The latter gentleman, whose examination before the Parliamentary Committee of Public Libraries, in 1849, excited so much interest in England relative to the ancient literature of Ireland, has amassed an immense amount of collateral illustrative matter, for the elucidation of the laws of the Brehons, and has also compiled extensive and invaluable glossaries of the most unusual and obscure terms with which they abound. Although Mr. Curry has not hitherto taken a prominent public part in the Irish literary world, those who are competent to form a judgment, coincide in pronouncing him the most erudite Celtic palæographer ever produced by Ireland, not even excepting Mac Firbis, the O'Clerighs, or the O'Maoilchonaires. His critical knowledge of the older and more obscure dialects of the country, is perfectly unequalled and unprecedented. There is scarcely an important Irish manuscript in Great Britain or Ireland, or in the rich

abound, too, in technical terms and titles of persons, which are obviously among the most unvarying parts of a language. From no source could the scholar engaged in analyzing the Celtic languages, and determining their relation to the other branches of

Library of the Dukes of Burgundy, which he has not examined, collated, or transcribed, and in every Irish historical work of consequence, produced within the last quarter of a century, we find the authors expressing their numerous obligations to him for invaluable Celtic information, of which he is the sole depository. The critical and analytical Catalogues which he has compiled of the Gaelic manuscripts of the Royal Irish Academy, and of those in the British Museum, would alone entitle him to a high literary position. He has lately completed his examination and collation of the Betham manuscripts, added to our National Collection through the exertions of the Rev. Charles Graves; to the public subscription for which we are proud to state, that the Right Hon. B. L. Guinness, Lord Mayor of Dublin, was one of the most munificent contributors; thus opening a new era in our civic annals, and giving an example, which will, we trust, not be lost on his successors in office. Mr. Curry is now engaged in collating the fragments of the ancient *Brehon* laws, preserved in the English manuscript collections; and we trust that he will soon proceed to press with his treatises on the "History of the Boromean Tribute," and the "Account of the Fir-Bolgic, or Belgic Colony in Ireland"—two documents of the greatest importance in illustrating the earlier portions of our annals. When we recollect the uncertainty of human life, and how much the records of Ireland have suffered at various periods by accidents, and consider that, as in the case of the Escurial, a fire of a few minutes' duration in one of our manuscript collections, might effectually destroy the entire historical monuments of an important era, we cannot avoid expressing our deep anxiety, that public steps should be taken for the prompt publication of our ancient annals and literary remains, while they are yet in a state of safety, and while the scholars are amongst us, whose departure from the stage of life would leave the older Celtic records of Ireland a blank for ever. "The losses of history, indeed," says Gibbon, "are irretrievable; when the productions of fancy or science have been swept away, new poets may invent, and new philosophers may reason; but, if the inscription of a single fact be once obliterated, it cannot be restored by the united efforts of genius and industry. The consideration of our past losses should invite the present age to cherish and perpetuate the valuable relics which have escaped." This is truly a national question, and demands the attention of our educated classes. The literary men of Europe look to Ireland for the ancient monuments of her Celtic language; and we shall stand eternally disgraced in the republic of letters, if we make not a strenuous effort to supply them with what they have so long and so earnestly demanded. "Il est temps," says Adolphe Pictet, one of the latest and most distinguished French philologers, "de trancher enfin cette question: l'ancienneté de ces idiomes, le nombre et l'importance historique de leurs monuments écrits, presque inconnus encore, *le fait qu'ils renferment une partie des origines de la langue Française;* tout se réunit pour réveiller l'intérêt sur ces curieux débris de la primitive Europe. En attendant des travaux plus complets sur leur histoire, *travaux qui ne peuvent être entrepris avec succès que par les savants nationaux*, on peut, au moyen des matériaux existants les rattacher à leur véritable souche, qui est, sans contredit, Indo-Européene."

the Indo-European family, derive more abundant or precious materials."

The manifest injustice with which Ireland was treated by the late "Record Commission," which effected the publication of the Anglo-Saxon and Welsh laws, leaving the Irish legal records almost untouched, is to be attributed to our own apathy, as we believe that no proper public remonstrance was ever made against this neglect of the Commissioners. We are, however, glad to find, that at length the publication of these ancient Irish laws is about to be made a literary question, of not only National but European importance, and feel confident that the Imperial Government,* however parsimonious in its allowances to the literary institutions of Ireland, will not hesitate to undertake the preservation of the laws of the *Brehons;* when their publication is recommended by such scholars as Guizot, Pictet, Bunsen, and Hallam. The Anglo-Norman legal records of Ireland have hitherto fared scarcely better than the *Brehon* laws. There are upwards of twelve hundred legislative enactments, which have never yet been published,† and consequently do not appear in the defective and inaccurate printed editions of the Irish Statutes. The great body of the rolls, inquisitions, and other official documents, most important as illustrations of history, are still reposing in their dusty and almost inaccessible repositories; whence they are scarcely ever drawn, save when it is found necessary to consult them, for the purpose of deciding questions relative to property, or disputed titles.

Such is the condition of our legal antiquities, which Gibbon calls

* The national resources of France and Germany have long since effected the publication of the Salic law and of the Codes of the Ripuarian Franks, the Burgundians, and the Visigoths; more recently, the Danish government furnished the means of publishing the Icelandic laws, documents remarkably similar in their nature to the ancient laws of Ireland. The government of Great Britain is at present contributing to the excavations at Nineveh, to the neglect of their own national monuments. This fact forcibly recalls what Pliny says in his epistle to Gallus: "Ad quæ noscenda iter ingredi, transmittere mare solemus, ea sub oculis posita negligimus; seu quia ita natura comparatum, ut proximorum incuriosi, longinqua sectemur. Quacunque de causa, permulta in urbe nostra, juxtaque urbem, non oculis modo, sed ne auribus quidem novimus. *Quæ si tulisset Achaia, Ægyptus, Asia, aliave quælibet miraculorum ferax commendatrixque terra, audita, perlecta, lustratataque haberemus.*"—C. Plinii Cæcilii Secundi Epist. lib. viii.

† Lynch's "Prescriptive Baronies of Ireland;" London: 1835.

"the most instructive portion of a country's history;" and in this inaccessible and disgraceful state will they continue, until proper representations shame our Government into their publication. With the exception of official records, brief Latin annals, chartularies of religious houses, and that strange collection of romantic historic-fiction called the "*Book of Howth*,"* the Anglo-Norman settlers in the Pale and the large towns of Ireland, left but few literary remains. Many state papers, original letters, diaries, and accounts of important transactions, written in English and Latin, in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, relating to the history of Ireland, are still preserved in the manuscript collections of Great Britain. The large numbers of ancient manuscripts in the Irish language which have come down to us, cannot fail to excite surprize, when we reflect on the quantities of such works which must have been destroyed by the revolutions of centuries, and the innumerable accidents to which literary monuments are exposed. Their preservation is, however, satisfactorily accounted for, by the jealous and sedulous care with which the old Irish guarded their written documents.

An antiquarian† of the seventeenth century, whose knowledge of Celtic literature has never been surpassed, tells us that in ancient times, "every district in Ireland had its Bard, and its *Brehon* or Judge; and the genealogies were so accurately entered in their books, that he who refuses credit to them, may equally deny faith in his father or grandfather, since our fathers and grandfathers were our witnesses, each generation committing them to the care of their successors." "Neither was there any order," continues the same writer, "lay or ecclesiastic in Ireland, which was not bound by penalties, as stated in our *Law Books*, and on pain likewise of honor and reputation, to preserve their genealogies and histories,

* "*The Book of Howth*" is a miscellaneous compilation of the sixteenth century, supposed to have been made for Christopher, the blind Baron of Howth, who died A. D. 1589; for more than a century past, this book was supposed to have been lost, but it has been discovered by Dr. O'Donovan, among the Carew manuscripts, preserved in the Lambeth Library. By those best acquainted with our records and history, it has never been considered of authority, nor held in any other light than as a compilation of Anglo-Irish fables, invented to flatter and amuse the inhabitants of the Pale; on whose manners, customs, and language, we may add, its publication would throw much light.

† Duald Mac Firbis, ob. 1670.

so that on comparison with those of other districts and churches, they should be found to correspond; and it was ordained by law that there should be always seven ranks or orders of the learned to inspect those books.

Many of those parchment volumes, still preserved, are exquisite specimens of caligraphy and artistical ornamentation; they are in general named after the clan to whom they belonged, or the place where they were compiled; thus we have the "*Book of the O'Kellys*," the "*Book of the Mac Egans*," the "*Book of Leacan*," and the "*Book of Ballymote*." Their contents are various, comprising genealogies, annals, accounts of battles and important events, topographical tracts, lives of Irish saints, historical poems, romantic tales, treatises on law, medicine and scientific subjects, together with translations from the classics and the contemporary authors of foreign countries. In addition to the "great books," we possess an infinite number of short detached historical and scientific documents of considerable antiquity, and most important in illustrating the earlier portions of our annals. The old chieftains and heads of clans set a high value on these works, which they frequently purchased at enormous prices; not unfrequently was the desire to possess them the cause of sanguinary contests, and even in some cases, a manuscript volume was taken as ransom for a prisoner of distinction, after gold and other valuable articles had been rejected. The contemplation of the historic importance of those documents, their precarious state, and the probability of their never being properly deciphered or translated, if neglected in the present generation, forcibly demonstrated to the more enlightened in Ireland and abroad, the necessity of taking immediate steps for their preservation. Hence, after much anxious thought and deliberation, several Irish Peers, a large number of Prelates and Clergymen of the Established Church, the Provost, some of the Fellows of the University of Dublin, and many of the members of the Royal Irish Academy,* united in

* See the list of original members prefixed to the first volume of the Society's publications. The present Earl of Dunraven, Lord Talbot de Malahide, and the Marquis of Kildare, have taken a lively interest in, and contributed much to, the promotion of the study of their country's historic literature. The Earl of Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has done more than is generally known to advance our national learning. He contributed liberally to the fund for the purchase of the Betham MSS., and lately presented to the Academy's Museum a number of valuable

forming a publishing association, which they decided on calling "THE IRISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY." This body held its first meeting on St. Patrick's Day, in the year 1840. Since that day, the Committee of the Society has continued to labour earnestly and nobly to rescue from oblivion and decay the scattered and obscure monuments of Irish history. For this purpose they have achieved much; and the Institution, since its foundation, has formed a centre of literary attraction, around which the lovers of historic investigation have collected and remained steadfast, even amid the fearful times of famine and sedition. It has, however, been justly remarked, that the efforts of this Society have not been properly seconded by those to whom it should most naturally look for support and encouragement. Its proceedings and publications have been almost unnoticed by those periodicals which have been hitherto regarded as the literary organs of the country, and which, instead of fostering native learning, from which the true glory of a nation is to be derived, have, in almost

antique Irish circlets of solid gold. His Excellency is, we may add, a member of the Archæological and Celtic Societies. Lord Kildare, Vice-President of the same Societies, has, at considerable expense, had elegant transcripts made of all the historical poems and unpublished documents relative to the history of the Geraldines; and he has also contributed a munificent sum, to enable our Archæological Society to expedite their publication of that extraordinary and unique philological work, commonly known as "Cormac's Glossary," written in the ninth century.

Several dignitaries of the Established Church have also, of late years, cultivated the study of Irish history and antiquities with eminent success. Of the many so distinguished, we may mention the Rev. James H. Todd, D.D., Senior Fellow of the University of Dublin, Secretary to the Royal Irish Academy and to our Archæological Society, a most accomplished Celtic scholar and ecclesiologist. The value of his untiring labors can only be adequately appreciated by those who are acquainted with the obstacles and difficulties with which he has had to contend, in his disinterested pursuit of the advancement of the literary reputation of his country. The Rev. Charles Graves, Fellow of, and Professor of Mathematics in, the University of Dublin, a profound Celtic philologist. His treatise on the *Ogham* or occult forms of writing, in use among the ancient Irish, about to be published by our Archæological Society, will finally set at rest that hitherto "*vexata quæstio*." But for the influence and exertions of this reverend gentleman, the invaluable collection of Irish manuscripts made by Sir W. Betham, and lately added to the noble Library of the Royal Irish Academy, would have passed into the hands of foreign collectors. The Rev. Richard Butler, Dean of Clonmacnois, one of our ablest Anglo-Irish antiquaries, and who has spared no trouble or expense to preserve the historic remains and monuments in his own locality, as every visitor to the romantic ruins along the banks of the Boyne can testify. The Venerable Henry Cotton, D.C.L., Archdeacon of Cashel, author of the elaborate "Fasti Ecclesiæ Hiberniæ." His efforts to repair the injuries which the ancient monuments of "Cashel of the Kings" suffered from

every instance, directed their attention to the productions of foreign authors and of foreign presses; and, attracted by the history and antiquities of the most remote countries, they have totally overlooked what was passing in the literary world of Ireland.

It must be obvious, that the present paper can supply but a meagre outline of the contents of the important and invaluable works issued under the superintendence of the "Irish Archæological Society." Even such a sketch, compendious and brief as it must necessarily be, will at least redeem us from the charge of ingratitude, and be some tribute to the merits of those high-minded and accomplished scholars, who have devoted so much of their time and talents to the elucidation of the history of their native land, for which they will be remembered with gratitude by their descendants; while the memory of those who have done nothing to advance the literary

the iconoclastic Archbishop Price, deserve the highest commendation. The Rev. William Reeves, of Ballymena, the most erudite hagiographical scholar and ecclesiastical historian yet produced by this country, who, in the year 1850, presented the Members of our Archæological Society with the valuable and important volume noticed at page 462 of this paper. The Rev. James Graves, of Kilkenny, has lately succeeded in forming an association for preserving the monumental and literary antiquities of that ancient city and its vicinity. He has in the press an elaborate work on the history of the Cathedral of St. Canice, which, when published, will form the most important and elegantly illustrated volume yet produced on our provincial ecclesiastical and civil history.

To the exertions and influence of the above mentioned individuals, and of other members of the University of Dublin, we owe the formation of the great National Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, which, with only a stipend of £300 per annum from a Government with a revenue of a million per week, has, by private liberality, succeeded in forming the largest and most complete collection of Celtic manuscripts and remains in existence.

It would be unjust to the "memory of the dead" not to state, that the late Professor James Mac Cullagh, LL.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, and a mathematician of European celebrity, contributed largely to the formation of the Academy's Museum. Among the principal articles he presented was the magnificent "Cross of Cong," executed in the County of Mayo, in the twelfth century, and purchased by him for one hundred guineas. He also gave a large sum for an original manuscript of Colonel O'Kelly's *Macariæ Excidium*, which he deposited in the Academy's library. The latter acquisition was, as will be seen in the present paper, of the greatest importance, as it elicited Mr. O'Callaghan's valuable annotations, which have set the history of the Irish affairs of 1689 in a completely new light, and redeemed the country from a disgraceful historical imputation. The untimely death of Dr. Mac Cullagh prevented the completion of his design of printing a series of the most ancient Irish astronomical and medical treatises, which, under his care, would have done much to advance the reputation of our country abroad. This project will, we trust, not be overlooked by his worthy successor in the chair of mathematics in our University.

reputation of their country, will be hereafter found in the same category with that of the nobleman* who regarded as a collection of foolish trifles the great work, now esteemed one of the chief literary glories of Italy.

The "Irish Archæological Society" commenced its labours by publishing, in 1841, a thin volume, containing two "Tracts relating to Ireland," the first of which is an Irish poem,† written by Cormacan *Eigeas*, or the *Sage*, A.D. 942, on the military circuit made round Erin, in the preceding year, by Muircheartach, or Moriertagh Mac Neill, Prince of Aileach, in Ulster, with "ten hundred heroes of the race of Owen of the red weapons."

His object in this expedition was, "to facilitate his peaceful accession to the throne of Ireland, by impressing the conviction on the minds of the Irish that he was the next most powerful, as well as the most legitimate heir to the monarchy then existing."

The poem consists of two hundred and fifty-five *ranns*, or stanzas, detailing minutely all the circumstances connected with the circuit. The Bard carefully recounts the various localities through which the army passed, and the tributes and gifts received from the Danish and native Princes; concluding with an account of the return of the Irish troops and their hostages to the palace of Aileach,‡ and a curious description of the prolonged festivities with which that event was commemorated.

The present Viscount O'Neil, now in his seventy-first year, is the twenty-ninth in descent from the hero of this expedition, and with him the line of "Muircheartach of the golden locks" becomes ex-

* "Le Cardinal Hippolyte d'Este, à qui l'*Orlando Furioso,* fut dédié demanda à l'auteur, 'Messer Lodovico, dove Diavolo avete pigliato tante coglionerie?' Leon X. fut infiniment plus débonnaire pour cet Auteur. Presqu'au mesme tems qu'il foudroya ses anathemes contre Martin Luther, il publia une Bulle en faveur des poesies de Louys Arioste, menaçant d'excommunication ceux qui les blâmeroient, ou empescheroient le profit de l'Imprimeur."—*P. Bayle.*

† *The Circuit of Ireland, by Muircheartach Mac Neill, Prince of Aileach; a Poem, written in the year DCCCCXLII., by Cormacan Eigeas, Chief Poet of the North of Ireland: now for the first time printed; with a Translation and Notes, by John O'Donovan.* Dublin: for the Irish Archæological Society. 1841.

‡ The ruins of this great Cyclopæan fortress, formerly the residence of the northern O'Neills, are still to be seen in the county of Donegal, about a mile from the boundary of that of Derry, on the summit of a small mountain, 802 feet high.

tinct for ever. The concluding tract* in the Society's volume is a reprint of an exceedingly rare pamphlet of sixteen pages, written in 1589, by Robert Payne, an Englishman, who became manager in Ireland for twenty-five of his countrymen, each of whom had "undertaken" four hundred acres of the great estate wrested from the last Geraldine Earl of Desmond, in 1583.

The writer's desire was to see Elizabeth's project of planting all Ireland with English settlers fully carried out; and for the promotion of this object he paints in glowing colours all the natural advantages which the island possessed of soil and climate. The natives, he tells us, have been much maligned by designing knaves; "the better sorte are verie civil and honestly given, the most of them greatly inclined to husbandrie," and so hospitable, that "although they did never see you before, they will make you the best cheare their country yieldeth for two or three dayes, and take not anything therefore. They keepe their promise faithfully, and are more desirous of peace than our English men, for that in time of warres they are more charged, and also they are fatter praies for the enemie who respecteth no person." The author gives many interesting particulars of the prices of the various necessaries of life, and other productions of the country, which, he says, are so cheap, that one can keep a better house in Ireland for fifty pounds a-year, than in England for four times that amount. Although very brief, this little tract gives an excellent account of the state of things encountered in Ireland by the first English "undertakers," in the reign of Elizabeth.

The Latin annals of Ireland,† ascribed, on the authority of Ussher, to James Grace, of the Franciscan Convent of Kilkenny, ex-

* "*A brife description of Ireland: made in this yeere*, 1589, *by Robert Payne. unto XXV. of his partners, for whom he is undertaker there. Truely published verbatim, according to his letters, by Nich. Gorsan, one of the said partners, for that he would his countrymen should be partakers of the many good Notes therein conteined. With diuers Notes taken out of others the Authoures letters, written to his said partners, withenes the first impression, well worth the reading. Edited by Aquilla Smith, M.D., M.R.I.A.* Dublin: for the Irish Archæological Society. 1841.

† *Jacobi Grace, Kilkenniensis, Annales Hiberniæ. Edited, with a Translation and Notes, by the Rev. Richard Butler, M.R.I.A.* Dublin: for the Irish Archæological Society. 1842.

The family of *Grace*, one of the most ancient and honorable in Ireland, descend from the Norman Chevalier, Raimond, surnamed "*Crassus*," or *le Gras*, who, by his marriage with Basilia, daughter of Gilbert de Clare, became possessed of the vast territory in the County Kilkenny, known as

tend from A.D. 1074 to the year 1514, and contain much valuable information relative to the affairs of the "Pale" and the English colonists. "We must not, however, suppose that these annals were to the monks the dry and bare catalogues which they are to us, or

Grace's Country, or *Tir na-n Grasa*, and which originally covered an extent of eighty thousand acres.

His descendants becoming Barons of Courtstown, were long the chief family in Kilkenny, where, for many years before the settlement there of the Butlers, founders of the illustrious house of Ormond, they enjoyed an almost regal power, and endeared themselves to the people by their munificent hospitality and the number of religious houses which they endowed. Almaric *le Gras*, Baron of Courtstown, was, in 1385, "by royal licence," permitted to contract an alliance with Tibina, daughter of O'Meagher, Prince of the territory of Ikerrin (now incorporated with the county Tipperary), "for the better preservation of the peace of the county Kilkenny." From this period the Graces continued to fraternize and intermarry with the natives; and it is curious to find the descendants of the Norman Chevalier adopting Irish surnames, and commemorating their achievements in Gaelic songs. In an English version of one of these compositions, which is entitled "*Grasagh-abó*," or "The Graces for ever!" their slogan or war-cry, we find the following stanzas:—

"O Courtstown! thy walls rise in beauty and pride,
From thy watch-tower's summit the bold foe is descried,
Though the hearts of thy children with courage o'erflow,
Still their strength is the war-shout of *Grasagh-abó*.

O Courtstown! thou home of the great and renown'd,
Thy bulwarks what heroes of battle surround,
The Shees, Rooths, and Shortalls, whose bosoms still glow,
To join in the conflict with *Grasagh-abó*."

Colonel Richard Grace, the personal friend of Strafford and of Ormonde, served Charles I. with distinguished reputation in England, and was the last person of distinction who held out against Cromwell in Ireland; from which he passed with a number of his countrymen into France, and subsequently into Spain, where they followed the fortunes of the Royal exiles. He was so highly esteemed by Queen Henrietta Maria, that she entrusted the Duke of York to his sole care, when he secretly fled for refuge into Spain; and a letter, written in 1658, is still extant, acknowledging the receipt of a thousand gold pieces from one of the Graces, for the use of the Royal fugitives. On the Restoration, Colonel Richard Grace accompanied the Royal family to England, as Chamberlain to the Duke of York; and when the wars of 1689 broke out, "replacing," says a late writer, "the helmet on his hoary head, he discovered all his juvenile ardour in battle, and all that contempt of fortune and of life, as light in the balance with duty, which he had manifested in the pride of his age." Appointed Governor of the important town of Athlone, he prepared to resist, with a slender garrison, the immense and formidable army by which he was belesgured. When summoned to surrender, he returned a passionate defiance—"These are my terms," said he, discharging a pistol in the air; "these only I will give or receive; and when my provisions are consumed, I will defend till I eat my old boots." By his heroic conduct and military talents he obliged the enemy to raise the seige, and fell fighting in the royal cause, in 1691.

No less faithful to the national or royal cause was John Grace, Baron of Courtstown, one of the Council of the Confederation of 1642; his

that the inhabitants of the monastery were satisfied with that modicum of knowledge which we have inherited from them. Every name entered in their registry at its entry had its own peculiar history, and that history was preserved in the traditions of the chapter-

estate, confiscated by the regicides, was restored by Cromwell, as a token of personal admiration for his manly and generous enemy, who never failed to perform the offices of humanity, even to the soldiers who were in arms against him. In 1686, this brave and good man was appointed High Sheriff and Lieutenant-Governor of the County of Kilkenny; and, in three years afterwards, he represented the same County in Parliament. On the Revolution, he raised and equipped a regiment of foot and a troop of horse, at his own expense, for the service of King James, whom he further assisted with money and plate, amounting, it is said, to fourteen thousand pounds sterling. Possessing a high character and great local influence, he was early solicited, with splendid promises of favour, to join William's party; but yielding to the strong impulse of honorable feelings, he instantly, on perusing the proposal to this effect from one of the Duke of Schomberg's emissaries, seized a card accidentally lying near him, and returned this indignant answer upon it—"Go, tell your master I despise his offer; tell him that honor and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth and titles a prince can bestow." The card, which he sent uncovered by the bearer of the rejected offer, happening to be the six of hearts, is to this day very generally known by the name of "*Grace's card*," in the city of Kilkenny. This gallant soldier died in 1690; his regiment, however, found a fitting commander in his son, Robert Grace, under whom it performed prodigies of valor. At the unequal battle of Aughrim, where 15,000 badly armed Irish made such a gallant stand against upwards of 30,000 of the finest troops of Europe, the noble enthusiasm of "Grace's Regiment" evinced, we are told, a patriotic devotion that might dignify a Spartan band. "Of that fine body, selected from the flower of the youth of *Grace's country*, not fifty returned to their homes, where they were received with scorn and reproaches, till their chieftain's testimony confirmed their claim to the same heroic intrepidity which had distinguished their fallen comrades. The plaintive strains excited by this event were the aspirations of a whole people; they are still preserved, and still elevate the peasant's heart with sentiments of hereditary pride and national feeling." In consequence of their unshaken loyalty to their unfortunate Sovereign, in times—

"When treason bar'd her bloody arm, and madden'd round the land,"

the Graces were stripped, by forfeitures, of a great portion of their ancient extensive possessions. "Thus, after a period of nearly five centuries and a half, during which the house of Butler alone was paramount to that of Grace, the existence of the latter, as a Kilkenny family, may be said to terminate, as the small estate of Holdenstown is the only property they at present possess there. Henceforth they are to be heard of in the Queen's County, where the representative of the Ballylinch branch became seated; and his descendant is now, by the extinction of the line of Courtstown, the head of the family."

In latter times, the Graces became connected by marriage with the most noble families of England, and have been highly distinguished by their attachment to literature and the fine arts. Sheffield Grace, F.S.A., has left a lasting memorial of his elegant learning and munificence in his privately printed "Memoirs of the Family of Grace, 1822," a magnificently illustrated work, and the only piece of Irish family history extant.

room and of the cloister. From the founder of the house and the giver of broad lands, to the bequeather of a cope and the increaser of their holiday pittance, all their benefactors had their places in the grateful memory of the brotherhood; and the novice and the lay-brother were often told why this baron bestowed the rich farm, and why it was leased to such a knight; why this lady founded an altar and a chaplaincy; and why such a burgess was commemorated with a double lection. Every name in the registry was made the text of some grave homily, or recalled some story, kept alive, not only by being repeated on every recurring anniversary, among the habitual sitters round the refectory fire, and amongst the pacers in the cloisters, but by being told to the knights and squires who used the monastery as an inn, and to the pilgrims and visitors from other religious houses, who there claimed charitable hospitality."

This work of Grace, forming the first of the Society's series of the Latin Annals of Ireland, has been admirably translated and edited by the Rev. Richard Butler, who is deeply versed in the original sources of Anglo-Irish history.

An insult offered to Congal, Prince of Ulster, at a banquet held by Donal, King of Ireland, in his newly erected fort of *Dun na n-Gedh*, or the "Dun of the Spears," on the south side of the river Boyne, near the great Pagan tumulus of Dowth, is supposed to have led to the battle fought A.D. 637, at *Magh Rath* (the Plain of the Rath) or Moira, in the county of Down; in which, according to the prediction of St. Columba, a large number of Britons, Picts, and Albanian Scots were defeated by the men of Erin, after a sanguinary engagement for six days. "This," says a learned writer of the last century, "is one of the most important events in Scottish history; and yet, through the destruction of records, in the time of Edward I., the latter historians of North Britain were strangers to it." The bardic accounts of this battle, and of the banquet by which it was caused, form the third of the Society's volumes.* It would be difficult to over-estimate the historic value of such documents; the numerous particulars they contain of the manners and customs of the old Celtic tribes, together

* *The Banquet of Dun na n-Gedh, and the Battle of Magh Rath; an ancient Historical Tale. Now first published, from a MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. With a Translation and Notes, by John O'Donovan.* Dublin: for the Irish Archæological Society. 1842.

with their minute descriptions of persons, costumes, arms, and all other details connected with the events to which they relate, are so interesting and important, that we trust our literary antiquaries will see the propriety of directing their attention to the publication of a series of the ancient historic tales* of the Irish, numbers of which are still preserved, signally disproving the flippant assertion, that no materials exist for a civil history of the country, before the arrival of the Anglo-Normans.

* One of the most important of the ancient Irish historic tales is the "*Tain bo Cuailgne*," or "Narration of the Cattle-spoil of Collon," in the present County of Louth. This document, according to Mr. Curry, is as old as the seventh century, as is evident from the character of the language, manners, customs, and habits of the people mentioned in it; and it contains no reference whatever to anything Christian. A fine copy of this tract is preserved in the "*Leabhar na h-Uidhre*," or the "Book of the Dun Cow," now in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy. This "Book" was written early in the twelfth century; the writer of it died in the year 1106, and he only compiled it from other works, which he quotes; as, for instance, the "Book of Drom Sneacht," compiled before A.D. 400; the "*Leabhar Buidhe*" or "Yellow Book of Slane;" the "Book of Glengiven," and others. The "Book of the Dun Cow," (so called, because the vellum on which part of it is written was made from the hide of the *Dun Cow* of St. Ciaran of Clonmacnois,) passed into the possession of the clan of O'Donel of Donegal. There is a memorandum in the book itself, written in the year 1345, which says that it was then in the hands of the O'Conor of Sligo, and that he had obtained it in ransom for John O'Docharty, chieftain of Ardmire, in the County of Donegal, whom he had taken prisoner. There is also a subsequent entry, written in 1470, which says—"Pray for Hugh O'Donnel, who forcibly took this book from the men of Connacht, after they had held it during the reigns of ten Kings of Sligo." "It is much to be lamented," says the late erudite George Ellis, "that the Irish antiquaries should neglect to give us a series of their ancient popular tales, with a simple and literal English translation." Such a publication would, we may observe, tend to throw light on the history of European romantic fiction, the origin of which has been hitherto conjecturally, and, as it is admitted, without sufficient foundation, ascribed by Mallet and Percy to the Danes, and by Salmasius and Warton to the Saracens. Documents are, however, preserved, written at a very remote period, which tell us that "the four higher orders of the Irish poets, namely, the *Ollamh*, *Anruth*, *Cli*, and *Cano*, were obliged to have seven times fifty *chief stories*, and twice fifty *sub-stories*, to repeat for kings and chieftains." The subjects of the chief stories were demolitions, cattle-spoils, courtships, battles, caves, voyages, tragedies, feasts, sieges, adventures, elopements and plunders. The particular titles of of these tales are given in a vellum manuscript of the twelfth century, now in the Library of the University of Dublin. The foreign philologists, it may be added, have been unable satisfactorily to decide on the etymon of the name of the species of romance called *lai*, which, according to Le Grand, differed from the "Fabliaux," in being interspersed with musical interludes. This word seems, however, to correspond exactly with the Celtic noun *laoi* (pronounced *lee*), which is applied by the native Irish to compositions similar to those referred to by the French writer.

Dymmok's "Treatice"* furnishes us with an excellent account of the state of the country in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and contains some valuable statistical information relative to the number of the English and native forces. The original journals appended of the military operations in the year 1599, form excellent counterparts to the history of the same events given by the Irish annalists.

The short annals,† said by Ware to have been compiled at the Abbey of Multifernan, in Westmeath, extend to the year 1264, and are generally believed to be the oldest Latin annals of Ireland extant.

Of the numerous unpublished Irish legislative enactments, one of the greatest importance, in its own day, and probably still the most interesting to the student of our history, is the celebrated "Statute‡ of Kilkenny;" so called from having been enacted at a parliament held in that town, in the year 1367, by Lionel, Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward the Third of England. The object of this statute was to regulate the internal government of the English colony, and to arrest the decay into which the "*Pale*"§ was rapidly falling. For at this period, says our authority, "many of the English of the said land, forsaking the English language, manners, modes of riding, laws and usages, live and govern themselves according to the manners, fashion, and language of the Irish enemy; and also have made divers marriages and alliances between themselves and the Irish enemy aforesaid; whereby the said land and the liege people thereof, the English language, the allegiance due to our lord the King, and the English laws, these are put in subjection and

* *A Treatice of Ireland, by John Dymmok. Now first published, from a Manuscript preserved in the British Museum. With Notes, by the Rev. Richard Butler, A.B., M.R.I.A.* Dublin: for the I. A. S. 1842.

† *Annales de Monte Fernandi (Annals of Multifernan). Edited by Aquilla Smith, M.D., M.R.I.A.* Dublin: for the I. A. S. 1842.

‡ *A Statute of the fortieth year of King Edward III., enacted in a Parliament, held in Kilkenny, A. D.* 1367, *before Lionel, Duke of Clarence, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Now first printed, from a Manuscript in the Library of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lambeth; with a Translation and Notes, by James Hardiman, M.R.I.A.* Dublin: for the Irish Archæological Society. 1843.

§ The Pale, so frequently referred to, was the small tract around Dublin; and the only portion of Ireland in which, till the seventeenth century, the English power was fully acknowledged.

decayed, and the Irish enemy exalted and raised up, contrary to reason." All commerce and connections with the natives were accordingly rendered penal, and in fact, the "Statute of Kilkenny" may be regarded as an open declaration of perpetual hostility against the persons, language, and customs of the Irish; a measure which the English government was totally incompetent to enforce. The very town of Kilkenny, in which the Parliament sat, being for its own protection, obliged to pay a heavy annual tribute to the surrounding native chieftains; and the principal Anglo-Norman Nobles continued to contract friendship and alliances with the Irish. And, says the contemporary native writer, "the old chieftains of Erin prospered under those princely English lords, who were our chief rulers, and who had given up their foreignness for a pure mind, their surliness for good manners, their stubbornness for sweet mildness, and who had relinquished their perverseness for hospitality."

Mr. James Hardiman's intimate acquaintance with the manuscript Irish records enabled him to illustrate this singular "Statute" in a most attractive and interesting manner; his annotations forcibly demonstrate the value and importance of ancient legal documents as materials for a country's history.

Hy-Many* or Maine's territory, extended in ancient times from Clontuskert, near Lanesborough, in the county of Roscommon, southwards to the boundary of Thomond or the county of Clare, and from Athlone westwards, to Sefin and Athenry, in the present county of Galway. This district took its name from the chieftain Maine "*Mor*," or "*the Great*," head of a colony which, in the fifth century, migrated from Oriel in Ulster, seized the territory referred to, and reduced its old Fir-Bolgic or Belgic inhabitants to servitude. The semi-mythic account of this migration, given in the life of Saint Greallan, patron of Hy-Many, is a most singular and interesting illustration of the customs and superstitions of the old Irish clans.

The Clan Kelly, chief tribe of this region, took its name from Maine's descendant *Cellach*, (i. e., *the church founder*,) who flourished

* *The Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many, commonly called O'Kelly's Country. Now first published from the Book of Lecan, a Manuscript in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy; with a Translation and Notes, and a Map of Hy-Many, by John O'Donovan.* Dublin: for the Irish Archæol. Society. 1843.

in the ninth century; the present appellation O'Kelly being a corruption of the Celtic words *Ui Cellaigh*, signifying literally, the descendants of Cellach.

The other chief families of Hy-Many, Mac Eochada or Keogh,* O'Madden, O'Neachtain or Naghten, O'Maeilalaidh or Lally, Mac Aedhagain or Egan, and Mac Cnaimhin or Mac Nevin, held certain hereditary offices under the head of the district; and one of the most valuable portions of the document before us is that which gives the details of the singular Celtic government and laws of "O'Kelly's Country," before the coming of the stranger. Of the many eminent men sprung from the chief family of this district, we may mention Colonel Charles O'Kelly, a distinguished officer, and author of the "*Macariæ Excidium*," noticed at page 452 of the present paper. Sir William O'Kelly, of Aughrim, who was appointed in 1699, by the Emperor Leopold, to the chairs of Philosophy and History, and chosen by the Austrian states, as head of their new College at Vienna; Count Palatine, King-at-arms, and Poet-Laureat, to three successive Emperors. Baron O'Kelly, of the branch of Lisgallen, was Major-General under the famous Marshal Count Daun, at whose victory over Frederick the Great of Prussia, on 18th June, 1757, in the battle of Cotchemitz, or Kolin, the Irish Major-General was selected by the Austrian Marshal, to carry the account of his success to Vienna.† Count O'Kelly of Aughrim, "ancien employé du Conseil Suprême de Noblesse du Royaume des Pays Bas," has displayed much elegant erudition in his "Essai historique sur l'Irlande," published at Brussells, in 1837.

The family of Lally de Tollendal,‡ so celebrated in modern history,

* The father of our eloquent member for Athlone is at present the principal representative of this once powerful clan.

† This eminent officer was afterwards advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and died in 1767. His wife, we may here remark, was the Countess de Marcolini, a favorite of, and maid of honor to, the Empress Maria Theresa; her only daughter, Mademoiselle O'Kelly, was one of the youthful companions of, or in other words, brought up with, the daughter of the empress, Marie Antoinette (afterwards Queen of France), and finally married her own cousin, le Comte de Marcolini. As a curious specimen of minute investigation and research, we would desire to refer the reader to Note ii. of Mr. O'Callaghan's "*Macariæ Excidium*," in which a list is given of all the officers of the name of O'Kelly in the army of King James.

‡ The head of this family, an officer in the Irish army of King James II. retired to France after the Capitulation of Limerick. His son, the Count

descended from the old warlike sept of O'Macilalaidh (*O'Mullally*), of Hy-Many, and took its title from the castle of Tolendal (*Tulach na Dala*, or *The Hill of the Meeting*), four miles from Tuam. That enlightened philanthropist, the Rev. Samuel Madden, founder of the Royal Dublin Society, and of the "Madden Premiums," for the encouragement of learning in the University of Dublin, and "whose name," said Dr. Johnson, "Ireland ought to honour," is supposed to have also descended from one of the old tribes of "O'Kelly's country." He was, indeed, a worthy representative of Owen O'Madden, head of

Lally de Tollendal, became Viceroy of India, and Grand Cross of the Order of Saint Esprit. In 1760 he maintained for eight months the town of Pondicherry against the English, under their gallant Irish General, Sir Eyre Coote, to whom he capitulated, after exerting every expedient which skill or valour could suggest. In 1766, the Count de Tollendal was, by an infamous and illegal arrêt, hurried to the scaffold, with more than savage barbarity. His son, who at that period was studying, under the name of Trophime, at the Collège d' Harcourt, was only acquainted with the secret of his birth at the very moment he was about to be deprived of his parent. On this painful subject he expresses himself as follows:—"Je n'ai appris le nom de ma mère que plus de quatre ans après l' avoir perdue, celui de mon père, qu' un seul jour avant de le perdre; j'ai couru pour lui porter mon premier hommage et mon éternel adieu, pour lui faire entendre au moins la voix d'un fils parmi les cris de ses bourreaux, pour l'embrasser du moins sur l' échafaud où il allait périr. J'ai couru vainement—on avait, hâté l'instant. Je n'ai plus trouvé mon père; je n'ai vu que la trace de son sang." After this dreadful event young Lally continued for some time to pursue his studies at the same college, under the inspection of his cousin, Mademoiselle Dillon. Having conceived the determination to obtain the reversal of his father's attainder, he unceasingly pursued that object, and finally succeeded. His eloquence, filial piety, and the energy of his pleadings, having interested in his favour the most illustrious persons of his time, and amongst the rest Voltaire, who receiving the intelligence of his friend's success, became reanimated for an instant, on the bed of death, and wrote the following billet to Lally:—

"Le mourant ressuscite en apprenant cette grande nouvelle: il embrasse bien tendrement M. de Lally; it voit que le roi est le défenseur de la justice, il mourra content.—26 Mai, 1778." These were the last lines ever penned by the great French author, "who," says a late writer, "was ever a friend to virtue in distress."

Lally Tollendal is regarded as one of the early and rational friends of freedom in France. Endeavouring to arrest the atrocities of the Revolution, in preparing which he had been no inconsiderable actor, he did not hesitate to attack Mirabeau himself, to whom he addressed that memorable sentence—"On peut avoir de l'esprit de grandes idées, et être un tyran." We will not here further pursue the history of this illustrious descendant of the old Irish clan of the "O'Mullallys of the heavy blows." He died in 1830, a Peer of France and Member of the Royal French Academy, of which, we are told, he was a distinguished ornament, both from the high merit of his numerous literary productions, as well as from his splendid oratorical talents.

the tribe in the fourteenth century, and who, according to the old Irish chronicler, was famed for "the splendour of his hospitality to the great and the humble, for there was not a house which the English chieftains wished more to frequent than the house of Owen, from their knowledge alike of his truth and hospitality, and from the splendour of his mansion to receive them; for this fair prince erected for a habitation a strong castle of stone and fine timber, the like of which had not been erected by any sub-chief in Erin. He also repaired the churches of the country in general, and he taught truth to its chieftains, and kept his people from treachery and fratricide, and checked their evil customs and dissensions, and taught charity and humanity in his goodly districts."

The Mortiloge* of Christ Church, Dublin, contains a catalogue of the various benefactors to that monastic institution, before the Reformation, arranged according to the days of the year on which their deaths took place. In general the gifts bestowed are particularized, and afford curious information relative to the social state of the people. The donations consisted of houses, lands, vestments, plate, and money. A few of the entries will serve to give an idea of the general character of the "Mortiloge." Gerald, Earl of Kildare, we are told, presented, among other articles, his best cloak, of purple cloth of gold, to make vestments. John Dowgan, merchant, bequeathed a silver bowl, weighing twenty-two ounces, with directions to have it fashioned into a chalice; and Thomas Montayng restored, without payment, the Mass-book of St. Mary's chapel, which had been pledged with him for thirteen shillings and four pence.

All the gifts were carefully registered and the prayers of the community offered regularly for the welfare of the pious donors. "Nor was it only gratitude, and the wish to maintain the credit of their house before the visitors, that induced the monks to fill up in conversation the bare outline of their registers with traditional his-

* *The Book of Obits and Martyrology of the Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church, Dublin. Edited, from the Original Manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, by John Clarke Crosthwaite, A.M., of Trinity College, Dublin, Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill, and St. Andrew Hubbard, London. With an Introduction, by James Henthorn Todd, D.D., V.P.R.I.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.* Dublin: for the I. A. S. 1844.

tories; many of them had the strong interest of relationship, or of family dependence, connected with the names recorded; and it was pleasant to tell how their fathers had fought in the battle in which their benefactor was killed, whose tomb was in the choir, and whose death was in the Mortiloge. With respect, then, to occurrences in its own neighbourhood, or referring to its special benefactors, the date and the succession was almost all that was wanted by the inmates of a religious house, and these were supplied by the driest of their chronicles; the cloister tradition supplied the rest, giving to the merest outline fulness of detail and depth of colouring."

The Martyrology is an abridgement of Ado's, that in general use at the period, among religious orders, with the addition of several Irish saints; this, to us the most important part of the work, has been fully and admirably illustrated by the Rev. J. H. Todd, from the Irish manuscript sources, and especially from the singular document known as the Festology of St. Oengus *Cele De*,* or, "Oengus, *the Servant of God.*"

In the introduction we find a vast amount of hagiographical erudition, without which many portions of the compilation would be of little service to the ordinary student. The "Book of Christ Church" is the only Irish monastic ritual yet published: the typography of

* This is a metrical account of the lives of Irish Saints, compiled in the ninth century by Oengus, who was for some time a monk of the celebrated Abbey of Tamhlacht, or Tallaght, near Dublin, and was surnamed *Cele De*, (or Servant of God,) from his great devotion and sanctity. The *Felire* is written in *Rinn-ard* (*the high-pointed metre*) consisting of six syllables in every verse, or twelve in every half *rann* or quatrain. Of this kind of verse there are three different varieties to be found in the works of the more ancient Irish poets. Oengus was the author of many other works relating to the history of the Saints of Ireland, "all of which," says Dr. Todd, "are still extant, but, to the disgrace of this country, extant only in manuscripts, *which, in another generation, will probably become illegible, or at least the ample means we now possess for illustrating and translating them will be seriously diminished, if not wholly lost.*" The researches of the Secretary of our Archæological Society have lately brought to light a manuscript copy of high antiquity, and in beautiful preservation, of that important work, which has caused so much discussion, entitled "*Saltair na Rann*," or the "Psalter of the Poems," the publication of which would be of the highest value to the lexicographer and the philologist.

Oengus *Cele De* is commemorated in the Irish calendar on the 18th February, and is one of the many native Saints of the old Irish church. He must not, however, be confounded with "*the Culdees*," "who," says Bishop Keith, "were apparently, from Columba's time to the twelfth century, the only monks and clergy in Scotland, *and all Irish.*"

this volume is the most exquisite specimen of the art, hitherto executed in Ireland; and its calendars and rubrics rival in beauty and brilliancy the productions of the world-famed press of Hanicq, of Mechlin.

The Priory of "All Hallows" or All Saints, founded in the twelfth century, by the notorious Dermod Mac Murchad, King of Leinster, stood on the ground now occupied by the University of Dublin. On the dissolution of the religious houses, in the reign of Henry VIII., that king granted the buildings and site of this establishment to the citizens of Dublin, who, in 1592, transferred it to their Archbishop, Adam Loftus, for the purpose of erecting an University, then and since styled "the College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, near Dublin." The documents printed in the volume before us* relate exclusively to the property and affairs of the monastery, and must ever prove deeply interesting to the local antiquarian.

The present baronies of Carra, Erris, and Tirawly, in the County of Mayo, and the barony of Tireragh, in the County of Sligo, were formerly known as *Tir Fhiachrach*, or Tireragh,† signifying the Land of the Sons of Fiachra, who was king of Connacht in the fourth century.

This territory was originally possessed by the clans of O'Dowda, O'Shaughnessy, O'Clerigh, and Mac Firbis: the two latter families were the hereditary antiquarians and historians of the district, and to their labours we are indebted for the preservation of many of our most important historical documents.

The O'Dowdas, who take that name from their ancestor, *Dubhda*, signifying literally "*the Dark Hero*," were the chiefs of Tireragh; and have been ever distinguished by their gigantic stature and intrepidity. In the last century, members of this family were, for their eminent military services abroad, advanced to the rank of nobles, in

* *Registrum Prioratûs Omnium Sanctorum juxta Dublin. Edited, from a MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin; with Additions from other sources, and Notes by the Rev. Richard Butler, M.R.I.A.* Dublin: for the I. A. S. 1845.

† *The Genealogies, Tribes, and Customs of Hy-Fiachrach, commonly called O'Dowda's Country. Now first published, from the Book of Lecan, in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, and from the Genealogical MS. of Duald Mac Firbis, in the library of Lord Roden; with a Translation and Notes, and a Map of Hy-Fiachrach, by John O'Donovan.* Dublin: for the I. A. S. 1844.

Venice and in Germany. The present representatives of the clan are Tadhg or Thaddæus O'Dowda, Esq., of Bunnyconnelan, in the county of Mayo, and Robert O'Dowda, Esq., Registrar of the Supreme Court of Calcutta.

The clan of O'Shaughnessy, in old times, held extensive possessions at and near Gort. A Latin author of the last century, speaking of them, says—"Little must he know of Ireland who hath not heard of the antiquity, grandeur, and loyalty of this great family." Descended from Guaire,* surnamed the "hospitable," king of Connacht in the seventh century, they were ever remarkable for their munificence and liberality; and a writer who travelled through Ireand the Continent, in the times of Charles the First, tells us, that the O'Shaughnessys then excelled in elegant hospitality all the nobility of Connacht, with the sole exception of the Marquis of Clan-Ricard. The lands of the O'Shaughnessys, forfeited in consequence of their attachment to the cause of King James the Second, were granted, for a term of years, by William III., to Sir Thomas Prendergast, whose character has been depicted, by Swift,† in the darkest colours, as a sordid betrayer of his friends, and a relentless persecutor of the Clergy of the Established Church. Owing to this loss, William O'Shaughnessy entered the French service, where he died in 1744, having attained to the rank of Colonel. On his death, his cousin, Colman O'Shaughnessy, titular Bishop of Ossory, essayed at law to recover the property of his ancestors. The suit was continued by his brother Robuck,‡ whose son Joseph, assisted by his relatives, took forcible possession of the mansion-house of Gort; on which occasion the bells of Athenry and of Galway were rung for joy. The whole clan believed that the strangers were defeated; and the Irish poets of the locality sung that the rightful heir was restored, and that the old splendour of the O'Shaughnessys was about to be renewed in the halls of their fathers. This triumph was, however, but of short duration: all the efforts of the O'Shaughnessys were rendered abortive by the influence of Prendergast's representatives, who re-

* "*Cofial le Guaire*," "Hospitable as Guaire," is a proverb in constant use among the Irish peasantry.

† See the "*Legion Club*."

‡ This name is a corruption of the Irish *Reabhach*, which is almost synonymous with *Dathi*, and signifies one expert in feats of arms.

obtained possession; and are said, for carrying on their suit, to have borrowed eight thousand pounds from Lord Chancellor Mansfield, which sum was charged on, and paid by, the estate. Having been thus stripped of their inheritance, the old clan of O'Shaughnessy sunk into obscurity. A few months ago, the Gort property was wrested from its late proprietors by the "Incumbered Estates Commission," which is effectively fulfilling the predictions of the Irish Jacobite poets, who never ceased to sing "that Providence would only suffer the foreign churls, who had usurped the lands of the old English and of the noble Gaels of Erin, to hold their white mansions transiently."*

To the O'Clerighs we owe many valuable Irish historical compilations, one of the most important of which is the work known as "The Annals of the Four Masters," so called from the number of antiquarians engaged in its production. This great body of annals, the most complete of which any northern European country can boast, is the only work extant which furnishes us with the history of the great Celtic tribes or families who, from the most remote times until the dissolution of the last remnant of the clan system, in the seventeenth century, constituted the old Irish nation—the vestiges of whose ancient greatness are still preserved in the names of almost every hill, river, and townland in our country.

The family of Mac Firbis of Tireragh did infinite service to Celtic literature by their collections of ancient legal and historical documents, the most important of which are, the *Leabhar Buidhe*, or "Yellow Book," the "Great Book of Leacan," or Lacken, and the "Book of Mac Firbis," copies of which invaluable manuscripts are now in the splendid library of the Royal Irish Academy. This race

* This sentiment pervades all the Irish Jacobite poems. The following stanza is taken from "The Vision of Conor O'Riordan," written about 1760, to the beautiful Munster air of "*An Spealadoir*," or "The Mower:"

"A woeful day, a dismal fate,
Will overtake your foes,
Grey hairs, the curses of deep hate,
And sickness, and all woes!
Death will bestride them in the night—
Their every hope shall meet with blight,
And God will put to utter flight
Their long-enjoyed repose!

For further illustrations of this feeling among the native Irish, and which became extinct after the relaxation of the Penal Code, in 1793, the reader is referred to "*The Poets and Poetry of Munster*," *by J. O'Daly*. 12mo. Dublin: 1850.

of hereditary historians became extinct in 1670, by the murder of Duald Mac Firbis, at Dun-Flin, in Sligo. He was the author of the account of Tireragh, printed by the Irish Archæological Society, and of many other unpublished works, which show how deservedly he has been styled the most learned Irish antiquary of his time. One of the most interesting portions of the volume before us is that which treats of the ancient manner of inaugurating the Irish Chieftains, a subject hitherto involved in the greatest obscurity. The editor has, however, in his appendix, brought together all the historic evidence bearing on this curious point,* and fully succeeded in giving us a view of the strange ceremonies performed on the occasion of electing a Chief: who, in times of peace, was to govern the tribe according to the laws of the *Brehons*, and under whose satin banner

* The following poetical version of that part of the above work which relates to the inauguration of the Chief of the O'Neills, at the rath of Tulach Og (*the Hill of the Youths*), now Tullyhawk, in Tyrone, is from the pen of the late Mr. T. Davis, of Dublin:—

"Come, look on the pomp when they 'make an O'Neill;'
The muster of dynasts—O'Hagan, O'Sheil,
O'Cahan, O'Hanlon, O'Breslin, and all,
From gentle Ard Uladh to rude Donegal:
Saint Patrick's successor, with bishops thirteen,
And ollavs, and brehons, and minstrels are seen,
Round Tulach Og Rath, like bees in the spring,
All swarming to honor a 'True Irish King.'

"Unsandalled he stands on the foot-dinted rock,
Like a 'pillar-stone' fixed against every shock.
Round, round is the Rath, on a far-seeing hill;
Like his blemishless honor and vigilant will.
The grey-beards are telling how chiefs by the score
Have been crowned on the 'Rath of the Kings' heretofore;
While, crowded, yet ordered, within its green ring,
Are the dynasts and priests, round the 'True Irish King!'

"The chronicler read him the laws of the clan,
And pledged him to bide by their blessing and ban;
His *sgiath* and his sword are unbuckled, to show
That they only were meant for a foreigner foe;
A white willow wand has been put in his hand—
A type of pure, upright, and gentle command—
While hierarchs are blessing, the slipper they fling,
And O'Cahan proclaims him 'A True Irish King.'

"Thrice looked he to heaven, with thanks and with prayer—
Thrice looked to his borders with sentinel stare—
To the waves of Loch Neagh, the heights of Straban;
And thrice on his allies, and thrice on his clan——
One clash on their bucklers!—one more!—they are still—
What means the deep pause on the crest of the hill?
Why gaze they above him?—a war-eagle's wing!
'Tis an omen!—Hurrah! for the 'True Irish King.'

"God aid him! God save him!—and smile on his reign—
The terror of England—the ally of Spain.
May his sword be triumphant o'er Sassanach arts!
Be his throne ever girt by strong hands and true hearts!
May the course of his conquest run on till he see
The flag of Plantagenet sink in the sea!
May minstrels for ever his victories sing,
And saints make the bed of the 'True Irish King!'"

the clansmen were bound to march to the field of battle, when "their own danger and the fear for their possessions" drove "the noble tribes of sharp-spears" to take up arms for the "fertile, warm, music-loving old land of Erin."*

On an incident recorded in this work Mr. S. Ferguson has founded his inimitable ballad of the "Welshmen of Tirawly;" and we may observe, that in these old Irish historical writers is to be found a vast fund of materials most attractive to the accomplished balladist; for a confirmation of which it is only necessary to refer to Mr. D. F. Mac Carthy's admirable poems,† entitled "The Foray of Con O'Donnel," and "The Voyage of St. Brendan;" and to several exquisite verses on Irish subjects, written by the late Clarence Mangan and Edward Walsh.

This edition of the treatise on Hy-Fiachrach, the largest and most elaborately illustrated of the Society's Irish publications, would, had he not, fortunately for our historic literature, achieved much greater works,‡ be sufficient to entitle Dr. John O'Donovan to the character of the most erudite Hiberno-Celtic scholar and literary antiquary yet produced by this country.

Roderick O'Flaherty, "to whom," says the venerable Charles O'Conor, "this kingdom cannot too much express its obligations," is known to the learned world by his Latin volume, entitled "Ogygia, seu Rerum Hibernicarum Chronologia," published in 1685, and dedicated to James, Duke of York. Written in an elegant and vigorous classic style, the only work of its time which gives accurate information relative to the ancient history of Ireland, compiled from original manuscripts, and exhibiting an intimate acquaintance with the writers of ancient and modern ages, this book soon acquired a considerable reputation, and is quoted by almost every foreign author who treats of early Irish history. Dr. Smith, in his catalogue of the Cotton Library, commended our author for his learning and accuracy; as did also that famous scholar, Edward Lhuyd, in the preface to his "Archæologia." Our ablest antiqua-

* *Fearfeasa O Cáinte*, Poeta Hibern. Sæc. xvii.

† "Poems of D. F. M'Carthy." 12mo. Dublin: 1850.

‡ It will be scarcely necessary for us to refer here to Dr. O'Donovan's "Grammar of the Irish Language," 8vo, Dublin, 1849; and his great National work, "The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the Four Masters." 7 vols. 4to. Dublin: 1851.

rians since that time have admitted that, in it, he has given "secure anchorage" to Irish history. "He has settled the chronology of the Christian ages in Ireland with the greatest accuracy; and even that of Scotland so precisely, that he may justly be esteemed the first chronologer of the affairs of that kingdom." Stripped of his property by the Cromwellians, and only able to recover five hundred acres of his vast estate, after the Restoration, O'Flaherty applied the greater part of his time to the study of the history of his country. He was, however, fortunate enough to possess the intimate friendship of Mac Firbis and Dr. John Lynch, the two most eminent Irish antiquarians of the seventeenth century.

It is much to be regretted that the manuscript of the "Ogygia Christiana," or annals of Ireland from the reception of Christianity, and on which O'Flaherty expended much time and labour, should have been lost; but it may, we trust, be yet brought to light—a hope which is strengthened by the recollection that it was only in the middle of the last century his "Vindication of the Ogygia" was recovered, and published by O'Conor. The work under our consideration at present is O'Flaherty's description of H-Iar, or West Connacht,* first published by the Irish Archæological Society, and supposed to be one of the many similar chorographical treatises compiled late in the seventeenth century, for the illustration of Sir William Petty's Survey of Ireland. The contents of this document may be described as follows:—"After a general view of the boundaries, extent, and baronies of H-Iar Connacht, the author defines its borders, beginning with Loch Measg (Mask), in the north of the barony of Ross, and proceeding by the eastern limits, towards the south, including Loch Orbsen (Corrib), he turns to the west by the bay of Galway, and thence continues northward, along the shores of the Atlantic, to the Killary harbour, which flows inland, in the direction of Loch Measg, where he began. A general description is then given of the state and appearance of the interior; its mountains, mines, woods, soil, rivers, and lakes; the bays and harbours round the coast; the productions of the country, as fish,

* *A Chorographical Description of West or H-Iar Connacht, written A.D. 1684, by Roderick O'Flaherty, author of the "Ogygia." Edited, from a MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, with Notes and Illustrations, by James Hardiman, M.R.I.A.* Dublin: for the I.A.S. 1846.

fowl, beasts, &c.; the ruins of ancient churches, chapels, and other religious places; and finally, the natural disposition of the natives. After which the two great lakes, Measg and Orbsen, with some of the islands in the latter, are particularly described; the river, town, and bay of Galway; the half barony of Ross, the barony of Moycullen, the three islands of Aran, and the barony of Ballynahinch, which completes the district."

The principal tribe at an early period in Connacht, was that of the *Ui Flaithbheartaigh* or sons of Flaherty, said to descend from Duach, the Pagan King of Connacht, in the third century, who was surnamed *Teangumha*, from the dulcet tones of his voice. "For," says the old Irish chronicler, "the music of the harp was not sweeter than the sound of his words." In the ninth century, and for long after, this clan dwelt to the east of the great lake Orbsen, or Loch Corrib, on the fertile plains of Moy Seola, now forming the barony of Clare, but which anciently included the district surrounding the present town of Galway. Here they continued to dwell, despite the hostile incursions of the surrounding septs, until the thirteenth century, when, having been driven out by the O'Conors and De Burghs, they crossed Loch Orbsen, and took possession of these districts, extending from the western banks of that lake to the shores of the Atlantic, and to which the name of H-Iar, or West Connacht, has been in after ages exclusively applied, There, in course of time, they acquired greater power than they had ever attained in their ancient inheritance.* Separated from the rest of the kingdom in their peninsulated, and then almost inaccessible district, they interfered but little in the external transactions of the province, and lived on terms of amity and united defence with their neighbours, the ancient clan *Maille*, or O'Malleys.

"Until late in the sixteenth century," says the editor, "the Eng-

* The clan of O'Halloran was intimately connected with that of O'Flaherty, and migrated with it to Iar-Connacht. From this family Sylvester O'Halloran, the eminent Limerick surgeon, and author of several works on Irish history, is erroneously supposed to have descended. We may add that all the Blakes of Galway are said to descend from Richard Caddle, surnamed *Niger* or *Blacke*, Sheriff of Connacht in 1306, and Bailiff of Galway under Richard De Burgo, the "*Red Earl*" of Ulster, in 1312.

lish knew as little of Iar-Connacht, or its people, as did their forefathers, in the days of Sir John Maundevyle, of the lands of Prestre John, or the men of Inde." Leonard, Lord Gray, towards the end of the reign of Henry VIII., was the first Deputy of Ireland who ventured to approach these western regions. With him Hugh O'Flaherty entered into a compact to pay an annual sum to the king of one hundred shillings and one hundred pence, and to furnish, when required, forty well-armed kerns. In the reign of Elizabeth, Murrogh *na d-tuagh*, or "of the battle-axes," was appointed by the English as head of the O'Flahertys. His clansmen, however, became alienated from him for joining "the Queen of the strangers," and presuming, under pretence of her authority, which they despised, to claim power over Donall, surnamed *Cron*, or the *swarthy* O'Flaherty, the legitimate chief of the tribe, whom they all acknowledged. The "Queen's O'Flaherty" continued to be of considerable importance for some time, and received the honour of knighthood, to which it was contemplated to add the further dignity of a peerage; but, having lost his influence with his countrymen, by his connection with the foreigners, he was allowed to sink into obscurity, without receiving the promised ennoblement. In the wars of 1642, the O'Flahertys joined the rest of their countrymen in the royal or national cause, and the consequent forfeitures deprived them of their ancient property. In the seventeenth century, the entire territory of West Connacht was confiscated, and such of the O'Flahertys as survived war and famine were thrown landless on the world. The country was parcelled out, and after the Restoration was granted to several patentees. The principal of these were the Earl of Clan-Ricard; Richard Martin of Dangan; John Browne, ancestor of the Marquis of Sligo; the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin; the Archbishop of Tuam; Sir George Bingham, of Castlebar; several descendants of the wealthy burghers of Galway, and others. The most extensive of these grantees was Richard Martin, Esq., "a ranke Papiste;" but, so far as the acquisition of property was concerned, one of the most remarkable men of his time. He joined, or rather was obliged to join, the Irish army of James II., in which he was appointed captain of foot; he afterwards submitted to William III., and obtained a free and general pardon.

"In conclusion," says the editor, "it may be observed, that although West-Connacht, which equals in size some of our Irish counties, was wrested from the O'Flahertys, and transferred to new masters in the seventeenth century, it remains to this day, with all its natural advantages, one of the least improved and least productive portions of the same extent in Ireland. Hence the poet has sarcastically pointed to

"'The houseless wilds of Connamara.'"

Mr. Hardiman, whose name has been long and honorably associated with the higher branches of Irish historical literature, has edited the treatise on Iar-Connacht in a most ample and attractive manner. He appears for this purpose to have carefully examined all the manuscript authorities; and among his illustrations will be found numerous original documents of the greatest interest—from the Papal Bulls relative to the ancient ecclesiastical affairs of the district, to the curious will of "nimble Dick Martin." He has thus succeeded in giving an accurate picture of the men and manners in former days of that great province, of whose history and antiquities he is naturally looked on as the guardian, and in which some of the most important events in our annals were transacted.

In 1846 appeared the Society's "*Miscellany*,"* the principal contents of which are:—An Irish Poem, attributed to St. Columba or Colum-Cille, a valuable specimen of the Irish language at a remote period. "De Concilio Hiberniæ," A.D. 1297, the earliest known record of an Anglo-Irish Parliament. An elegant and pathetic poem by the author of "Cambrensis Eversus," in which he states his reasons for not returning to his native land. The Obits of the Carmelite Monastery of Kil-Cormick, now Frankfort, in the King's County. The Irish Charters from the "*Book of Kells*,"† relative to the pro-

* *The Miscellany of the Irish Archæological Society*, vol. i. Dublin: for the I. A. S. 1846.

† This venerable and splendid volume is now preserved among the manuscripts of the University of Dublin. "Ireland," says a late English writer, "may justly be proud of the 'Book of Kells.' This copy of the Gospels, traditionally asserted to have belonged to St. Columba, *is unquestionably the most elaborately executed manuscript of early art now in existence*, far excelling, in the gigantic size of the letters in the frontispiece of the Gospel, the excessive minuteness of the ornamental details, the number of its decorations, the fineness of the writing, and the endless variety of initial capital letters,

perty of the monastery of that town, within the latter part of the twelfth century, and exceedingly interesting to the historian, as proving that the ancient Irish had committed their covenants to writing in their own language, before the Anglo-Norman invasion, and that their chiefs, though not succeeding according to the law of primogeniture, claimed the right of binding their successors to covenants lawfully made by them. According to Dr. O'Donovan, we may clearly infer from some entries in the "*Book of Armagh*," that deeds of contract, and even of sale of lands, were committed to writing from the earliest ages of Christianity in Ireland.

Amongst other documents in the "*Miscellany*" we may notice Dr. Thomas Molyneux's Account of his Journey into Connacht in 1709; a Letter from Oliver Cromwell to his son, Harry Cromwell,

with which every page is ornamented, the famous Gospels of Lindisfarne, in the Cottonian Library. But this manuscript is still more valuable on account of the various pictorial representations of different scenes in the life of our Saviour, delineated in a style totally unlike that of every other school, and of which I believe the only other specimens are to be found in the Psalter of St. John's College, Cambridge, and at St. Gall; the latter, however, being far inferior in execution to those in the 'Book of Kells.' The various readings of this manuscript are as important as its ornamental details, and in it is to be found the celebrated passage asserting the divinity of the Holy Ghost, which has hitherto been considered as unique in the Silver Gospels, at Vercelli. It occurs in St. John iii. 5, 6, (fo. 297, v.) These words were struck out by the Arians, and Father Simon asserted that there was no Latin manuscript in existence in which they were to be found."—*Palæographia Sacra Pictoria*, by I. O. Westwood, F.L.S. London, 1845. This learned writer also tells us, that "at a period, when the fine arts may be said to have been almost extinct in Italy and other parts of the Continent—namely, from the fifth to the end of the eighth century—a style of art had been established and cultivated in Ireland, absolutely distinct from that of all other parts of the civilized world. There is abundant evidence to prove that in the sixth and seventh centuries the art of ornamenting manuscripts of the Sacred Scriptures, and especially of the Gospels, had attained a perfection in Ireland almost marvellous, and which in after ages was adopted and imitated by the Continental schools visited by the Irish missionaries. *Several of the finest fac-similes given by Astle as Anglo-Saxon, are from Irish manuscripts; and thus Sylvestre, who has copied them, has fallen into the same error; whilst Wanley, Casley, and others, appear never to have had a suspicion of the existence of an ancient school of art in Ireland.*"

In the year 1849, Queen Victoria and her Royal Consort, inscribed their autographs in the "Book of Kells." This venerable volume, we may add, was in existence centuries before the first of Her Majesty's ancestors ascended the English throne; and is credibly believed to have been the companion of Columba or Colum-Cille, the Irish Saint who first spread the light of the Gospel through the Pagan districts of Scotland.

Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, A. D. 1656; and the Annals of Ireland from 1443 to 1468, translated into English by Duald Mac Firbis, from an Irish original, now unknown. One of the most interesting papers in the volume is a genealogical sketch of a branch of the old family of Lynch, who first settled in Galway* towards the close of the thirteenth century; and becoming closely identified with the interests of the town, appear from that period as the most important of its burgesses. Owing to their influence Henry VII. granted letters patent, empowering the citizens to elect a mayor, "to be their head and chieftain," which office was almost always filled by the Lynchs. In the fifteenth century we are told, that James Lynch Fitz-Stephen "gott his own son hanged out of one of the windows of his house for having committed murther, and broken trust towards a stranger, for to be an example of sincere fidelity to all posterity." On this incident the Rev. Edward Groves has founded his admirable melodrama of the "Warden of Galway." In 1529, it was ordained "that all ships, with a Lynch† in any of them, that entered into the haven of Galway, should shoot their great cannons at their passing by the black rock;" and "this custom," says the old writer, "is observed to this very day." They continued to hold a high position in their town, and to be always the largest and most munificent contributors to its churches and schools, till the surrender of Galway to the Cromwellians in 1652, stripped the old inhabitants of their properties, and obliged them 'to quit the very town they founded themselves, having surrounded it with great walls, and embellished it with churches and stately houses upon their own cost and charges.'"

After this sad event, many of the Lynchs repaired to the Conti-

* "Galway men were," according to Mr. Hardiman, "formerly noted for their hospitality, which they carried to such excess that the civic authority was often obliged to interfere, in order to check or regulate it. Thus in A.D. 1518, it was enacted, 'that no man of this town shall oste or receive into their houses at Christmas, Easter, nor no feaste elles, any of the Burkes, M'Williams, the Kellies, nor no cepte elles, without license of the Mayor and Councill, on payn to forfeit £5: that neither O ne Mac shall strutte ne swaggere thro' the streets of Gallway.'—*Orig. Corp. Book.*"

† "The Fovntaine of Ancient Fiction. Done out of Italian into English, by Richard Linche, Gent." 4to., 1599. The author of this bibliographical rarity was probably related to John Lynch, who was appointed Bishop of Elphin in 1584.

nent, where they were well received, and soon distinguished themselves. Shortly after this period we find Richard Lynch, Professor of Divinity in the University of Salamanca, Stephen Lynch, Guardian of the Irish Franciscan Convent at Rome, Dominick Lynch, Regent of the College of St. Thomas of Aquin, in the city of Seville, Nicholas Lynch, "well known throughout Spain, France, and in Rome, for his rare qualities and talents, Provincial of his order in Ireland, and Vicar-general Apostolick of Scotland;" while another of the same family served in Italy under Philip IV. "in quality of Major-general, where he gained such credit and fame that he got the title of Generalissimo." Several of the Lynchs were officers in the Irish Brigades in the service of France, and Chevaliers of the "Royal and Military Order of St. Louis:" one of the most distinguished of those was Le Sieur Dominique Lynch, Lieutenant-colonel of the famous regiment of Lally. He accompanied the Stuarts on their expeditions to England and Scotland, and fell in 1747, at the bloody battle of Lafeldt. John Lynch, "maire honoraire" of Bordeaux, and Peer of France, was the first who, in 1814, declared for the restoration of the Bourbons. Casting off his tri-color scarf and the cross of the Legion of Honor, he assumed the white cockade, and caused the gates of the old capital of the Plantagenet sovereigns of France to be opened to the Allies. Just twenty years and one month from the fearful day on which another Irish exile, the Abbé Edgeworth, undaunted by the threats of a sanguinary mob, had stood on the scaffold by the side of Louis XVI.; and, with his inspired eloquence, soothed the last moments of the best and most blameless of the house of Bourbon.

The name of Lynch has been identified with Irish historical literature, by the labours of the author of "Cambrensis Eversus," and by the works of the late William Lynch, who possessed an unrivalled knowledge of the Anglo-Norman manuscript records of his country.

The object of the "*Miscellany*" of the Society, is, we are informed, "to preserve such smaller documents illustrative of the history and antiquities of Ireland, as from their size are unfitted for separate publication, and all who are interested in historical pursuits are invited to contribute to the future volumes of this work." We

hope to see these views fully appreciated, and trust that persons possessing old documents of any importance, will see the propriety of communicating them to the Irish Archæological Society.

The Irish, and most complete known version of the "History of the Britons," * attributed to the apocryphal Nennius, the original of which is supposed to have been written early in the ninth century, is a work of great importance in elucidating the history of the early inhabitants of the British isles. The several original documents appended, on the early Scotic monarchs, and on the history of the *Cruithnians*, or Picts, render the Society's edition extremely valuable in illustrating the bardic sources of Irish and British history; with which abstruse inquiries the editors have, by their illustrations, evidenced their familiarity. The Hon. Algernon Herbert has displayed much mediæval learning and ingenious conjecture in the supplemental essays on the various early migrations to Ireland and Britain. There is, however, no foundation for his scepticism relative to the early foreign expeditions of Dathi, the last pagan monarch of Ireland, as Mr. O'Callaghan, in his notes to the "*Destruction of Cyprus*," has since shown that the old Irish accounts are confirmed by the Piedmontese traditions, and by documents preserved among the archives of the illustrious house of De Sales. This statement has been further authenticated by Mr. Curry's recent discovery of a very ancient Celtic manuscript, which gives a detailed account of the various military excursions of "the son of Fiachra."

That an Irish scholar should, in the eleventh century, have translated the Latin work of Nennius, will not appear strange, when we recollect that there is extant an Irish version, as old as the eighth century, of a history of the wars of Alexander the Great, translated from a classic original, now unknown. We also possess Irish translations of the Italian writings of Marco Polo,† the early Vene-

* *Leabhar Breathnach Annso Sis. The Irish Version of the Historia Britonum of Nennius. Edited, with a Translation and Notes, by James Henthorn Todd, D.D., M.R.I.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, &c. The Introduction and Additional Notes, by the Hon. Algernon Herbert.* Dublin: printed for the Irish Archæological Society. 1848.

† The translation of Polo's works is one of the most classical specimens of the old Irish language. Among the translations of foreign romances, made not later than the first half of the fifteenth century, is "*Cathreim Shearluis Mhoir*," being an Irish version of the famous "Historia Caroli Magni et

tian traveller, and of many of the most celebrated foreign romances of chivalry; made at a period when Ireland was, according to ignorant writers, wrapped in the darkest barbarism.

The publication of the Irish Nennius demonstrates a fact, hitherto overlooked, that the ancient Irish manuscripts contain much import-

Rolandi," ascribed to Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, and styled ironically by Boiardo, "la *vera* historia di Turpin." From it Pulci evidently borrowed the conclusion of his "Morgante Maggiore," although Crescimbeni will not admit the fact. Ariosto quotes "Turpino" for some of the wildest tales introduced in the "Orlando Furioso," many of which are not to be found in the Continental originals: a collation of the version in the "Book of Lismore" might show that it, having been made from an ancient copy, contains the fictions which "Messer Lodovico" is supposed to have invented. Ariosto, however, little knew that "l'ultima Irlanda" was acquainted with the mighty deeds of

"Los doce Pares de Francia
Que a una mesa comen pan,"

when he introduced "*Oberto*," King of Ireland, and the "*Earl of Kildare*," into his poem, which has immortalized

"Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,
Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese—
Che furo al tempo che passaro i Mori
D'Africa il mare."——

We have also an Irish version of the celebrated romance of "Guy de Warwick, Chevalier d'Angletere et de la belle fille Felix (Felias) samie." This occupies forty-eight pages of a folio MS. of the 15th century, in the library of the University of Dublin, and is probably identical with the very old metrical history on the same subject, of which a fragment is preserved among the Harleian MSS. The same Irish compilation contains a portion of the life and adventures of Sir Guy (Bevys) of Hampton, and his fair bride, the daughter of the King of Scotland; her elopement with the young Emperor of Austria, and subsequent adventures; this, having been mutilated, extends only to sixteen folio pages.

There is a very ancient and elegant Irish version, in the "Book of Lismore," of the "History of the Lombards," by Paulus of Friuli, or Warnfridus; much of which he derived from the work, now lost, of Secundinus Tridentinus. This version was probably the result of the communication of the Irish with Lombardy; which commenced by the foundation of the monastery at Bobbio by St. Columbanus, in the seventh century, that institution, according to Tiraboschi, had, during the middle ages, one of the largest and most valuable libraries in Europe. It is curious to find a regiment of Irish Jacobite exiles achieving one of the most brilliant and heroic actions in the annals of war, in defence of the town of Cremona, in Lombardy, upwards of 1000 years after the foundation of the great Lombard monastery by their countryman Columbanus.

The Psalter of Colum-Cille, written in the sixth century; the Four Gospels of Dimma, and the "Book of Armagh," are national muniments, of which, says a late English writer, all Irishmen may be justly proud—nay, exultingly produce, as evidences of the civilization and literary acquirements of their country, at an age when other nations of Europe, if

ant matter relative to the early and traditional history of England and Scotland.

The Latin annals of Ireland, written by Friar John Clyn, of the Franciscan Convent of Kilkenny, relate principally to the affairs of the country, from the descent of Edward Bruce, in 1315, to the

not in utter ignorance and barbarism, were in their primers—their very horn-books.

Of the "*Book of Armagh*," now deposited by its owner in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, and supposed by St. Bernard to have belonged to St. Patrick, but assigned to the seventh century by Dr. Petrie, the same English writer tells us, that it "contains evidence of learning, beyond even the most sanguine hopes and expectations of the most patriotic Irishman. It exhibits an acquaintance with the *Greek*, as well as the Latin tongue; and more, in it will be found evidence to convince the most sceptical, that Ireland, in the seventh century, was a cultivated and civilized country, and had been so for centuries; that Christianity had long before enlightened her people, and that not in isolated or individual cases, where its professors shrunk from its avowal—not here and there in a monastery on the coast, or in fortified places, surrounded by Paganism and persecution, like an oasis in the desert; no, Ireland was then, and long had been, a Christian nation, governed by wholesome laws, which protected the lives and properties of its inhabitants, and respected and shielded the stranger."

In the Bodleian Library is an Irish commentary on the Pandect or "Bibliotheca" of St. Jerome, made in the eighth century by the Abbot O'Huathghaile, surnamed, from his extensive erudition, *Dubhlitir*, or the "black-lettered." The library of Carlsruhe possesses an Irish copy of Priscian's Grammar, written in the ninth century, and of which a fac-simile may be seen in the "Palæographie" of Silvestre and Champollion. It is much to be regretted that the editors of this gorgeous publication should have fallen into the serious errors, relative to ancient Irish MSS., noticed at page 442. According to the learned Ludewig, the oldest manuscript in Germany is a copy of the Four Gospels, in the autograph of St. Kilian, the Irish Apostle of Franconia, who was martyred in 678. This manuscript, which Eckhart tells us is as old as the famous "Pandectes de Florence," is said to have been used by the Irish Saint, and his companions, when the sacred mysteries were celebrated for the first time in Franconia. It is still annually exposed in the Cathedral of Wirtzburg, for the veneration of the faithful. Having been found in St. Kilian's tomb, A.D. 743, its last leaves are stained with the blood of the holy man, who was chaunting the midnight service from it, when he was murdered by the hireling of the impious Geilana. This Irish Saint is now venerated as the Patron of Franconia.

In the "*Book of Leinster*," a MS. of the twelfth century, is preserved a very ancient account of the "Destruction of Troy." This may be a version of the Continental accounts of the "Siege of Troy," founded on the apocryphal authority of Dares Phrygius, and Dictys Cretensis, but it cannot certainly have any connection with the celebrated "Historia de Bello Trojano," compiled by Guido de Colonna, of Messina. Warton's assertion, that the Greek language was unknown in Europe from the fourth to the fourteenth century, is disproved, as far as Ireland is concerned, by the contents of the "*Book of Armagh*." "*Cormac's Glossary*," written in the ninth century, contains evidence of its Royal compiler's knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew tongues. We know that Columbanus, Joannes Scotus, Eri-

year 1349, when the author* is supposed to have fallen a victim to that dreadful pestilence, known as the "Black Death,"† which devastated Europe in the fourteenth century, and committed fearful ravages in Kilkenny, of which Clyn gives a vivid picture. "During the times contained in these annals," says the accomplished editor,

gena, and Cummian, acquired a perfect knowledge of the Greek language in the Irish schools. A curious branch of inquiry is connected with the communication between Greece and Ireland in the middle ages: for Ussher tells us, that when the Irish Firghal, or Virgilius, the first discoverer of the Antipodes, left Ireland, he was accompanied by a Grecian Bishop; and we also hear of a Greek Church at Trim, in the County of Meath.

The "*Leabhar Breac*," or "Speckled Book," a MS. of remote antiquity, contains a romantic account of "*Toruidheact na Croiche Naoimhe*," or the "Search for the Holy Cross;" probably of a similar nature to the celebrated "Queste du Saint Greal."

The old Irish MSS. contain similar translations from foreign and classical authors, in addition to the few we have mentioned, the examination of which, by competent scholars, would throw much light on the state of European learning in the dark ages. It must, however, be recollected that, as noticed at page 426, the Irish had, in addition to the foreign romances, a school of fiction peculiar to themselves.

* *The Annals of Ireland. By Friar John Clyn, of the Convent of Friars Minors, Kilkenny; and Thady Dowling, Chancellor of Leighlin. Together with the Annals of Ross. Edited, from Manuscripts in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, with Introductory Remarks, by the Very Rev. Richard Butler, A.B., M.R.I.A., Dean of Clonmacnois.* Dublin: printed for the Irish Archæological Society. 1849.

† The "Black Death," above-mentioned, also carried off the celebrated "Laura" of Petrarca: it has been admirably described by I. F. C. Hecker, Professor at Frederick William's University at Berlin, in his work entitled "*Schwarze Tod.*" We are also indebted to him for his other two treatises on the "*Tanzwuth*," or "Dancing Mania," and the "*Englische Schweiss*," or "Sweating Sickness:" the most important contributions ever made to historical pathology. With the exception of Dr. Wilde's valuable Nosological Report, appended to the Census of Ireland for the year 1841, and the same author's interesting "Memoirs of eminent Irish physicians," and "Essays on Irish medical superstitions," no attempt has hitherto been made to compile a history of medicine in Ireland; and although considerable materials exist for such a work, it appears, as Hecker observed on a similar subject, in his "Address to the Physicians of Germany," "an unexplored department which many suppose to be a barren desert, because no one to whose voice they are wont to listen, gives any information respecting it." Without ascending to the semi-fabulous ages of our history, in which many notices of physicians are to be found, we may observe that in the curious account of Tara written, according to Dr. Petrie, about the middle of the sixth century, we find special mention of physicians, who are there designated "a sage company." The Brehon laws contain several enactments relative to the same class; and Mac Firbis tells us, that the Irish historians have left written accounts of the *Leagha* or physicians of former times. Among the numerous ancient medical MSS. written in the Irish language, which have come down to us, the following deserve mention: "The Lily of Irish Medicine," compiled by the O'Hickeys, physicians to the O'Briens of

"the English Government had not power to control the excesses of its subjects, or to repress the attacks of its opponents. The great Anglo-Irish families had become septs. In Clyn's Latin, the St. Aubins, now corrupted into Tobyns, and the Archdeacons, now transformed into the patronymic Mac Odos, or Codys, are '*naciones*

Thomond: this work was completed in 1302, and it may be interesting to add that, a copy of it was purchased in 1501 for twenty cows by the Earl of Desmond. This copy is now in the British Museum, and a MS. note states, that the compiler had spent twenty years in studying at Montpellier, and the other chief Schools of Medicine. In the Academy's collection is an Irish medical treatise written in 1352, in which the Arabian physicians and the works of Galen and Hippocrates are frequently quoted, and passages from them translated. This fact, given on the unquestionable authority of Mr. Curry, is of importance, as it demonstrates that the writings of these two authors were well known in Ireland in the fourteenth century. According to Sprengel, Nicolas Leonicenus, Professor at Ferrara about 1470, was the first translator of Galen from the Greek, and we know that the first complete printed edition was that of Aldus in 1525. All the works of Hippocrates were not published till 1526, although Thomas Linacre, founder of the English College of Physicians, and the friend of More and of Erasmus, had published at Cambridge in 1521, Galen's treatise "De Temperamentis." The earliest English edition of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates was that of Lloyd, 16mo. 1585; and Hallam represents the middle of the sixteenth century as the period of the restoration of the Hippocratic system of practice. In 1466, Donogh O'Bolgaidh completed the compilation of a large medical MS. of nearly 500 pages: this book, now in the possession of Mr. Mac Adam of Belfast, contains treatises on the medicinal virtues of herbs and minerals, and on the various diseases of the human frame. In the Academy's Collection, is a series of Irish tracts consisting of original essays on medicine, and compilations from, and dissertations on, the ancient medical writers of Europe and the East. This series, ascribed to the early part of the fifteenth century, is, according to Dr. Wilde, "one of the most remarkable collections of symptomatology of its age, in any language: and its observations are particularly copious on *short fevers*, which there can be little doubt existed in this country from a very early date. It likewise treats of the diseases of females, and concludes with several valuable and original medical aphorisms." "The Book of the Island of O'Brazil," compiled by the O'Lees, hereditary physicians to the O'Flahertys of West Connacht, and now in the Academy's Library, speaks of putrid fevers, abscesses, and pustules, wounds, hydrophobia, poisons, affections of the brain and spinal marrow, and diseases of the eye, stomach, &c., and is in fact a complete system of medicine. We shall close our present notice of the ancient Irish medical manuscripts, with mentioning the "Book of the O'Sheils," hereditary physicians to the Mac Coghlans of Delvin, and the Mac Mahons of Oriel. It is a system of medicine somewhat similar to, but far more extensive than, the "Book of O'Brazil," and it afforded many of the Irish names used in the valuable Nosological Report before referred to.

A Latin writer, of the sixteenth century, speaks of the very ancient and smoky-looking parchments which the Irish physicians were in the habit of consulting, and the author of a work published in Portugal in the early part of the seventeenth century, mentions the skill of the "Medici Hibernici."

That the scientific knowledge of the ancient Irish was not confined to

et cognomina;' and he speaks of the Hoddinets and Cantetons, '*cum multis de sanguine eorum.*' If the Irish chiefs acknowledged no common authority, and felt no common interest, the same division prevailed among the lords of English descent. Englishman was now opposed to Englishman, and sought to revenge himself by the help of the Irish; nor did the English refuse their aid to the Irish, when plundering their own countrymen. When Brien O'Brien ravaged Ossory, and slew the loyal English of Aghaboe and Aghmacart, he had the help of the English of Ely. Such was the political and social state of Ireland, during the earlier part of the fourteenth century, as represented in these annals, and such, with little alteration, it continued to be for several generations. Whatever were the faults of the several parties, in this long and bitter struggle—and no doubt all parties had great and grievous faults,—they were the faults rather of the times than of the men. At all events, it little becomes any Irishman of the present day to reproach their memories. He can scarcely do so without reproaching the memory of his own ancestors. There are few living Irishmen, whatever be their names, whether Celtic or Norman, in whose veins does not run the mingled blood of Norman and of Celt, or rather of Irishmen and Englishmen. Nor can the descendants of those good knights who stood with Edward III. in the trenches of Calais, or of those hardy squires who overthrew the victors at Bannockburn, be unwilling to claim kindred with the descendants of the Irish chiefs, whose names were in the songs of the poet and the legends of the saint, when the names of Normandy and of Norman were unknown."

The "*Annales Breves Hiberniæ*," by Thady Dowling, Chancellor of Leighlin, extend from the semi-fabulous times to the year 1600. "It is evident," says our authority, "that the compiler of these An-

medicine is evident from the number of translations of foreign authors preserved in the MS. collections. Among those we may notice an Irish treatise on Geography, written about A.D. 800, at Cloyne, now in the possession of the University of Dublin; an Irish poem on astronomy, written in the early part of the thirteenth century, now in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge; and a system of astronomy in the Irish language, of the fourteenth century, beautifully written and accompanied by diagrams, and now in our Academy's Collection. Mr. I. O. Halliwell, the eminent English literary antiquary, tells us, that the Arabic numerals, usually, though erroneously, ascribed to Roger Bacon, were well known and understood in Ireland at the commencement of the fourteenth century.

nals had access to no contemptible library of printed books. Giraldus Cambrensis, Powel's Caradoc of Llancarvan, and probably that learned Welshman's other works on British history, Lanquet's Chronicle, continued by Bishop Cooper, Sir J. Eliot, Stowe, and Holinshed, form a library for which many a modern clerical student of Irish history would envy Queen Elizabeth's Chancellor of Leighlin. Yet, in Dowling's days the old cathedral town of St. Lazerian, looking from its sheltered glen and bright stream, across the rich plain of the Barrow, to the blue and undulating outline of Mount Leinster, beautiful as it ever must have been to the eye of the painter, was a place ill-fitted for quiet study and learned research. The neighbouring monastery of the Carmelites, at the bridge, had been converted into a royal garrison, and the goodly Barrow, as it flowed under its walls, reflected, not cowls and friar's frocks, but matchlocks and iron skull-caps. In this transmuted monastery, in the beginning of the reign of Edward VI., Sir Edward Bellingham, Lord Deputy, kept a stall of twenty or thirty horse; and it was from this house that he rode into Munster, to the house of the Earl of Desmond, when being unlooked for and unthought of, he found the earl sitting at his Christmas fire, and took him and carried him away with him to Dublin. Some years later, and in the time of Dowling, Leighlin was the residence of one of these bold and accomplished soldiers, at once worldly and romantic, who gave strength and glory to the throne of Queen Elizabeth. Here came Sir Peter Carew, who, having been in his youth, as recorded by his faithful steward, at Constantinople in the Turk's court, at Vienna in the Emperor's palace, at Venice, and in the French king's court, and in the houses of most of all Christian princes, in every of which places he left some token of his value, settled down at Leighlin, in his ripe manhood, determined to preserve, by policy and the strong hand, the great Irish inheritance which he claimed by descent, and had obtained by law. Here he kept continually, and here he needed to keep, in his own private family, 100 persons, and had always in readiness 100 horsemen, well appointed, besides footmen, and 100 kerns; here his cellar door was never shut, and his buttery always open to all comers of any credit. Those days, however, of military strength and of proud hospitality, worthy of Branksome Hall, soon

passed away; and when the worthy knight, old Sir Peter, died at Ross, his cousin and heir, young Sir Peter, was unable to defend his inheritance." The annalist gives many details of the vigorous efforts made by the natives to expel the intrusive English knight, whose title-deeds are proved, by modern researches, to have been shameless forgeries; and this contest, which, Dowling tells us, was maintained by the Irish with the pertinacity of demons, is known as "the wars of Sir Peter Carew." Although the entries in these annals are concise, they contain many anecdotes and curious traits of the contemporaries of the author, who survived till 1628.

To render the Society's collection of Latin annals as complete as possible, the "Annals of Ireland, from the Book of Ross," are given in the Appendix, and extend from 1265 to 1480.

This valuable volume of annals well merits the title of "*editio variorum*," as, in addition to the notes and admirable introductions of the editor, Dr. John O'Donovan has illustrated the Celtic and topographical portions: the Hon. A. Herbert has supplied commentaries on the passages connected with early British history and mediæval Continental learning; while the Rev. James Graves and his erudite *collaborateur*, J. G. Prim, Esq., have contributed a vast amount of interesting local and historical matter relative to Kilkenny, so often referred to by these annalists. This ancient town owes much to those learned gentlemen for their successful efforts to preserve its ancient historical remains, and to awake a taste for learning and research among the more enlightened portion of its citizens.

We would wish to see the Committee of the Society henceforth fully carry out the plan, they have already partially adopted, of committing to various editors the task of annotating such portions of the Society's publications as their previous studies had rendered them most conversant with.

The author of the "*Macariæ Excidium*,"* a lineal descendant of the powerful and wealthy clan from whom, in ancient times, a great

* *Macariæ Excidium, or the Destruction of Cyprus; being a Secret History of the War of the Revolution in Ireland, by Colonel Charles O'Kelly, of Skryne, or Aughrane, now Castle Kelly, County Galway. Edited, from four English Copies and a Latin Manuscript in the Royal Irish Academy, with Notes, Illustrations, and a Memoir of the Author and his Descendants, by John Cornelius O'Callaghan.* Dublin; for the I.A.S. 1850.

part of Connacht took the name of "O'Kelly's country," was born at the Castle of Screen, or Aughrane, in 1621. After studying, with reputation, at the College of St. Omer, he returned to Ireland in 1642, to assist his countrymen in their struggle against the Puritans. In this contest, Colonel Charles O'Kelly displayed a gallantry worthy of his ancestry; and when the Confederates, by their own religious dissensions,* were obliged to succumb, he, with two thousand Irish soldiers, embarked for the Continent, where, placing themselves at the disposal of Charles II. and his brother, the Duke of York, they rendered the royal fugitives of considerable importance. Independently of which the Irish military contributed largely

* It cannot be doubted, that but for the element of religious discord, introduced by the Pope's Legate, the Irish Confederates would have effectually baffled all the efforts of Cromwell, and have thus saved Ireland from the fearful consequences which were entailed by his success. Nearly all the Catholic nobility and men of property and reputation in the country were totally opposed to the proceedings of Rinuccini and his irrational adherents. In endeavouring to divert them from their ruinous course, Colonel Walter Bagnal, a young man who, says the contemporary writer, "to the nobleness of his birth and the plentifulness of his fortune, had added a great stock of valour, and many excellent parts," addressed the Ultramontane clergy in the following pathetic terms:—

"My Lords, there was a time, when our ancestors, at the peril of their fortunes, and with the danger of their persons, sheltered some of you and your predecessors from the severity of the laws. They were no niggardly sharers with you in your wants; and it cannot be said that the splendour of your present condition hath added anything to the sincere and filial reverence which was then paid you. We their posterity, have with our blood and the expence of our substance, asserted this advantage you have over them, and redeemed the exercise of your function from the penalties of the law, and your persons from the persecution to which they were subject. We are upon the brink of a formidable precipice, reach forth your hand to pull us back; your zeal for the house of God will be thought no way the less fervent, that you preserve the Irish nation; and your judgments will not suffer from the attempt, when you give over upon better information. Rescue us, we beseech you, from those imminent miseries that environ us visibly; grant somewhat to the memory of our forefathers, and to the affection we bear you ourselves, let this request, find favour with you, made to prevent the violation of publick faith, and to keep the devouring sword from the throats of our wives and our children."

All appeals were, however, in vain; the foreign-influenced clergy persisted in their headlong course. In a short time after the delivery of this speech, the whole of Ireland was in the possession of the regicides; and Colonel Bagnal, having fallen into their hands, was tried by court-martial, and shot.

It must still be recollected, that there was an illustrious minority of the most learned and high-born of the clergy, who resisted and disapproved of the proceedings of the Ultramontanists. Among these courageous men, will be found names which will be for ever dear to the lovers of our

from their pay to the support of the king and his family, for which many of them were afterwards rewarded by having their patrimonies and the estates of their ancestors confirmed to the former supporters of the Cromwellian government. On the "Restoration," Colonel O'Kelly returned to Ireland, where he resided until the commencement of the wars of James II., when this well-tried veteran, then in his sixty-eighth year, was again called on to fill posts of honor and importance, in all of which he displayed his loyalty and inalienable attachment to the royal or national cause.

After the Treaty of Limerick, the completion of which, foreseeing

country's literature, and a few whom it is but just to mention here—the venerable David Roth, Bishop of Ossory, author of the "Analecta," whom even his furious opponent, Ryves, admitted to be "nec indoctus, nec infacundus," and who is styled, in the secret instruction to the Legate from Rome, "personaggio egregio e prudente." Francis Kirwan, Bishop of Kilalla, whose life was written and published as a model for the Irish clergy. Dr. John Lynch, author of "Cambrensis Eversus," one of the most exalted characters of his time. The profoundly learned Thomas Dease, Bishop of Meath and Doctor of the Sorbonne. Dr. Callaghan, the elegant author of the "Vindiciæ Catholicorum Hiberniæ," and a Doctor of the Faculty of Paris. This learned man, allied by blood to the nobles of the land, a relative of the brave Colonel Callaghan O'Callaghan, one of the most distinguished officers in the Confederate army, and of whose name there were upwards of 500 gentlemen in arms at the time, for the royal cause, was presented to the Bishopric of Cork by the Supreme Council. The Pope's Legate effectually opposed his promotion, because the Doctor was intimate with the Marquis of Ormonde, the King's Lord Lieutenant, although, in his private letters to Cardinal Panfilio, he admitted, that Dr. Callaghan was 'uomo veramente di retti costumi." This "honest" Doctor was highly esteemed by Queen Henrietta Maria, and the royal family. Dr. Seathruin or Geoffrey Keating, author of the celebrated "*Forus Feasa air Erinn*," or Chronicles of Ireland, and of the well-known devout treatise, "*Eochar sgiaith an Aifrionn*," or the "Key to the Shield of the Mass," has left several Irish writings, condemning the proceedings of the foreign-influenced clergy. Dr. Redmond Caron, a divine in high estimation abroad, and whose "Remonstrantia Hibernorum contra Ultramontanas Censuras" has been reprinted in the "Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Gallicanæ."

The whole Order of the Jesuits, we are told, were of this rational minority, and "were, every one, for the peace of the nation, and return of the people to their due obedience to His Majesty;" and they appear to have attached no serious importance to the excommunication fulminated against them by the foreign ecclesiastic, who, according to their late reverend historian, borrowed, and never repaid, the greater part of the funds of their Order, by which, adds our authority, the brotherhood was seriously injured.

"Les censures du Nonce (Rinuccini)" says a French writer, in 1651, "ayant armé les Catholiques contre les Catholiques, et ayant par cette guerre intestine, divisé et ruïné leur forces, *qui etant unies eussent eté invincibles*, ont donné beau lieu au Republicains Anglois, également ennemis de la Royauté et de notre religion (Catholique), de se rendre maitres de cette isle unfortunée."

its subsequent violation, he strenuously opposed—his motto being, we are told, "Constancy, no capitulation, and confidence in God!"—he retired to his family estate at Aughrane, or "Castle Kelly," where he died in 1695, leaving behind him two manuscripts, treating of the history of Ireland during his own times.

The first of these works is that published by the Irish Archæological Society, and called "*Macariæ Excidium*," or the "*Destruction of Cyprus;*" the other and more important document, known as "The O'Kelly Memoirs," was in the possession of the family in France, at the time of the first French revolution, in the troubles of which it is supposed to have been lost. From what can be ascertained of the nature of this work, we learn that it contained a vast amount of private and secret anecdotes and history, relative to the principal actors on the stage of Irish affairs, from 1641 to the days of the writer. It is to be hoped, that by instituting proper inquiries, this manuscript, with many others, equally important on Irish history, and long missing, may yet be recovered and published.

The state of Ireland, at the period of the compilation of Colonel O'Kelly's work, now under consideration, obliged the author to adopt an allegorical title;* and, the more effectually to conceal its nature, all the persons mentioned in it are distinguished by semi-classical pseudonyms. Thus, King James is *Amasis*, the Duke of Tyrconnel

* ΝΗΣΟΣ ΜΑΚΑΡΙΑ, or the Blessed Island, one of the Greek names of Cyprus, was peculiarly applicable to Ireland, which, in Pagan and early Christian ages, was styled "Insula Sacra," or the Island of Saints.

Without entering on a lengthened examination of the precedents which Colonel O'Kelly might have adduced for the use of pseudonyms in political writings, we may refer to the "Gargantua and Pantagruel" of Rabelais, supposed to contain a covert satire on the French court; the "Argenis," of John Barclay, published in 1622, on the wars of the League; *Meliander* representing Henry III., *Lycogenes* the family of Guise, and *Argenis* the succession of the crown. This book, the favourite of Richelieu and of William Cowper, has been ridiculed for its pedantry by the witty Padre d'Isla, in his amusing history of "Fra Gerundio de Campazas." "Dodona's Grave," by James Howell, is a clumsy allegory on the times of Charles I. "Le Grand Cyrus" of Mademoiselle de Scuderi, represents the principal persons of the Hôtel Rambouillet, under the garbs of Persians and Babylonians, and was so fashionable in its day, that the eloquent Flechier, in his sermon at the funeral of Julie d'Angennes, spoke of her as "*l'incomparable Artenice.*"

These works, and many other of the same nature, not necessary to introduce here, are now only regarded as the curiosities of literature; while the "Absalom and Achitophel" of "glorious" John Dryden, published in 1681, will probably live as long as the English language.

Coridon, Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, is designated *Lysander;* and the writer himself is veiled under the mystic name of *Philotas.*

This system was, no doubt, rendered agreeable to an author of O'Kelly's time, from its similarity to the custom observed by the fashionable Continental satirists, and other chroniclers of the gallantries and intrigues of the nobility. The "*Destruction of Cyprus*" contains a narrative of the civil and military affairs of the kingdom of Ireland, from the landing of James II., in 1689, to the embarkation of the Irish military for France, in 1691, generally known as "the Flight of the Wild Geese." The writer occasionally furnishes us with anecdotes and personal sketches of the principal characters of those times, and takes no pains to conceal his objections, as a partizan of the old Irish, to the proceedings of the Duke of Tyrconnell, one of the most remarkable men of his day, admirably calculated for the difficult position in which he was placed, and whom even his opponents admitted to be a generous and gallant enemy, who, in the worst and most threatening times, never swerved from his allegiance to his prince or his country. The principal value of O'Kelly's book is the view it gives us of the state of feeling among the Irish Jacobites, which has never yet been sufficiently illustrated, as, until the discovery of the "*Destruction of Cyprus,*" no document of the kind was known to exist—a most serious loss to the historian, and the want of which cannot be ascribed to the deficiency of contemporary Jacobite authors capable of producing such a work, when we recollect that writers so accomplished as Anthony Hamilton* and Dr. Michael Moor were to be found among the Irish adherents to King James.

* The author of the inimitable "Mémoires de Gramont" It is amusing to observe the errors into which English writers have fallen in their accounts of this celebrated author. They were not even aware that he served in the Irish army as Major-General and Colonel of Infantry, under Lord Mountcashel. Dr. Michael Moor was a learned Roman Catholic priest, appointed Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, by James II., whom he followed into France, where he was consulted by Louis XIV., relative to the restoring and remodelling the University of Paris. He established a chair for experimental philosophy; and it was principally on his account, that the king founded the royal college called "Collége de Cambray." His pupils became the most celebrated in Europe; he could number amongst them Boileau, Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Fleury, Languet, Porée, and, with many others, the celebrated historian Rollin, his immediate successor. It was highly creditable to the heads of the University of Dublin, that they conferred a pension on some of Moor's relations, in acknowledgment of his services in preserving the College library during the wars of King James.

In consequence of this deficiency of Jacobite printed documents, the history of the Irish wars of the Revolution has been hitherto drawn entirely from the works of writers, whose dependency on the government, established on the ruin of the adherents of King James, effectually prevented them giving us an account displeasing or unpalatable to their paymasters. Hence the publications of Story, King, Harris, and of others of that character, must be classed with the licensed pamphlets, "printed by authority," and with the distorted accounts given in the official gazettes, which, having been copied into the Continental periodicals,* have since passed current for history. It was thus, that the acute and suspicious Voltaire was led to express his surprise that the Irish, of whose brilliant military exploits abroad, in his time, "all Europe rang from side to side," should have "always fought badly at home."

The official and public destruction† of all accessible Jacobite documents, and the rigid and inquisitorial censorship of the press, maintained under successive governments, effectually prevented the public confutation of "ascendancy" calumnies, however gross. The

* The League of Augsburgh, it may be remarked, united all the powers of Europe against Louis XIV. and James II. Hence the exaggerated accounts of the success of the allied army against the Irish were received with as much avidity by its Continental partizans, as was the false report of the death of William III. by the Parisians. The Irish gained nothing by their alliance with "le grand Monarque," as shown in note at page 458, except the enmity of all Europe.

With respect to the falsehoods circulated in the "London Gazette," we may adduce the following instance:—The account published in that paper, stating the loss at the first siege of Limerick, and purporting to be written from the camp there, says, "What men we lost in these actions we cannot precisely say; but it's thought we have had about four or five hundred killed and wounded since the beginning of the siege"—that is, from the 9th to the 28th of August. Mr. O'Callaghan has, however, shown from original Williamite documents, that the loss of the foreigners at the last assault of the town, which lasted but a few hours, and which was so gallantly repulsed by the Irish, amounted to the number, in killed and wounded, of two thousand one hundred and forty-eight!

† All the Jacobite documents which the government could collect were publicly burned in Dublin, in the year 1695. So effectually was the destruction of such papers pursued, that no copy of King James's Gazette has yet been discovered. Mr. O'Callaghan, after a diligent and lengthened search, was able to obtain but a single copy of the only known printed Jacobite account of the earlier portion of the war. Towards the close of the last century, a large collection of original letters, written during the times of King James, was destroyed, on the occasion of the burning of a house in Armagh by the hirelings of the government of *that* day.

works of the Rev. Charles Leslie,* and of the Rev. John Mackenzie, in reply to the statements of Archbishop King, and the Rev. Colonel George Walker, of Derry, have exposed such an amount of flagrant mendacity and falsehood in those ecclesiastical dignitaries, that we are at a loss to compute the extent to which party spirit may influence laymen, when those whose divine mission is to propagate truth, are to be found, for worldly considerations, outraging one of the most sacred precepts of the Gospel. So agreeable, however, is the "Romance of History," that the works of Drs. King and Walker have gone through innumerable editions; while the books of the honest Nonjuring and Presbyterian clergymen, having been suppressed, as far as possible, are scarcely ever to be met with.

These incontrovertible historic facts explain the reasons why a war, which cost Britain eighteen millions, laying the foundation of her national debt, and which lasted half as long as the great Peninsular campaigns, having been only brought to a conclusion by granting the Irish their own terms, has, hitherto, been represented as a glorious contest, in which a handful of English and Anglo-Irish, by a continued series of the most heroic achievements, signally defeated an immense number of Irish and French troops, most liberally paid, and furnished with every necessary, by Louis XIV.†

* This writer, in the preface to his work, explains the difficulty he experienced in getting it through the press. The printer was afraid to put his name to it, and the copies were seized in all directions. With regard to the veracity of the Rev. Charles Leslie, Horne, the celebrated biblical critic, tells us, that "a clergyman's library should not be without this author's theological works. He is said to have brought more persons from other persuasions into the Church of England than any man did." Doctor Johnson observed, "Leslie was a reasoner, and a reasoner who was not to be reasoned against."

Dr. William King, Leslie's opponent, was appointed by letters patent Bishop of Derry, in 1691; and further presented in 1702 to the See of Dublin. George Story, author of the "*Impartial* History" of the Irish Wars, obtained the Deanery of Limerick; and Walter Harris, the third of these *historians*, received a pension from the government of the day.

† A general historical error prevails, that the French troops performed the principal part in these Irish campaigns. It is time to correct this mistake. We have the best authority, that "all the succours which came from France were but in exchange for the like number of the best Irish troops sent over under Lord Mountcashel. The arms the French Minister gave were so bad that they did little service; and the cloaths he sent so scanty, and so coarse, that many of the Irish regiments preferred their old ragged ones before them." These Frenchmen were present at the Boyne; but took no part in that affair, hitherto so much misrepresented. After that event, they

Such statements are, however, completely disproved by the original documents, which show that, throughout those campaigns, the Irish army was, in every instance, numerically inferior to that of their opponents, which consisted of the flower of the troops of the twelve most warlike European nations, commanded by the renowned masters of the military science, lavishly paid, and abundantly supplied with all the *materiel* for war; while the Irish were raw and undisciplined, badly clothed, badly armed, almost without artillery, and the exchequer of King James was only able to afford the pay of one penny a day to his private soldiers.* Owing to the enmity

marched to Limerick, which, before the first seige, they quitted for Galway, whence they returned home, without having performed any service. It is true that the Irish were commanded at Aughrim by a French general—St. Ruth; but he brought neither men nor money with him. Owing to the League of Augsburgh, as stated at page 457, the Irish, during these campaigns, had to contend single-handed against troops from all the nations of Europe, except those of France, whose assistance, we have shown, was useless; and accordingly, throughout this war, the Jacobite documents always speak of the Irish as being opposed to the forces of "the Allies."

From an official document, given by the editor from the State Paper Office, drawn up in 1690, and setting forth the respective complement of soldiers, with the names of regiments, &c., for England, Scotland, Flanders, the West Indies, and Ireland, we find that the proportion for England is specified as 11,343 men; for Scotland, 5,878 men; for Flanders, *against Louis XIV.'s army there*, 11,444 *men*; for the West Indies, 960 men; *for Ireland*, 35,289 *men!* Therefore, out of a total of 64,614 Williamite soldiers, it was calculated that, while but 29,325 were to be stationed in England, Scotland, Flanders, and the West Indies altogether, *Ireland alone should have* 35,289 *men, besides* 25,000 *Militia!* And opposite this large amount in the original document, the following memorandum is added:—"For which 4,000 recruits of foot, at least, will be necessary, besides those to be made in Ireland!" But this amount of 35,289 *soldiers* for Ireland was found to be insufficient: for the number of *privates* belonging to the infantry, horse, and dragoon regiments, of the army of William III., for Ireland in 1691, are in the official list set down at *not less than* 40,000 *men!* And to these an addition of several thousands must be made for *officers*, and *men* and *officers*, connected with the great train of Williamite artillery, which, as far as we can learn, amounted, with cannon and mortars, to a total from 90 to 100 pieces. Such was the overwhelming force against which the small Irish army so long, and so bravely, contended; and in the words of their gallant countryman, the Chevalier Charles Wogan, they may be truly said "to have buried the synagogue with honor."

* "The Irish soldiers during whole winters had existed without any pay, at times on horse flesh, at other times on half a pound of bread per day; had been clothed in rags, bare-headed, and bare-footed; quartered in huts inundated with water, with scarce any covering but the canopy of heaven, benumbed by the cold, diseased by the moisture of a wet climate, and without fuel to preserve animal heat. They had made those sacrifices to their king and country; and when their officers and great men were

of the French Minister Louvois, the supplies and assistance received from France were contemptible. The Irish had thus to stand alone against an overwhelming army, composed of the finest soldiers in the world. We may further observe, for the information of persons who have been taught to consider these campaigns as disgraceful to the memories of the adherents of King James, that some of the best regiments, and even the private guards, of the Prince of Orange, consisted, in great part, of Roman Catholics.

The history of Ireland, at this period, had been so ingeniously falsified, in the published contemporary works, that our most laborious literary antiquaries, who had not hesitated to undertake the illustration of the early and most obscure portion of our annals, refrained from entering on the examination of authorities which, to them, appeared indisputable.

Mr. O'Callaghan, however, conceiving it improbable that the soldiers, whose bravery had won the admiration of Europe, at Cremona, Luzzara, Ramillies, and Almanza, should have behaved so ingloriously, as had been represented, at home, when they were in arms for their country and their king, commenced his researches among the Continental and British manuscript repositories; and a portion of the results of his labors appears in the notes to this edition* of the "*Destruction of Cyprus.*"

deserting, true to their colours, and faithful to their engagements, had never swerved from the fidelity they had sworn to; and following the fortunes of their king, they submitted to the sacrifices he required, in exile and adversity. Noble and generous men, taken from the humblest life, you want but an historian to rescue your fame from the calumnies of your conquerors, and to elevate you to a level with the soldiers of the republics of antiquity!"—*Military History of the Irish Nation.* 8vo. 1845.

* The "Camden Society," in 1841, published an edition of the "Destruction of Cyprus," in which the notes, by the editor, Mr. T. Crofton Croker, did not exceed thirty pages; while those of Mr. O'Callaghan, in the edition published by the Irish Archæological Society, occupy upwards of three hundred and fifty pages, in type nearly as small as that used in the present notes. We would gladly have seen him give more copious illustrations, as the value of the critical examination of so minute an investigator can only be appreciated by those students who are conversant with the accounts hitherto received of the same events. Mr. Croker's annotations consist almost entirely of extracts from the notoriously false "London Gazette," and other government documents equally mendacious. This demonstrates clearly, that Irish history can only be written and produced properly in Ireland. The day has happily passed when *one-sided* accounts

We there find the most minute and important information on all the controverted points, derived from the unquestionable authority of muster rolls, original government documents, and official despatches; coupled with a critical investigation and profound analyzation of the printed contemporary publications, unincumbered with superfluous comment, and all set forth in a calm and truth-seeking spirit of historical research. The Editor has thus perfectly succeeded in removing from the Irish the stigma of having "always fought badly at home," and has identified his name with the military history of our country.* In accomplishing this arduous task he must have felt, with Sismondi, that he "should have to beat down many an idol which men have delighted to worship; that he should have to dispel many favorite illusions, neither consulting feelings, nor sparing prejudices. Full well did he know that he should be rarely praised; but an historian has a sterner duty to fulfil than that of pleasing his readers—a far more noble object than success."

The Society's edition of the "*Destruction of Cyprus*" must not, however, be regarded as a history solely of the campaigns of 1689–91. In the "notes and illustrations" will be found profound and lucid essays on the most important portions of our annals;† and

were eagerly received. The spirit of inquiry is abroad, and no historical document will *now* be accepted with confidence, which does not fairly give the authorities on *both sides*. Mr. Croker is an elegant poet, and a charming illustrator of "Fairy Legends;" but his edition of Colonel O'Kelly's work has shown that he is totally incompetent for the task of an historical investigator.

* It is perfectly evident, that the editor of the Archæological Society's edition of the "Destruction of Cyprus" has before him the materials for illustrating the affairs of Ireland during the times of James II. The bare collection and examination of such a mass of documents must necessarily have been the labor of many years on the Continent, and in Great Britain and Ireland. We therefore trust that Mr. J. C. O'Callaghan will give us a history of that period, in a narrative form, copiously illustrated with original documents on *both sides* of the question. Such a work, on the last great national and legitimate war in this country, would at once assume a standard position in the Irish historical library, and moreover, form a necessary introduction to the "History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France," on which, we understand, he is at present engaged.

† There are many hitherto controverted historical questions finally settled in this edition of the "Destruction of Cyprus." Notes 62, 63, 64, 67, and the Appendix, demonstrate that the Irish hierarchy's formal transfer of the Kingdom of Ireland to Henry II. of England, in the Synod of Cashel, A.D. 1172, was the result of a previous correspondence of the native clergy with the See of Rome. Even at a time, when, according to the

there are few, even the most erudite, who will not find satisfaction in consulting this valuable compendium of Irish learning, that clearly demonstrates the necessity of placing our history on an entirely new basis, which, to be lasting, must be founded on calm and lengthened investigation, and a thorough examination of original documents.

The appearance of this edition of the "*Destruction of Cyprus*" was extremely opportune, at a time when the history of the period of which it treats was about to be brought before the public, in the brilliant and fascinating pages of Macaulay, who, if he desire to attain to the character of a faithful historian, must carefully study Mr. O'Callaghan's elaborate production. This, for his own sake, we trust he will do; and laying aside all prejudices, treat the Irish with as much impartiality and historic justice as our gallant and honest countryman, Colonel Napier, has exhibited towards the French.

John De Colton,* an ecclesiastic of importance in his day, was successively Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, Lord Chancellor, Justice, and finally, in 1382, Primate of all Ireland. An excellent illustration of the sacerdotal character of those ages, we find him, at one time enacting stringent ordinances for the regulation of his clergy; and at another period, he is to be seen in arms, at the head of a band of knights, raised at his own expense, defending the limited territories of the Anglo-Normans against the vigorous assaults of the native clans. In 1374, the King, in consideration of

Italian historians, the Frangipani and other factious Roman nobles were chaining the Popes in dungeons, or murdering them at the altar and in the pulpit. The authenticity is here clearly proved of the English Pope's Bull, which the late Rev. Dr. Lanigan erroneously stated the editors of the collection of Papal official documents were ashamed to print. Roderic O'Conor, King of Ireland, and the native princes, who, contrary to all former precedents, were excluded from the Synod at Cashel, did not recognise the attempt there made by the Irish clergy to place their country in the hands of the King of England. We learn from the letter of the chiefs of Ireland to Pope John XXII., that the old Irish never allowed the clergy to interfere in temporal affairs.

* *Acts of Archbishop Colton in his Metropolitan Visitation of the Diocese of Derry, A.D. MCCCXCVII.; with a Rental of the See Estates at that time. Edited, from the Original Roll, preserved in the Archiepiscopal Record Closet of Armagh, with an Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. William Reeves, D.D., M.R.I.A.; Bachelor in Medicine of Trinity College, Dublin; Perpetual Curate of Kilconriola, in the Diocese of Connor.* Dublin: for the Irish Archæological Society. 1850.

the losses he had sustained during his military expeditions, granted him the sum of forty pounds sterling. Not too large a remuneration, even taking into account the high value of money at that period, when we recollect that on many occasions he remained in the field for several days. And when Newcastle, in the County of Wicklow, was taken, and burned by the Clan of O'Byrne, although there was no money in the Treasury, De Colton pawned his own goods, and and with the cash thereby obtained, he, and Nicholas Sergeaunt, a citizen of Dublin, together with thirty-five of their associates, held the castle for five days, maintaining themselves at their own cost, there being no person at that time who could be prevailed upon to take charge of the fortress. For all which, and because, when he retired from this latter place, he had lost a horse worth twenty marks, which was killed by the enemy, the king commanded that he should receive the gratuity we have mentioned.

Nor were his talents limited to military affairs; for so high an opinion had Richard II. of his diplomatic powers, that he selected him to act as Ambassador to the Court of Rome. After his return he resigned his See, and died in the year 1404, leaving behind him two works on the distracted state of the Church in his own time. His biographers represent him as a man of the most sweet and affable temper, and bestow lavish praise on his unbounded generosity and hospitality.

An original record of the proceedings of Primate De Colton, on the occasion of his visitation of the diocese of Derry in 1397, was some time since discovered among the archives of the See of Armagh by the Rev. William Reeves. Appreciating the value of this manuscript, in illustrating the state of the Irish Church, in the fourteenth century, and, with a munificence worthy of the Prelate, whose acts it chronicles, he printed the document at his own expense, and presented it to the Members of the Society for the year 1850.

The highest encomium we can pass on the manner in which this book has been edited by the Rev. Dr. Reeves, is to say, that it is worthy to be classed with his profound work on "Down, Connor, and Dromore;"* the most valuable contribution yet made to the

* 4to. Dublin; 1848.

history of the ecclesiastical antiquities of Ireland. And we trust that our learned ecclesiologist will follow up his labours by the publication of his promised edition of the great work on the Ecclesiastical Taxation of Ireland, A.D. 1306, from the original Exchequer Rolls, preserved in the Carlton Ryde Record Office. The value of such documents is not confined to their use in Church history. The recent works on similar subjects, printed by the Scotch Societies, demonstrate the vast amount of important information to be derived from them for illustrating the progress of civilization, and the various manners and modes in life of former ages.

We have thus essayed to give an account of the works published by the Irish Archæological Society; but, as we before stated, the limits of this paper can only be expected to furnish a brief and compendious view of their invaluable contents. It may, however, serve to indicate where precise and accurate information is to be found on particular portions of Irish history; and if we succeed in awakening a desire for the study of their country's literature amongst those who have hitherto been strangers to it, our object will be fully attained. Still, it must be recollected that the Society's books are not intended to be "*popular*," in the general acceptation of that term; such an idea is incompatible with the production of historic materials. These volumes form the foundation on which the future writer will rear the superstructure of a great national history; and we hope henceforth to see our countrymen contributing to the production of such a work, by assisting in the preservation of the monuments left by their fathers, instead of seconding the efforts of ephemeral and delusive political projectors. Far, however, be it from us to advocate the study of this branch of self-knowledge to the exclusion of any other. But, we would have Irishmen to remember that it was not by the cultivation of the histories and antiquities of distant countries, that the author of "Waverley" raised "Caledonia stern and wild," into the land of tourists, and the favorite resort of Royalty. Nor was it by the study of foreign literature that the thoughtfulsouled Goethe, and the manygifted Schiller, have made their German fatherland worldfamous and illustrious. The mountain hamlet of Arquà, in Lombardy, is not now visited as the

resting place of the Latin epic poet, but as the shrine which contains the relics of the Petrarca,

" Whos rethorike swete
Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie."*

It was fortunate for the fame of the great Florentine, that the good monks of the monastery, founded by the Irish St. Columbanus, at Bobbio, persuaded him to compose his " Divina Commedia," in the " lingua volgare" of his own country—a decision which influenced the fate of Italian literature, and rendered the lover of Beatrice Portinari immortal and revered as one

——" Who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse,
To tame the rudeness of his native land."†

The most unprejudiced critics have expressed their conviction, that the Irish melodies of " the sweetest lyrist of our saddest wrongs" will outlive his more elaborate works on distant countries; although the latter are replete with all the graces of the most exquisite poetry, and all the fascinating splendours of Oriental romance.

If we feel a proud satisfaction in contemplating the goodly volumes issued by the Irish Archæological Society, and which must be regarded as so many " *chartæ perituræ*," rescued from almost inevitable decay and oblivion, let the honor be given to those disinterested and enlightened men,‡ who, " unactuated by antiquarian pedantry, and solely instigated by a sincere desire to do their duty in a cause of national interest and importance," have organized and carried out their noble design of creating and fostering a native Irish literature, despite almost insurmountable obstacles. Even at a time

* Chaucer; Prologue to the " Clerkes Tale."

† Akenside.

‡ In addition to those mentioned in the text and at page 418, as having aided the great national literary cause, the following demand notice:—

George Petrie, V.P.R.I.A., LL.D., a name beyond all praise. George Alexander Hamilton, M.P. for the University of Dublin, to whose zeal for the promotion of learning and education Irish literature is under numerous obligations. Major Thomas A. Larcom, of the Royal Engineers. His edition of Sir William Petty's proceedings relative to the first English survey of Ireland will soon be ready for presentation to the members of the Irish Archæological Society. Aquilla Smith, M.D., Treasurer of the same Society, our most learned Irish numismatist, and author of several valuable essays published by the Royal Irish Academy. Evelyn P. Shirley,

when our country was nearly reduced to the fearful state in which it was when the historian of Elizabeth tells us, that, by the evil policy of bad ministers, "little was left in Ireland for Her Majesty to reign over but ashes and carcasses," and when "the southern province seemed totally depopulated, and, except within the cities, exhibited a hideous scene of famine and desolation."

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the good which, in a country circumstanced like Ireland, is to be derived from historical research. Truth, we know, is powerful at all times, whilst its perversion is ever attended with the most disastrous consequences. The falsification of history has hitherto been, perhaps, the most formidable

M.P., M.R.I.A., one of the Knights of the Shire for the County of Monaghan, author of the excellent work, on the history of his patrimony, entitled "Some Account of the Territory or Dominion of Farney in the Province and Earldom of Ulster," 4to, 1845. He has also published, in the present year, a volume of "Original Letters, illustrative of the State of the Church of Ireland during the time of Edward VI.," from the MS. at Lambeth. William E. Hudson, M.R.I.A., member of the Councils of the Archæological and Celtic Societies, and author of the critical analysis of the orthography of the early Irish scribes, appended to the "Book of Rights." This gentleman's munificence to the Celtic Society (whose publications we noticed in No. II. of the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW), is fully acknowledged in the last annual Report of that body. Samuel Ferguson, M.R.I.A., author of some valuable papers among the Academy's "Transactions," and of many admirable Irish ballads and historical essays, which we hope to see published in a collected form. Frederick W. Burton, our most eminent Dublin artist, and member of the "Committee of Antiquities." A classical group from his pencil, representing Archbishop Ussher, Luke Wadding, and Roderick O'Flaherty, forms the illustrated title-page of the valuable volumes published by the Celtic Society, and is the largest and most exquisite woodcut ever executed in Ireland by a native engraver. Joseph H. Smith, M.R.I.A., who has published several essays on Irish historical subjects, among the Proceedings of the Academy, and is at present engaged in editing, from the University Manuscripts, the interesting account of the Progresses of the Lords Lieutenant of Ireland. Edward Clibborn, Esq., Curator of the Academy's Museum, which owes many of its principal ornaments to his exertions. Before his connection with the Institution its most valuable antiquities and manuscripts were huddled together in an obscure and inaccessible repository; they are now, owing to his assiduity, classed and arranged in a style not to be excelled by any European Collection.

In closing our notice of this "*dotta compagnia*," whose names will not be forgotten by the future historian of the revival of Irish learning, we feel bound to state, that their efforts have been ever seconded by Messrs. Hodges and Smith, Booksellers to the University. A glance at the catalogue of their publications will show how much they have done for the promotion of national literature. The valuable series of Irish manuscripts brought together by them, some years ago, and still known as "Hodges and Smith's Collection," is now one of the chief glories of the Academy's library.

weapon in the armoury of the political demagogue. The publication of our true annals will totally deprive the mob-orator and the factious journalist of their most powerful hold on the passions of an irascible and imaginative race, easily excited by exaggerated and one-sided representations of former events. Irishmen will learn, from their own history, that they have been too much the victims of misguiding speculators and trading politicians; and they will find that education and industry are the only true and lasting sources of national prosperity and greatness. The foundation of the Irish Archæological Society marks an era in our literature. From the period of its formation, we can distinctly trace the onward progress which has been made in the cultivation of national historical research; and the many valuable works which have, since that time, issued from the Dublin press, fully attest the beneficial effects of the Society's influence. An ample field still lies before our Archæologists; numbers of the most important manuscripts still remain unpublished;*

* We trust that the Council of the Society will see the necessity of undertaking the publication of the larger and more comprehensive manuscript works, which serve to illustrate various historical eras. Of these, one of the most important is the "*Coghadh Gaoidheal le Gallaibh*," or "Wars of the Irish with the Danes," a complete copy of which has been lately discovered in the Bibliothèque des Ducs de Burgogne, at Brussels. This document contains ample information on the great struggle which terminated so gloriously for Ireland; and the means exist of illustrating it minutely, from contemporary Irish productions. We understand that the Danish government have signified their desire to contribute to the expense of the publication of this important work. A late report of the Society of Northern Antiquarians, at Copenhagen, demonstrates the interest with which Mr. Worsaae's communications relative to the old Irish manuscript accounts of the wars of the Danes in our country, were received. Mr. Curry's investigations prove that this History of the Danish Wars was written at a comparatively short period after the battle of Clontarf, which is further attested by a fragmentary document preserved in the "Book of Leinster," a manuscript of the twelfth century, compiled by the tutor of Dermod Mac Murchad, and containing a pathetic note, written on the very day of that prince's expulsion from Ireland—an event which was attended with such important consequences. Mr. Curry's researches among our ancient Irish manuscripts demonstrate that the accounts hitherto received of the circumstances which led to the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland are totally false and inaccurate. The "*Borama*," or History of the "Boromean Tribute," is a work of great value in illustrating the earlier portion of our annals, and treats of a subject on which we possess no published information. The History of the *Fir Bolgs*, or early Belgic colonies in Ireland, also relates to an era on which we have as yet but imperfect accounts. The hagiographical treatises, and lives of the native Irish Saints, also well deserve publication, as no documents contain more curious and valuable accounts of the manners and customs of the early inhabitants of Ireland. It must be apparent, that the

and let us trust that the more enlightened of our countrymen will, following the example set by neighbouring nations, no longer allow the ancient records of the piety and learning of their ancestors to lie on the shelves of our collections, unknown and unappreciated, save by a few of the master-minds of our own and foreign lands. "Science and literature," says an eminent living scholar,* "have many departments, not one of which is undeserving of our regard, so long as it is cultivated in a liberal and philosophic spirit; but the history of our own country, and of its language, has especial claims on our consideration, unless we choose to renounce the name of Irishmen. It is no morbid sentiment which leads us to turn, with a longing and affectionate interest, to the ancient history and literature of our own country. It is no fond national conceit, which inspires us with the desire to gather and to preserve those of its scattered records, which have escaped the tooth of time, the ravages of barbarism, and the persecuting rigor of a miscalculating policy. It is, indeed, wise in us to soar as high as we may, seeking a wide and clear view of the entire horizon of human knowledge and science; but, even to those elevated regions let us carry with us a loving remembrance of the spot of earth from whence we took our flight, of our birth-place, and the home, which is the sanctuary of the purest and strongest of our earthly affections."

documents in the ancient Irish language, styled by the learned Pictet, "les curieux débris de la primitive Europe," are those which should be first printed; and we have endeavoured to demonstrate the necessity of undertaking their publication during the lifetime of the Hiberno-Celtic scholars, before referred to. A Committee, we may add, has been recently appointed by Parliament to examine and report relative to the publication, by the Imperial Government, of the ancient Irish or *Brehon* Laws, noticed at page 413.

* Rev. Charles Graves, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Mathematics in the University of Dublin. Address delivered in the Royal Irish Academy, on the completion of the subscription for the purchase of the Betham Manuscripts, 22nd April, 1851.

Celt. Records of Ireland p. 588 infra

ART. IV.—MR. MONTAGUE DEMPSEY'S EXPERIENCES OF THE LANDED INTEREST.

CHAPTER V.

MY IRISH PROPERTY—HOW I ENJOYED IT.

WITCHCRAFT had gone out, and the electric telegraph had not yet come into fashion, at least in the west, so the only agency to which I could attribute the wonderful celerity with which my arrival became known, was that of the indefatigable Mrs. Fogarty. The next morning, in addition to the announcement (through the keyhole) that it was eight o'clock, and time to get up, she informed me that "a few of the tenants was outside waitin' to see me;" and, on going to the window, I perceived from twenty to thirty persons, of apparently limited wardrobes, scattered over the space before the door in picturesque groups, and passing away the time by various devices. Some were diverting themselves with pipes (of the tobacco, not the *bag*, species); others were playing an exciting game with small pebbles, which I afterwards found was called "jackstones;" one or two were stretched at full length in the lawn, chewing grass, with an avidity worthy of Nebuchadnezzar, while, seated on the door-steps, was a noisy party, gesticulating fiercely over a dingy pack of cards. When I went down stairs to breakfast, I found the lower part of each window occupied by a row of faces peering intently into the room, their proximity to the glass causing a depression and whiteness of nose very ghastly to behold. Remarkable country this! thought I: eating appears an unusual process among the natives. Last night, Mrs. Fogarty hung over me at supper, as if I was about some operation in alchymy, and now a considerable portion of the population seems to have turned out to witness my breakfast.

As Mrs. Fogarty was disappearing with the breakfast things, she abruptly asked me, "Would I like to see Myles?" Having an idea that Myles might be one of the lions of the neighbourhood usually shown to strangers, I assented, and at the same time desired an explanation as to what Myles might be.

"Myles? sure its Myles the driver," was the answer; "tis him that does be drivin' the tinants."

"Driving tenants!" I exclaimed. "My goodness, what barbarity!"

"Thrue for you," said she, "but sure it's not his faut, the craythur; it's little rints you'd get, I'm thinkin, if you had'nt some one to drive for them. Here he is: come in, Mick;" and impelling into the room with a vigorous push the gentleman in question, she closed the door and left us alone.

Mr. Myles immediately commenced a pas seul and an oration, the former consisting in scrapes on the floor with each foot alternately, the latter, of expressions of welcome to the country, and of the pride he took in seeing me looking so mighty well entirely. At the conclusion of the performance, which was of course, like an address to Her Majesty, graciously received, and as I had gathered enough from Mrs. Fogarty's introductory remarks to understand that there was some mysterious connection subsisting between Myles and the tenants, I entered into conversation with him forthwith on the subject of rents, tenancies, holdings, and similar light and entertaining topics. I ran through the small stock of technicalities connected with the landlord and tenant law, which I had picked up in Mr. Seizem's office, and spoke of ejectments and notices to quit in familiar terms, but without producing the impression I had anticipated, for to judge of the intense stolidity with which Myles regarded me, it seemed that he rather undervalued my acquirements; in fact, he gave it as his opinion, that these elaborate contrivances for facilitating the management of landed property were needless in the west, and that the exigencies of any case were fully met by the simple process, "driving," in which art he professed himself an adept. "But it's not much of that same," said he, in a tone of regret, "that I done this year back. I was fairly bet by your uncle, the Heavens be his bed, whatever it was kem over him, but lattherly he tuck to lisnin' to their long stories, an' I could'nt drive as much as an ould goat, but he'd orthur me to give it back to the man that owned it, no mathur if he owed two years rint. Now, sir," said he, appealing to me indignantly, "sure no property could stand that thraytment, and signs on it, it was'nt much of the last May rint he got; but I hope your honor 'll show them you wont have sich humbuggin' thransactions, and that you'll put a new rule on thim."

He then suggested that a personal inspection of the lands by me would be for our mutual benefit, and hinted that unless I was otherwise engaged, there was no time like the present.

To this proposition I at once agreed; not that I anticipated any enjoyment from the excursion; in fact, I felt rather nervous at the very idea; but knowing that it must take place, sooner or later, I expressed a desire to set out without delay, on the same principle that a child makes an eager gulp at an inevitable spoonful of Gregory's powder, or other nauseous compound, in order to get it over as soon as possible. But the sight of the congregation before the windows nearly banished my small stock of resolution, and I timidly inquired what we were to do with those people.

"Do with them, is it? why, spake to them, to be sure," promptly replied Myles. "Spake up bould and stout, and tell them you wont have any of their *morodin* thricks."

Assisted by these concise instructions, I hastily framed in my mind a few neat and appropriate observations, and, taking my hat, meekly followed Myles out on the steps. My appearance was the signal for a rush of the whole assembly towards me; and before I could get beyond the preliminary, "My friends, my feelings upon the present occasion"—my auditors were performing a sort of war-dance round me, and, led on by an ill-looking little old man, were jostling, pushing, and abusing each other in a very lively manner. That this characteristic rite was intended to be a demonstration of good will, and even of welcome, I conjectured from the remarks I heard during its performance. "Its aisy seen there's good luck in store for us," said one; "We've a kind masther now, anyhow," said another; "Blessin's on his goodnathured faythers," exclaimed a third, adding, "*there's* a smile of tintherness." A stray kick which I had just received on the shin, caused the grin of anguish that elicited the latter remark. It is impossible to say to what length the ceremony might have been protracted, had not Myles rushed to the rescue, and interposed between me and the little old man, who seemed to be the chief performer, and had been bobbing up and down before me with the vivacity of a parched pea in a frying-pan. "Ar'nt you ashamed of yerself, Pether," said Myles; "you ought to know betther than to go *rampaging* about his honor, an' it the fust

time he sot fut among ye. Come along, sir," continued he, "it's little betther than Roosians or born savages they are."

Glad to escape any further demonstration of an attachment which, though flattering in itself, was expressed in a manner too violent for my sensitive and retiring nature, I gave myself up to the guidance of Myles, and crossing the lawn, took to the open country in front of the house.

An animated steeple-chase ensued; for, finding that my devoted retainers were bent on enjoying my company, I strained every nerve to keep ahead of them, and scrambled over walls, through morasses, and into drains, with a vigour that makes it wonderful how I escaped bursting a blood-vessel. Just as I was beginning to calculate how much longer I could hold out, Myles opportunely called a halt, and pulling me out of a quagmire, for about the twentieth time, directed me to look round, and added, as an inducement, that the secluded region we had come to was known as the townland of Carranahug-gaunbawn, and that the collection of dwellings before me was the village of the same name. But for the latter piece of information, I doubt if, on mature deliberation, I should have felt myself justified in terming it a village. It was undoubtedly a cluster of edifices, many of which possessed some of the attributes of houses; two or three had wicker-work structures, obviously intended for chimneys; and such as were not graced with these appendages had holes in their roofs, which, very probably, answered the purpose just as well. There were doors, and even windows, though the existence of glass seemed to be unknown to the inhabitants, the medium used for transmitting light being generally a bundle of straw, or in some cases an old hat; still there was something about the whole place that did not coincide with my preconceived notions of a village. The first house we entered proved to be, on subsequent comparison, a fair sample, as to its internal arrangements. Its moveable furniture consisted of an iron pot, a pig, and two children; the fixtures, of a pot-hook embedded in the chimney, and an old woman (apparently, at least) embedded in the floor beside the fire. The children, at our approach, took refuge behind this venerable individual, who continued to smoke a pipe with a limited stem, stoically indifferent to our entrance; consequently, to the pig was left the duty of doing the honors of the es-

tablishment, in fulfilment of which he compelled me to take a seat, by promptly charging between my legs. In whatever other respect the interiors I subsequently visited may have differed, they all agreed in possessing a redundancy of scantily-clad children; in fact, children in a state of semi-nudity seemed to be the staple commodity of the village. The common thistle appeared to be the chief agricultural production of this retired district; it flourished in the neighbouring fields with a luxuriance that evinced careful cultivation; indeed, most of our British weeds seemed to have been paid a fair share of attention, though I was informed they were expected to make way for other crops some time in the ensuing spring. During our progress, the tenants, with engaging simplicity, sought, on one or two occasions, to draw my attention to some facts connected with the tenure of their land, and to inveigle me into promises of abatements in their rent, leave to cut turf, and other little favours, all which attempts were frustrated by the prudence of Myles, who told them there would be plenty of time for looking into those matters as soon as I had got used to the country. The several other townlands and "villages" I inspected did not present any strikingly new features; in one house I thought I detected the rudiments of a table, and in another, the absence of the pig caused a marked hiatus in the family circle. This, however, I learned was only temporary, and was to be attributed to a predatory excursion into a neighbouring field, where some potatoes still remained undug. But Myles, like a skilful and astute showman, was reserving the grand spectacle for the last.

"Now, sir," said he, "I'm goin' to show you a rayal sthrong tinant, and that's Pat Connolly; he lives over there, beyant;" and he indicated a sort of island, rising out of a morass, which extended almost as far as the eye could reach, and was by a euphemism called the Coolnamuck Bog. Nothing but excited curiosity could ever have induced me to attempt the passage to the spot where the strong tenant dwelt in lonely grandeur. It seemed as if the powers of earth and water had been unable to arrive at a compromise with regard to the intervening space, and were still contending for possession of it. To call it neutral ground would have been false; it might have been neutral mud, or neutral slime, but certainly not ground. Too soft to walk upon, yet approaching

so nearly to solidity as to render a boat useless, the passage of it was only to be accomplished by wading, and was naturally attended by inconveniences, among which I may mention the temporary loss of a shoe on my part, the exhuming of which caused some delay after our arrival on the opposite shore.

"Is your grandfather at home, Patsey?" Myles inquired of a youth in a fur cap, who, with the exception of two goats, appeared to be the only living thing on the island.

Patsey answered, "that he was within in *the house*." A lively imagination might not have found much difficulty in applying the title of house to some of the structures I had been looking at; but save a partially developed door, there was nothing in the pile of sods I saw here that the most vivid fancy could have tortured into a resemblance to any known style of architecture. The outside, however, furnished but a slight clue to the appearance of the interior; it seemed a sort of domestic Noah's ark, to which those animals alone, who minister to the necessities of man, were allowed to send representatives. Almost every domesticated species of the brute creation had contributed a specimen; a venerable goat, probably a remote ancestor of the pair outside, lay across the doorway; beyond him were a couple of calves, and a donkey, who was gazing at nothing in particular, with that stolid expression of countenance for which his race are proverbial. A cow was tethered in the corner, her back forming an asylum for some supernumerary fowls, who were unable to find accommodation among the rafters; the pig, in the other establishments doomed to a life of celibacy and thieving, was here a respectable animal, with a consort, and the cares incidental to a promising family of piglings. In vain I looked round for the herculean proprietor of the menagerie. The only object in human shape I could see was a decrepid old man sitting cowering over the fire. What was my astonishment to find that this was the veritable "strong tenant."

"Arrah, Pat," said Myles, tapping him on the shoulder; "Pat! look up, here's the new masther come to see you."

"Masther!" said the old man, without stirring or even removing his gaze from the fire; "I seen three of thim in my day, and it's little good it did me. What do I want with another?"

"Never heed him, sir," said Myles to me in a deprecatory whisper, "he's a little wrong in the head."

On the way home I discovered that the epithet "strong" was used in a figurative sense, and referred not to Mr. Connolly's physical capabilities, but to his possessions, which were considered very great in the cattle line.

Although the tenants appeared in general perfectly satisfied with the state of their houses and lands, and, laying aside sundry objections to the amount of rent they paid, and in some instances to paying rent at all, quite content with their lot, I was far from participating in that feeling. Superficial as was my knowledge of rural life, I could not help perceiving that a chimney, affording a free passage to convey every thing but smoke, and a roof that filtered the rain on your head, were not likely to be conducive to comfort; that the absence of cleanliness, and the presence of a pig, were not indispensable to domestic happiness; and that, though a boarded floor might be unattainable, it was not necessary that an earthen one should be a series of hillocks and quagmires. On consulting the "Handbook of Farming," I found that the style of agriculture in vogue among the natives was frightfully unorthodox; that thistles and dockweeds, although in themselves pleasing objects to behold, were considered by the latest authorities an unprofitable crop, and quite out of place on any well regulated farm; and that there was no precedent to justify old Connolly's turning his domicile into a cowshed. The natural consequence of these reflections and this course of study was, an ardent thirst for reform, which soon became with me a ruling passion. Many and wild were the schemes I planned. One time I proposed to myself to level every house on the property; at another to level merely the fences. I thought of enforcing, by stringent laws, the application of whitewash to the dwellings, and soap and water to the persons of my tenants, and of banishing the pig under heavy penalties. I made several attempts to become acquainted with the state of the property in a pecuniary point of view, and to collect the rents in person, when they became due; but finding that this was an art in itself, and that my previous knowledge of accounts did not avail me in the slightest, I was compelled to call in the assistance of Myles, and content myself with hoping that a

little experience would enable me to perform the duty unaided. In a short time, the whole of the financial department was in Myles's hands, and I never interfered, except to check him in the indulgence of his favourite diversion, "driving," at which he used to complain that I was "takin' afther my uncle, so I was." One little incident, in particular, served to show me how much I had to learn, before I could consider myself versed even in the provincialisms of the country. Observing that it was not till the beginning of summer that the tenants evinced any intentions of paying the rent which had become due the preceding autumn, I hinted, in the mildest manner possible, to a number of them who had come up to the house, ostensibly to pay what they owed, but, in reality, to avoid doing so, if they could with safety manage it, that it would gratify me if they could make arrangements to liquidate each gale shortly after it became due, and assigned, as a reason, the business-like appearance such regularity would give the books. The proposition was received with a groan of horror, and the indignant inquiry, "Would I be afther makin' English tinants of thim?" I replied, that it was not merely my wish but my intention to make them, if not English tenants, at least as good imitations of English tenants as circumstances would permit. "The Lord forbid!" piously ejaculated the whole assembly. I afterwards discovered, that in the phraseology of the country, an English, as contradistinguished from an Irish tenant, was one who paid his rent according as it became due, the national predilections being in favour of tardy payments and arrears. I confess this evidence of an attachment on the part of the peasantry to time-honored usages somewhat damped my ardour for reform; yet I cherished the hope of at length succeeding in awakening them to a sense of their condition, and inducing them to second my efforts in ameliorating it.

Many were the magnificent visions of reform that I conjured up. I saw myself surrounded by a peasantry, in a state of prosperity and happiness so complete as to be quite unnatural. I transformed (by thorough-draining, I suppose, or some such process) the whole of the Coolnamuck bog into a fertile sheepwalk, and ruthlessly demolished the peaceful hamlet of Carranahuggaunbawn, to rebuild it as the loveliest village of that plain, with all the accessories of maypoles,

diamond-shaped panes, shining-faced children, blue smoke curling calmly upwards, and porches with honeysuckles creeping without, and matrons knitting within. There was old Connolly, with his attenuated shanks rising out of the top-boots that tradition has represented to be essential to the character of the English grazier; and the youthful Patsey tending sheep, in a straw hat and crook, and eschewing the popular dudeen for the rustic pipe. Although I was perfectly aware that a road through Carranahuggaunbawn would lead to nowhere in particular, and therefore would be an undertaking not likely to be thought of by anyone, except, perhaps, a member of the Board of Works, yet such was the fertility of my imagination, that a wayside inn (the Dempsey Arms, of course) and groups of jovial travellers, always formed a part of the picture I painted on the retina of that wonderful optic, the mind's eye. The only points on which I could never come to any satisfactory decision were, simply how I was to begin, or where the capital necessary for carrying out some of my schemes was to come from. As to the latter, I fancied, with many another sanguine Irish landed proprietor, that example and precept would, in a great measure, supply its place; and thus, like a true builder of castles in the air, while I worked out elaborate pinnacles and turrets, was content with a very slender foundation and meagre ground-plan for my edifice.

While my reform fever was raging with unabated violence, an event occurred which I have good reason to remember. Shortly after my arrival, on coming home one evening, I found lying on my table, the card of "Howlan, of Castle Howlan"—(he was never, under any circumstances, mentioned but in connection with his dwelling; one might have almost fancied them as inseparable as the snail and his shell). On returning his visit, I formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Dempsey and her daughters, and of course, "as a matter of feeling" (to quote Mr. Seizem's expression), cultivated that acquaintance, from the same motive I paid her jointure and her daughters' interest, with great punctuality, though, by so doing, I put myself to some inconvenience; but then, a "matter of feeling," being a luxury, must be paid for as such; and our intimacy, which I had considered quite strong enough for all practical purposes, was wonderfully augmented by a dinner-party which Howlan of Castle How-

lan gave, in honor of Mr. Tiftbury, an Englishman, who had come to the country ostensibly for sporting purposes, bringing with him apparatus for the destruction of game of such magnificence and extent, that he filled the simple minds of the natives with awe and astonishment. There was a belief very prevalent in the neighbourhood to the effect that the Miss Dempseys were "fine girls," their claims to the character being supported, in a great measure, by their height; for in that particular they would have been very eligible recruits for an Amazonian grenadier company; but what gained them a large circle of admirers was the knowledge they displayed, and the ease with which they conversed on topics dear to the minds of the surrounding gentry. They were always accurate as to the current price of oats; they knew the days of all the fairs in the neighbourhood; they had some strong ideas on the subject of Swedish turnips; and even speculated a little in cattle, being possessed of two or three calves and a couple of sheep, of which they used to speak in scientific terms. Nor was their acquaintance with sporting matters less extensive than their agricultural knowledge; they could tell to a day how long the grouse shooting lasted, and were quite aware of the superiority of detonators over flints; they were versed in all the ills horseflesh is heir to; indeed, in one instance, Miss Henrietta Dempsey was related to have detected a spavin which escaped the notice of several gentlemen of profound veterinary skill. Each used in her turn follow the Ballykillgarry harriers as far as the first impracticable fence, on an animal they owned in common, and which they always mentioned as "the mare." They entertained a feeling almost amounting to contempt for the ordinary acquirements of young ladies of weak minds and delicate frames; and I have no doubt that a good deal of their popularity was to be attributed to the fact, that all their accomplishments were of a nature quite within the range of the faculties of their admirers, their indoor pursuits being chiefly the eternal practising of a dreary duett, which the two younger sisters used to play on festive occasions; while Miss Dempsey used to occupy herself with a mysterious group of vividly-coloured flowers in worsted, a piece of tapestry that had engaged her attention for upwards of two years, and was still, to all appearances, far from completion. I was for some time unable to account for the mysterious

influence that chained me to the side of Miss Dempsey, on the occasion of that memorable dinner-party; I was convinced my own choice had nothing to do with it, for though in a perfect fever of bashfulness, had I been a free agent, I should have preferred the company of either of her younger sisters. I would wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not, in the slightest, allude to her shoulders, which certainly were angular and high-coloured, or to her being considerably older than her sisters; on the latter point I am quite open to conviction, that her own version was to be preferred to that of the parish register. It was I who led her down to dinner—I who trod on the skirt of her dress and tore it—I who replied to her volubility during dinner in incoherent and monosyllabic murmurs—I who upset the glass of wine into her lap, and finally knocked over two chairs, in my haste to get out of her way, when the Masonic signal for withdrawal had passed between the senior ladies. On regaining the drawing-room, after a small sermon from Mr. Tiftbury, on the slovenliness and general filth of the Irish, I attempted to seek refuge in a retired corner; and then it was that I discovered, in the person of Mrs. Dempsey, the genie who, unseen, had directed all my movements. I was led from my obscure asylum, to hear a summary of the love-inspiring qualities of Maria, and found myself once more seated beside that quintessence of amiability. I made one gallant effort to escape to where the piano was groaning forth the duet, but before I had listened to two bars of that dispiriting melody, I was brought back a passive victim; and painfully conscious that the general impression through the room was, that it was all my own doing, and that I was flirting immensely; while my captor stationed herself at a convenient distance behind the sofa where I was in bondage, and, with her gloomy black turban, overawed any further attempt at defection.

In my simplicity, I fancied that the breaking up of that party would restore me to liberty; but I soon found that my captivity was destined to be of longer duration. Pic-nics were planned, and put into execution, at each of which I invariably found myself seated alone with Maria, at an uncomfortable distance from the rest of the company. At Maria's suggestion, I was compelled to discard the old grey shooting-jacket, which I had used as an office-coat in Lon-

don, and which I still looked on as a tried and valuable friend, and forced to adopt, for general wear, a green cut-away, with gilt buttons; at Maria's suggestion, I became the purchaser of an ill-favored steed, called Lanty Farrell, after its original proprietor, on and from the back of which I used to perform sundry curious involuntary evolutions, whilst acting as her escort, much to the detriment of my coat and other apparel. Day after day were my peaceful occupations and benevolent projects interrupted by the arrival of Maria on "the mare," to which her sisters seemed to have resigned all claim for a time, in order to enable her to carry on the war with vigour. Day after day was I forced to join her in an exciting equestrian amusement, which she termed "schooling," from which I generally returned muddy and dispirited—the latter from the state of subjection in which I found myself, the former from an objection Lanty Farrell had to anything like coercion; for although a well-disposed animal when allowed to have his own way, he resented any attempt to alter his intentions in a very forcible manner, and, to use the expression of his late owner, "hysed* and squealed like murder." Quite vain were all my attempts to escape these inflictions, by being out of the way when my fair cousin would arrive; I was invariably sent for, found, and brought back. On one occasion, hearing "the mare's" footsteps on the avenue, I took refuge in the oat-bin; but I was ignominiously dragged from that asylum, and compelled to do heavy penance onthe back of Lanty Farrell. In vain did the faithful Myles raise his warning voice, and bid me take care of the women. "There's no bein' up to thim, sir," said he. "There's the widow Howlaghan, and, may I never, but she'd bother a rookery when she begins to talk; and throth, sir, I'm thinkin' Miss Maria is'nt bad at that same either. But, begorra, it's more nor her tongue she uses, sometimes; myself seen her, the other day, layin' her whip middlin' lively across Tim Fogarty's shoulthers, for not op'nin' the gate smart. Oh! faix, masthur, if you don't get shut of her"—— and the doleful and significant whistle with which he filled up the blank was enough to excite, in a more courageous heart than mine, the liveliest apprehensions. I had all along, a confused idea of im-

* *Hyse* is the Anglo-Irish for hoist.

pending danger. I could not help seeing, that my lovely and persevering cousin, in appointing me her cavalier, had some other object in view besides that of listening to my conversation; though, I dare say, my observations on the weather were sagacious, and old Parker's office stories and veteran jokes were not a whit the less amusing for being retailed second-hand to her. But, by degrees, the frightful conviction seized my mind, that my present captivity was only the prelude to another, of such a duration and nature that the very thought of it made me shudder, and my ears glow with a heat so fervent, that it was almost a miracle how my hair escaped singeing. Any doubts I might have had were dispelled by the ominous manner in which Myles began to mention the prospect of my being "ruined intirely, if I didn't mind myself." It was characteristic of the man, that the only way of avoiding such a fate, that suggested itself to him, was stratagem. He proposed that I should sprain an ancle, or feign a broken arm; adding, that "bedad, if I did'nt, I'd be afther comin' home some day wid my neck broke; and maybe I wouldn't like that so much." Mrs. Fogarty, on the other hand, said, like Sempronius, that her voice was for war; nothing short of open revolt would satisfy that intrepid woman. She'd give Miss Maria a bit of her mind, so she would. And a bit of her mind she would, undoubtedly, have parted with in my defence, had it not been for an unforeseen stroke of Fortune, who now and then befriends a victim, from the same motives of humanity that a mischievous boy lifts a kitten out of a well, to throw it in again.

With a grin on her (Mrs. Fogarty's, not Fortune's) amiable countenance, she brought me one morning the exhilirating news that Lanty Farrell was dead lame, owing to too liberal a use of his hind legs against the manger while he was being saddled, and that consequently the ride over to Castle Howlan, to which I had been sentenced the day before, should be now postponed *sine die*. Various metaphors and similes have been, from time to time, used to express the joy felt by liberated captives and returned convicts; supposing all or any of these to have been pressed into service, in the present instance, it is enough for me to say that I felt quite relieved and comfortable as I took off my green cut-away, for which I entertained about the same amount of affection as an auto-da-fé victim might be

supposed to feel for the flame-coloured robe, or a votive ox for the garland by which he is led to sacrifice, and then wrote and despatched a note regretting "the provoking accident that had deprived me of so much pleasure." Monster of mendacity! I carefully avoided the stable, fearing I should discover that the accident was a fiction. I wished that I could watch from some place, where I should have been safe from capture, the respective countenances of Maria and her mother, as they read my apology. That the storm was terrific I have no doubt, for on my return that evening I learned that the former gentle creature had ridden over to Ballinahaskin in a highly excited state, to inquire personally into the matter, and that it was only by occular demonstration she could be convinced that my matchless steed was really unfit to travel. I trembled when I thought what the consequences would have been had the accident proved to be merely a creature of Myles' or Mrs. Fogarty's imagination, or had I not been at the time of her visit over the hills and far away, making liberal offers to old Connolly of building him a cow-house, which, by the way, he steadily rejected, on the grounds that a house that was good enough for him and his grandson was good enough for any cow in the barony; indeed, that patriarch clung in every instance with a limpet-like tenacity to time-honored usage, and seemed to pride himself on obstructiveness to every thing in the way of improvement. Not that my success with his neighbours was particularly encouraging, it bore about the same proportion to the magnificent visions with which I had been amusing myself, as Alnaxhar's basket of crockery did to his match with the vizier's daughter. As I was not a landlord of sufficiently long standing to be thoroughly imbued with the trans-Shannonite doctrine, that a dirty tenant is just as good as a clean one, *provided only he pays his rent* (a theory which is doubtless taken from Juvenal, and therefore *ought to be respected*), it was natural that my unpractised eyes should magnify the popular contempt of cleanliness into an obstacle between me and the goal I had, or fancied I had, in view. This I conceived to be the first foe to be overcome—the first of the many giants to be slain by me in my capacity of champion to the captive genius of reform; and never did a knight-errant go forth more valiantly to do battle with the grim warder of some

imprisoned and languishing princess, or receive more "shrewd knocks" in the encounter than I did, during the period of Lanty's indisposition. Whole villages rose like one man to defend their vested rights in domestic filth, grey-haired men of unimpeachable veracity utterly ignored the sanitory qualities of whitewash, and respectable matrons pleaded hard in favor of small swamps before their doors, alleging that they were necessary for the health and comfort of their ducks.

While I was enduring these rebuffs in the cause of reform, another of its enemies was being briskly besieged by a cohort of courageous amazons, banded together under the imposing style and title of "The Clonbrock Ladies' Fancy Work and Education Society," who had some months before, at the instance of the Rev. Mr. Sweeny, the curate, opened a campaign against the giant Ignorance, and were now undermining that fell tyrant's stronghold by disseminating spelling and satin-stitch. When the meek but zealous Mr. Sweeny stated in his modest prospectus, that the object of the association was to furnish employment in coarse needlework to the industrious poor, and went round from house to house soliciting subscriptions and patronage, he little anticipated the overwhelming success that was to attend his efforts, or that his humble scheme was to be laid aside for more soaring projects; but, like St. Kevin, he had but a limited knowledge of what the sex can do. "At first," to use the words of his own simple confession, "they seemed, as it were, to fight shy of it; but after a little, as if by common consent, they took to it very kindly." So kindly, in fact, that from that time forth Mr. Sweeny led an active life. It is not to be supposed from this that he was entrusted with any very important post in the Society—quite the contrary; it was wonderful the relish the ladies, when once fairly embarked in the concern, took in entering upon all sorts of onerous duties. Steady-going mothers of families canvassed for presidencies, vice-presidencies, and chairwomanships, with keen rivalry. Young ladies of proverbial gaiety formed themselves into committees, passed resolutions, and moved amendments, with an energy truly astonishing; indeed, one would have fancied that every lady in the country had at some period of her life served on a feminine vestry, or had been a

common councilwoman, so thoroughly business-like a form did the mania take. What the suffering Mr. Sweeny went through is beyond mortal ken. To have been, under any circumstances, the only male present at a convocation, which strongly resembled something between a harem and a board of poor-law guardians, was undoubtedly a trying position. But besides having, in his capacity of secretary, to commit to writing minutes of all the proceedings—in itself no light task, as the ladies seemed to consider a number of amendments to every resolution as necessary as a plurality of postcripts to a letter—he had many miscellaneous and thankless duties to perform; he had to cast up difficult rule-of-three sums for the treasurer, and solve knotty points in her accounts, and explain the same to the satisfaction of the auditor; he had to reconcile the opposing views of the president and vice ditto, the former proposing that the funds of the Society should be devoted to establishing a manufacture of tapestry, on the plan of the Gobelins; the latter (a woman of vigorous intellect), being in favor of a system by which children might be taught to read without learning their letters. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Sweeny, after four months of meek endurance, tendered his resignation, which was accepted, though only at the instance of the honorary secretary, Miss Dempsey.

It was two days after this event that I received the following letter:—

"*Clonbrock Ladies' Education and Fancy-Work Society,*
"*Friday, the* 18*th.*

"SIR—I am requested by the president and the committee of the C. L. E. and F. S. to inform you, that we have appointed you to be assistant-secretary to the C. L. E. and F. S., which place is now vacant, owing to the retirement of Mr. Sweeny, A.B., and which he was totally unable to fill.

"Sir, I have the honor to be
"Yours very truly,
"MARIA DEMPSEY,
"*Honorary Secretary.*"

As I was reading the above document, or rather gazing vacantly at it for some time before my mind could thoroughly understand the

frightful communication in all its bearings, something fell from the envelope; it proved to be a note in the same handwriting, and was to the following effect:—

"DEAR MONTAGUE—We have, as you see, selected you to be our assistant-secretary. I am sure you will make a better one than *that odious* Mr. Sweeny, who gave us so much trouble you *cannot* think. The president—that is, mamma—joins with me in sending her best regards. "Your attached cousin,

"M. D."

"P.S.—I forgot to say that we have settled to meet next board-day in your dining-room, as it is the most central position we could get. I told them I was sure you would be happy to accommodate us; so please have it ready, with ink bottles and chairs."

"P.P.S.—I forgot to say that Monday *is* board-day. You need not mind pens, as we will bring our own."

ART. V.—GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

1. *Return of the Number and Names of Persons appointed to any Judicial or other Legal Office, in the East Indies and British Colonies, since the 1st of January*, 1832. 10th July, 1848—Mr. KEOGH.
2. *Further Return, in continuation of former.* 18th July, 1848—Mr. KEOGH.
3. *Return of Number and Names of Persons appointed to any Judicial or other Legal Office, in the East Indies, &c., since 10th July*, 1848. 10th July, 1850—Mr. SADLEIR.
4. *Motion relative to Appointments in India.* 16th April, 1850—Mr. SADLEIR.

THE distribution of Government patronage is not a very inviting subject for discussion. We are aware of the disagreeableness of the task, and can well anticipate the very plausible, if not substantial ob-

jections, which may be urged against mooting, in the pages of the QUARTERLY, a matter very erroneously supposed by many to be of exclusive parliamentary cognizance. The countless tribe of "hungry expectants," from the sleek ambitious aspirant to the "lawn and purple," down to the self-important village postmaster, or the pert country gauger in prospective—the motley "waiters on Providence," from the nearest to the most distant kith, kin, and kindred of the mighty man in power—all the toadies and worshippers of the great, that namby-pamby, dawdling, do-nothing class, "who live, and move, and have their being" in fashionable frivolity, who spurn the honest means of industrious existence, in the hope, too often realized, of being snugly quartered on the public purse, through the sinister influence of some titled patron—all these and many others "of that ilk," are likely to be up in arms against us, and to exclaim, with brazen throats and leathern lungs, against the "high crime and misdemeanor" of our venturing to touch on so sacred a subject. We need hardly, however, observe, that we should treat the objections and objurgations of all these worthies as merely "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing;" we, nevertheless, frankly admit, that we have, from time to time, met with persons of independent character and position, whose opinions are very justly entitled to considerable weight, and to whose greater experience and sounder judgment we, in most cases, unhesitatingly defer, who have questioned the propriety—we should, perhaps, rather say the expediency—of agitating, without the precincts of parliament, this very important subject. "The public have no right," say they, "save through their representatives, and in the proper place—the House—to call any servant of Her Majesty to account for the manner in which he may have bestowed the patronage in his gift. If you once encourage the public to examine and criticize, out-of-doors, the conduct of the Minister in that regard, you must necessarily hamper his discretion in conferring promotion, and thereby interfere with the discharge of his duty, in one of its most delicate functions." Now, with every, the sincerest, respect for these estimable individuals, we must dissent, *toto cœlo*, from this doctrine of theirs. Our short and simple answer to all their doubts and fears is, that we cannot perceive the slightest imaginable difference between the patronage of the Crown and any other

matter of general public interest, as regards the right of every member of the community, in any and every way he may legitimately please, to institute the most searching inquiry, and to canvass, when and where he will, the doings of responsible functionaries, in reference thereto; that we do not understand why the exercise of that right, in the instance in question, any more than in any other instance, should be confined to members of parliament, or restricted to the "precincts of the House;" and that we do not, by any means, comprehend how its full and free exercise "out-of-doors" could hamper the proper, or rightful, or statesmanlike discretion of the Minister in his appointments, or at all interfere with the discharge of his duty, save, perhaps, in acting as a very salutary check in preventing the mischievous abuse of his discretion. If an appointment be unexceptionable, surely, no possible harm can result from canvassing and commenting on it ever so generally; and, on the other hand, if it be really and truly objectionable, we should like to know the method half so efficacious, either to bring the Minister to his penitentials, or to prevent a recurrence of the mischief, as the strong and emphatic reprehension of public opinion. Let the voice of public opinion loudly and lustily denounce "the job," and then, but not till then, some "troublesome customer" or other will surely bring the matter before the House, and will, at all events, elicit some explanation, or, mayhap, obtain a promise of future better behaviour from "Her Majesty's responsible adviser"—though how such a promise is likely to be kept we may, perhaps, hereafter see. But seriously, to expect that "the House," or even the busiest member thereof, should, *ex mero motu suo*, and in the absence of some "gentle pressure from without," be eternally overhauling and exposing cases of unwise or improper dispensation of patronage, would be to expect a degree of vigilance and virtue in our representatives which, we much fear, very few indeed will give them the credit of possessing.

It may be true, we admit, that in earlier and primitive times, when patronage, *as we are told*, was carefully and cautiously bestowed according to, and as the well-earned reward of, merit—when the now exploded qualifications of intelligence, ability, and zeal, were usually regarded as the principal, if not sole, recommendations of candidates for ministerial favor—when men were generally selected for

office with an *absurd* view to the efficient performance of the public service—it may be true, we say, that, in those old-fashioned and severely virtuous times, there was rarely any very glaring abuse of the patronage of the Crown, by an indefensibly bad appointment; or if the discretion of the Minister was occasionally at fault in the object of his selection, it may be that parliament, in its pristine purity, was sufficiently wakeful and sufficiently willing to recall him to his senses, and to prevent a similar indiscretion on his part thereafter. But these times of political puritanism—if, indeed, they ever existed—have long since passed away; we now, fortunately, live in the middle of the nineteenth century, with its more enlarged and liberalizing civilization; parliament has, of course, felt the gentle influences of that civilization, and is not, in consequence, the rigid moralist or *censor morum* it was wont to be. "Places" are not now given solely to and for meritorious conduct, in the antiquated fashion of our ancestors: an affinity, ever so circuitous or remote, to "Mr. Secretary This," or "my Lord Treasurer That," will, in these enlightened days, be very naturally a much more sure and certain passport to official countenance and support, than all the intelligence, ability, and zeal of a very Crichton, without the fortunate and fortuitous accident of official relationship. Promotions are now most properly made, not according to what men are, but by strict reference to who men are—not foolishly (as formerly) according to what they may be as regards their talents and accomplishments for public employment, but, very judiciously, by a due regard to what they are in point of aristocratic family and connexion. Now, all these benificent relaxations from the rigorous prudery of the past—all these happy and most humanizing "modern improvements," have taken place, be it remembered, under the very nose and eyes of a Reformed Parliament. Patronage, it must now be allowed, has been most wisely diverted from its original and obsolete purpose, to the much more praiseworthy object of making provision for the scions of our nobility. "These convenient little arrangements" are as well known—we will say no more—to our legislators, as are the most ordinary concerns of their everyday life; nay, so desirably notorious has this most amiable system of "family endowment" become, that it is now quite a matter of lottery speculation on "the lobby" and in the

clubs. You can, in the language of "the corner," "lay on to any amount," "give or take the long odds if you will," as to which of the great favorite houses in the patronage ring will carry off the next "good thing" in the field. In fact, the whole tendency of the age, the whole policy of parliament—*quoad* patronage at all events—is, and for some time has been, the very quintessence of private philanthropy and benevolence; and in the face of all this, are we to be seriously told, that the House, in reversal of its *generous policy*, should be perpetually "calling men over the coals," for acting precisely in accordance with its good-natured wishes? Why, the thing is monstrous—preposterous in the extreme. We know there are some silly people, so very, very unreasonable as to require this stultifying course of proceeding, from "the wisdom of parliament." For our parts, had we the power so to do, we should forthwith consign such people to the tender mercies of the Sergeant-at-Arms, as for a constructive breach of privilege, or commit them to a lunatic asylum, as dangerous and confirmed madmen. But we have not, however, that very salutary power. So leaving these "perverse unfortunates" at large, to go on exacting, if they will, an utterly impossible inconsistency, and with profound commiseration for their invincible wrongheadedness, we proceed, in parliamentary *parlance*, "to the order of the day," and beg to address ourselves in the following pages to our right-minded friends and acquaintances. With these we are quite willing to admit that, *generally speaking*, a minister of the crown performs his duty to his sovereign and the country, as regards his dispensation of patronage, if the objects of his selection be duly qualified and perfectly competent individuals. But though this may be true as a general rule, we think it must be conceded, that in very many cases something more than mere personal qualification and competency for public employment should be taken into account, and that considerations of locality, or the claims of each and every distinct portion of the United Kingdom to its fair share of the "loaves and fishes" of the state, should have some, and no inconsiderable weight in ministerial appointments. We advance this truism, we candidly confess, principally, if not solely, in reference to Ireland. But if the proposition hold at all with respect to other divisions of the United Kingdom, how much more

forcibly, how conclusively, does it apply to the case of Ireland. The inherent claims of this country—as an integral part of the empire—to a due participation in the honors and emoluments of the public service, have over and over again, for a long series of years, been recognized and acknowledged—verbally, of course, we mean—by every successive leader of the great contending English parties. There has scarcely been a single administration for the last half century that has not, in its day of difficulty or danger, come out with the strongest assurance, the most unequivocal pledge, to respect these claims, and give them every practical effect; and there has not been a single administration during all that period, when it chanced to weather the storm, that has not, in its hour of security and success, flatly given the lie to that assurance, and perfidiously violated that pledge. They have been, each and all, like *Macbeth's* witches,

> "That keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope,"

as regards their requital of Irish services, though ever so opportunely rendered. We have for ages, owing to our too credulous confidence in plausible professions, been the poor and pitiful sport of every English faction in turn, which has used us to and for its own selfish purposes, when, and where, and as it happened to require our aid, and then gratefully treated us in return with the grossest injustice, or the most galling contempt. That ruthless spirit of British domination, which for centuries of our early and mournful history marked its devastating progress through our island, in wholesale and undiscriminating confiscation, is still busily, though insidiously, at work in the piecemeal spoliation of our few remaining institutions, and in the stern and studied exclusion of Irishmen from the service of the Sovereign. The Hibernian Celt, who has the manly honesty to avow his country, and to assert in her name his right to official promotion, is coldly and superciliously told "to stand by;" the ban of the Milesian brogue is upon him; the door of office is peremptorily closed in his face; whilst the more fortunate denizen of any other favorite section of the empire can easily obtain from British generosity (?) admission within its portals. Is this the idle language of mere individual disappointment? Is this the

bitter recrimination of mere individual discontent? Are any of our readers sceptical on this point? Are any of them unbelievers in the perpetration of this crying and cruel injustice to their countrymen? Do any of them think we are drawing on our imagination for facts, or indulging in mere fanciful extravagance of expression, when we speak of the "stern and studied exclusion of Irishmen from the service of the Sovereign?" Well, then, if any such there be, let them but look at the "happy family" composition of our present precious cabinet; let them take a survey of all the government departments in London and throughout Great Britain; let them note down our magnificent embassies to the leading European courts, with their countless corps of secretaries, attachés, and other nameless subordinates; let them run through the long list of British consuls at foreign ports; let them reflect on our flourishing colonies in every quarter of the habitable globe, with their formidable civil and military establishments; let them examine the few, the very few, surviving public boards in our own beautiful metropolis; let them study the weekly announcements of "appointments" in the government gazette; let them, in one word, jot down all the various high and honorable situations of public trust, and public emolument, at home and abroad, and then count up (with us) the maximum fraction of fortunate Irishmen to be possibly discovered therein; and, having done so, we much err indeed if they will not avouch our expressions on this painful subject to be the sad and sorrowful language of plain unvarnished truth. Yes, we deeply grieve to aver our deliberate conviction to be, that the invidious and iniquitous discouragement of every body and every thing Irish, was not with the most narrow-minded British statesman of by-gone times a more stringent and inflexible rule of state policy, than it is with the so-called "enlightened" British statesmen of modern days. Why this is or should be so, we cannot even remotely conjecture. For in our humble judgment the plainest considerations of political expediency would point to the very opposite course of proceeding—would suggest to any and to every ministry the imperative duty of doing us simple justice, and thereby to foster kindly relations between the sister countries; to do us simple justice—we ask no more—and in so doing to allay that bitter discontent, to remove that degrading sense of

insult and wrong, which every Irishman does and *must* intensely feel, in reflecting on the position of humiliating inferiority in which he now unquestionably stands, as a candidate for public employment, in comparison with his English fellow-subjects.

But if any one class in the country have more reasonable ground than another to complain of the one-sided exclusiveness which characterizes the prevailing system of government promotions, or to denounce the breach of ministerial faith in reference thereto, that class is, undoubtedly, the Irish bar, as regards the distribution of our colonial legal patronage, but more especially as regards the appointments to the Indian bench. A brief account of the exercise of that patronage, and a summary of these appointments for the last sixteen or eighteen years, founded not on mere speculation or surmise, but taken from the very important returns prefixed to the commencement of this paper, and which cannot err, will incontestably prove the truth of this proposition; and we venture to affirm that no documents of the kind have issued from or under the authority of parliament for the last half century, which could more forcibly picture, than do these invaluable returns, the step-dame feelings of England towards this unfortunate country, as regards her grudging, grinding jealously of Irish talent and Irish acquirements. They demonstrate, that in the race for professional honors and emoluments "abroad," Englishmen are to be the sole, or all but the sole, competitors—that they are to have a clear stage and *all* favor—and that they must, *ex vi patriæ*, triumphantly bear away all the fairest and richest prizes. A proscribed Irishman, to be sure, may ambitiously dream of, or wistfully pine for, the "*opima spolia*" of the Indian bench, but then he must not *seriously* aspire to the proud distinction of an Oriental judgeship. Oh, no, no! "The established course of practice" forbids any such presumptuous Celtic pretension. There must be no *mere Hirish* interlopers in that quarter. For prescription and precedent have now clearly established an exclusive vested right to the Indian bench—which must be maintained—in their Saxon betters. Mr. Keogh's pithy return of the 10th of July 1848, indisputably proves *that*—or rather it too accurately corroborates, the truthful and telling language of the honorable member for Carlow, on a very recent occasion in the house—language uncontradicted to this day—"That

in the distribution of the patronage of the Indian empire, it was systematically the practice to set aside every man, whether Catholic, Protestant, or Presbyterian, who happened to be so unfortunate as to claim Ireland for his native land." Yes, gentle reader, "read, mark, and inwardly digest" these most strange, yet most authentic returns; they will well and amply repay your most careful study. These revelations will, one and all, disclose to you the unmistakeable fact—a fact which we would deeply impress on you, as illustrating the uniform amiable weakness of all English parties towards this country—namely, that be the differences and dissensions between English Whigs and English Tories, between English Protectionists and English Free-Traders, what they may—no matter which of them be in power, or which in opposition, and let them fight, and squabble, and wrangle amongst themselves in other respects as bitterly as they may—yet will they all, the "ins as well as the outs," always cordially and cheerfully unite on the one common generous ground of denying to an Irish barrister his admitted right—whilst the spirited debate on Mr. Sadleir's motion of April, 1850, and of which more anon, will teach you the instructive lesson that there is no degree of shirking or of shuffling too despicable—no evasion too pettifogging, nor subterfuge too paltry, for a British minister to resort to in trying to quibble out of the direct and damning charge of the invariable denial of that right.

The first of these parliamentary "tell-tales,"—obtained on the motion of the very able member for Athlone, and relating exclusively to the East Indies—was printed, be it remembered, on the 10th of July, 1848, and, commencing with the year 1832, comes down to nearly the middle of 1848. The second—also procured at the instance of that active and efficient representative, being in fact a continuation in reference to the British Colonies of the first—was printed on the 18th of July, 1848, and begins and ends at much about the same periods respectively, in the years 1832 and 1848, as does its predecessor; whilst the third—worked out by the honorable member for Carlow—was printed on the 10th July, 1850, and taking up the two former, brings us on to the commencement of the last-mentioned year; and now, bearing in mind these several dates, let us calmly and coolly—if we can—take a passing glance at British

generosity and British justice towards unfortunate Ireland, as evidenced by these unimpeachable authorities. As being the first in importance, as well as the highest in rank and pay, we shall begin with the "judicial or other legal offices in the East Indies"—as comprised in return number one—and shall see how Irishmen have fared with respect to these. We must, however, premise, that such return does *not of course* apply to, or contain, the various judicial and legal appointments in India, held by the civil servants of the East India Company—tut, tut, by no means—why, if it contained these innumerable appointments, 'twould play the very mischief indeed—would, in sooth, show up British monopoly in such gigantic enormity, in such glaring offensiveness, that nought but itself could be its parallel. No, no; it embraces *only* the judicial appointments held in "Her Majesty's Court of Judicature in the East Indies." This premonition may, perhaps, have been unnecessary, still, for caution sake, 'twas just as well to give it. Be that as it may, however, now to proceed. There are, as most people already know, in the East Indies, three several Presidencies, or local governments—those of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay—each of which has its own separate and distinct supreme judicial establishment. (We are, of course, now speaking of the judicial establishments of her Majesty in India.) Bengal being the most extensive and populous of the three, has the largest and most lucrative judicial establishment. It consists of a Chief Justice, at a salary of £8,000 per annum, and two Puisnè Judges, at a yearly salary of £6,000 each: the number and respective salaries of the supreme Judges in the other two Presidencies are similar, each having a Chief Justice, at a salary of £5,625, and one Puisnè Justice, at a salary of £4,687 per annum. The whole number then of "Her Majesty's Courts of Judicature in the East Indies"—for we wish to be most particular in this business—is three; the judges thereof amount to seven, and the salaries of these seven "eminent personages," reach in the aggregate the trifling sum of £40,624 per annum, being a few thousands under the yearly pay of all our own twelve judges. We shall have something by-and-bye to say of a mongrel nondescript office in one of the East India Company settlements, now held by Sir William Jeffcott, called the Recordership of Penang, the income of which is

£3,750; and perhaps we may also have a word or two to say in reference to a law officer practising in "Her Majesty's Courts of Judicature aforesaid," called Advocate-General to the East India Company, at a salary of £3,375; but for the present we shall pass over both of these, as we wish just now to confine ourselves altogether to the information afforded by the return immediately before us with regard to the Indian Bench, about which it is, as before observed, solely conversant. Well, then, it tells us, that from the 14th of January, 1832, to the 19th of June, 1848, both dates inclusive, there were no less than TWENTY-ONE appointments made to that bench; of these three were Chief Justiceships of Bengal, two were Chief Justiceships of Madras, and five were Chief Justiceships of Bombay, making altogether ten Chief Justiceships, and eleven Puisnè Justiceships, during the period comprised within these two dates—that is to say, during an interval of little more than seventeen years the Board of Control had in its gift twenty-one "judicial offices in the East Indies," at salaries varying from £8,000 the highest, to £4,687 the lowest, per annum—a very tolerable number of vacancies, and a very respectable gradation of salary, it must, we think, be owned. Should any person wish from mere curiosity to follow out the financial consideration of the subject farther than we have just now leisure to accompany him, let him "tot up" the aggregate amount of the salaries of these twenty-one snug judgeships, and we rather suspect the result will astonish him not a little. Now, be it distinctly, clearly understood, that to these very enviable and very eminent situations members of the Irish bar were by statute expressly declared to be eligible, equally and indiscriminately with English barristers. Let this be steadily and constantly kept in view. Well, gentle reader, of these twenty-one splendid appointments, with their magnificent salaries, how many think you have been or are filled by members of the "eligible" Irish bar? Perhaps you will say, one-third, or if not one-third, you may in all probability guess the number to six, or to five, or at the very lowest calculation, to four. Well, then, if so, you would still be at fault; for our veritable little "parliamentary paper" will plainly show you that there has not been one single solitary member of that "eligible" bar on the Indian bench for the last seventeen and a-half years—

not one—not even one. Oh, no; there must be no Irish poaching on this valuable English preserve—that would never answer—"that cock would never fight." Well, but let us go a few, say eight or nine, years further back, and see what this further retrospect will furnish us; let us ascertain what the experience of the last quarter of a century will teach us. Why just the same agreeable story, just the same flattering result.

For five and twenty years and more, not one, not even one solitary promotion from the "eligible" Irish bar to an Indian judgeship! What noble generosity—what exemplary justice on the part of our prosperous neighbours! Surely we cannot feel too enamoured of the one, or too gratefully hymn the praises of the other. Oh how can we ever sufficiently appreciate the precious blessings of the Union in thus practically placing us (in reality as well as in name) on a footing of perfect equality with our fellow-subjects across the channel. You discontented drudges of juniors, who are constantly carping and cavilling at the seemingly partial distribution of Colonial patronage, study well, if you please, the actual judicial history of India for the last five and twenty years; and if, after having done so, you still include the Board of Control in your captious censure, we tell you fairly and frankly we must set you down as the most stupid, or the most prejudiced of educated dunderpates. For the present, however, and until you shall have had an opportunity of studying that history in detail, after your own fashion, we beg to present you, as a kind of preparatory introduction thereto, with a few extracts from the temperate and very judicious speech of the honorable member for Carlow, upon the occasion of his bringing forward his important motion of the 16th of April, 1850. He has certainly therein handled the question of these Indian judicial appointments in a very masterly manner; and, aided by the searching ability of the talented member for Athlone, has exposed far more forcibly and effectively than we could do, the blessed system of our rulers in relation thereto. We, therefore, earnestly recommend your careful perusal of every word of that useful speech whenever you chance to light on it. We have not, strange to say, met with a full report of it in any of the Irish journals, and must, therefore, have recourse to our old friend Hansard (the universal referee

upon all matters of parliamentary debate) for the material passages of which we now mean to avail ourselves.

Mr. Sadleir begins then by observing, that "it was necessary to state to the house that by several statutes passed during the reign of Geo. III., certain Courts of Justice were authorised to be established in the Presidencies of the Indian empire, and to which judges should be appointed, selected from members of at least five years standing at either the English or Irish bar. It was worthy of remark, that at the period of the Union, and when the Act of Union was publicly discussed both in England and the sister country, one of the leading arguments urged in favor of the measure was, that up to that period, although members of the Irish bar had under that statute a co-ordinate right, with English barristers, to a direct share in the judicial patronage of the Indian empire, they were nevertheless excluded from any participation in that patronage. It had also been urged that one of the direct results of the Union would be to bring forward the just claims of the Irish bar to a share of that patronage; and that no doubt after the Union was carried, it would be found that members of the Irish bar would be chosen from time to time, in a fair proportion to English barristers, to fill the office of judge in the various Presidencies in India. The result being to unite England more closely with Ireland by a common bond of common interest and identity." He then goes on to state, what we have already mentioned, that since 1826 no appointment had been made to the Indian bench from the Irish bar; and having added the pleasing fact, "that the Indian bench had during the last twenty-five years been three times renewed, but always from the English bar," he touches on the case of Baron Richards, and the offer of an Indian judgeship to him, "at the *solicitation*," if not "*demand*," of the then Viceroy (of which more anon), and then proceeds to remark—"The gentlemen appointed had not been remarkable for their large practice, or for many years standing at the bar; they had seldom been of a standing at the bar beyond the period required by the statute. In answer to a question put by him last session, the President of the Board of Control informed him, that in any future vacancy which might occur on the Indian bench the claims of the Irish bar should not be overlooked. That promise, however, had not been fulfilled, for the Recordership of Penang had been the only

post which had been conferred upon a member of the Irish bar, that vacancy having been caused by the elevation of the previous Recorder to the Indian bench." We shall stop here; and certainly these allegations, thus plainly and intelligibly put forward in the house, are somewhat startling it must be owned. They do involve rather serious charges, and if unexplained or uncontradicted, do indisputably, and independently of our first return, establish a very gross case of partizanship against the Board of Control, and its responsible head. We shall presently see how some of these very grave statements were met, or rather most lamely attempted to be met, whilst others of them got the "go-by" completely, without contradiction, or even the semblance of contradiction or explanation, from the parties whom they affected. We must, however, in the mean time direct the particular attention of our readers to, and request of them to bear steadily in mind, the circumstance, that Mr. Sadleir palpably and pointedly distinguishes the Recordership of Penang from the "Indian bench." He, in fact, goes so far as to accuse the President of the Board of Control of a breach of his former promise, in having in 1849 appointed "only" to the Recordership, and not to that bench, an Irish barrister, Mr. Jeffcott, thereby expressly treating the Recordership as *not* of the Indian bench, which it most assuredly is not. The necessity for holding this distinction clearly in view will become quite apparent by-and-bye.

And now for the would-be Ministerial answer, or defence—call it which we will—to Mr. Sadleir's very awkward and very ugly broadside. We beg pardon, by the way—"Parliamentary explanation" is the appropriate phrase by which to designate the happy ministerial effort; for we challenge any man to produce to us a more perfect specimen of "Parliamentary Explanation," in all the usual ingredients of incongruity, absurdity, mystification, and moonshine, than is this self-same most exquisite effusion. 'Tis quite a gem in its way—the very *beau ideal* of official elucidation. All the world, of course, knows that the noble president of the Board of Control is Lord Broughton—*quondam* Sir John Cam Hobhouse; but all the world may have ceased to recollect, that this "exalted personage," in early life, was the intimate associate, the familiar friend, of one of the great, if not the greatest, poets of the age. We beg, then, to rescue this interesting fact from oblivion, as affording a charitable, though,

perhaps, not conclusive reason, for the "poetic fictions" in which, as we shall presently see, his lordship rather frequently loves to disport. We do not, be it understood, by any means allude to what he said, but to what he is "reported" to have said, in briefly replying to the honorable member for Carlow; we trust we shall always be cautiously technical, very guardedly precise, in observing this philosophical distinction; for "privilege," time-honored privilege, one of the glories of our constitution, approves and exacts it; we must, therefore, again have recourse to the services of our oracular friend, Hansard. And now let us see what of pith or moment he reports the noble President to have stated on the occasion in question. We may pass over the exordium, for it is nothing more than a pompous flourish as to the constitutional right of a minister of the Crown to evade—or avoid altogether, if he will—giving any answer whatsoever to a difficult or embarrassing question; and, proceeding at once in *medias res*, we come to "the explanation" or mystification about the Recordership of Penang. This the noble lord is made to describe, first, as a seat on the Indian Bench, "which," as he adds, "the honorable gentleman, under a great misconception, had intimated was not a seat on the Indian Bench." And then, by way of further information, he tells us—"It (Penang) was a settlement under the jurisdiction of the East India Company, and the appointment to the Recordership was considered to give a *good chance* of a seat on the Indian Bench. As evidence of the estimation in which the Recordership was held, he had recommended two for seats on the Indian Bench." Now, we pause here for a second, and beg very respectfully to ask my Lord Broughton, by which of these two utterly irreconcileable statements (as reported) does he mean to abide?—which of them does he adopt as correct? for both cannot possibly be accurate. Is the Recordership a seat on the Indian Bench? or, if not, does it give a good chance of a seat thereon? Which, my Lord, do you insist on? *utrum horum mavis accipe;* for we very confidently opine that both are unquestionably erroneous. The Recordership, in our humble judgment, never was nor is understood to be a seat on the Indian Bench. It certainly cannot for a moment be contended that it is a seat on the Bench of any one of the courts authorized by the aforesaid statutes of G. 3., "*to be*

established in the various Presidencies of India," the judges of which courts (in the contemplation of these statutes, and of every rational individual) alone compose the Indian Bench—that would be going a little too far; well, it is certainly no portion of the judicial patronage of the Indian empire, as alluded to by Mr. Sadlier, for his speech, throughout, emphatically points (as every person who reads it must perceive) "to the office of judge in the various Presidencies," as solely and exclusively constituting that patronage. But the above observations of the noble President himself (as reported) sets the matter at rest, "that it is not a seat on the Indian Bench;" though we may by-and-by understand the "dodge" of insisting on the affirmative, if it was at all likely to go down with his hearers. So much, then, for the correctness of the first proposition; and now for the second. We take the liberty, then, of asserting that the said Recordership neither does give, nor is considered to give, a good, or any chance whatsoever, of Indian judicial promotion, but quite the very reverse. We admit that his Lordship has advanced two *quondam* Recorders to the Bench in India, but the circumstances of his having done so is just about as conclusive of the accuracy of the second proposition, as the accident of two, and only two, of our own twelve Judges having formerly been Assistant-Barristers, is indisputable to establish that the office of Chairman, in this country, gives a good or any chance of a seat on the Irish Bench, when the very contrary is the fact. Surely, every body knows that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, once a Chairman, as well as once Recorder of Penang, there you stick for the rest and remainder of your professional life. But what do our returns say on the subject? Why, that from the year 1832 to 1849, and out of twenty-three appointments to the Indian Bench during that interval, the odd three only (no more) were promotions from this sweet Paradise of Penang. But will it, in addition to all this, be believed, that the very appointment to this inestimable Recordership is accompanied with the express and explicit official intimation, that the fortunate appointee is not to entertain the slightest hope or imaginable expectancy of an Indian step. No no; Penang, and Penang solely, is to be the *ultima thulæ* of his ambitious aspirings. If you doubt us, reader, ask the question in the "proper quarter," but not of the noble President of the Board of

Control, for of course he is ignorant of the existence of any such practice; and if the answer be not "yea," we'll give you leave to wish us at Penang as expeditiously as you please. Quitting, then, this branch of the case, the next material passage of "the explanation" in Mr. Hansard runs thus:—"With respect to the charge of neglecting Irish barristers, he was satisfied that he had offered either four or five places on the Indian Bench to members of the Irish Bar, and he had the dissatisfaction of receiving a refusal to accept the appointment in each case. On two occasions the office had been accepted—one was by Baron Richards—and afterwards declined." Well, when we first met this very direct and positive statement, we confess it staggered us not a little—it took us quite by surprise; for, if borne out in point of fact, it not only furnished a triumphant answer to Lord Broughton, but it in a great measure removed any reasonable ground of censure which such grievance-mongers as ourselves might be disposed to urge against the partizanship of the Board of Control. Mark, the assertion is rather confidently put forward; that there may be no mistake, we again give the *ipsissima verba*:—"With respect to the charge of neglecting Irish barristers, he was satisfied that he had offered either four or five places on the Indian Bench to members of the Irish Bar, and he had the dissatisfaction of receiving a refusal to accept the appointment in each case." Now, we could not, if we would, treat a matter thus authoritatively put forward either lightly or hastily; for these words, if they mean anything, import that the contemptible caprice of some members of the Irish Bar, and not the uniform favouritism of the Board of Control, was the real cause of that Bar having been overlooked in the manner complained of. Accordingly, we cautiously and most carefully inquired of the facts of the case, in quarters almost sure to be correctly informed on the subject; and the result of very patient and very pains-taking enquiries warrants us in stating, that the noble President, to borrow a phrase from his own vocabulary, "labours under a delusion," in saying he offered "four or five seats on the Indian Bench to members of the Irish Bar;" for, with the exception of Baron Richards—of whom, by-and-bye—we defy him to name even one Irish barrister to whom he ever made such an offer. He certainly offered the Recordership of Penang, on three several occasions, to three members

of the Irish Bar, including the present holder of that office; and these offers may, perhaps, have been running in his mind when he used the language in question; and we shall not, we think, be straining a point if we say, that the recollection of these three offers may possibly have suggested "the dodge" of his originally describing the Recordership as a seat on the Indian Bench. But, be that as it may, we deliberately reiterate, and *advisedly*, that the President of the Board of Control "labours under a delusion" in supposing he made the offers he alleges; we *must* have heard of them, had they been realities. And now for the case of Baron Richards. In the year 1835, Baron (then Mr.) Richards, K.C., was, unquestionably, amongst the ablest of the very able men then in the Hall. He, and one or two more equally eminent practitioners, had the Rolls all to themselves, whilst his general business in the other courts was very considerable. Few, if any, at that period, realized a larger income at the Bar than did he; and his eventual promotion to the highest honors of the profession in this country—which so soon afterwards took place—was regarded as a matter of course, if he chose to remain at home. He fancied, however, to go to India; and, at the "solicitation," if not "demand," of the Viceroy of the day, the Chief-Justiceship of Madras was offered to, and accepted by him, in that year. He had, however, scarcely accepted it, when he was *required* to throw it up, in order that he might fill the office of Solicitor-General in Ireland.

The why and wherefore of this sudden change, at whose particular instance it took place, and "the delicate reasons of state" which induced certain parties to prevail on Mr. Richards "to decline" the Chief-Justiceship, and to remain amongst us in the subordinate capacity of an Irish law officer, no one knows, or at least ought to know, better than my Lord Broughton. What, then, he can possibly mean by his "dissatisfaction" at receiving that gentleman's "refusal," we candidly confess we are at a loss to comprehend. Well, at all events, Mr. Richards did stop at home as Solicitor-General, and his subsequent rapidly successful career is familiar to us all. But let it be borne in mind, that this sudden change, this "most satisfactory arrangement," left the aforesaid Chief-Justiceship of Madras, with its £5625 per annum, again vacant. The Board of Control had done much—far more than could have been legitimately

expected from them—in very reluctantly yielding, on one occasion, to the "solicitation," if not "demand," of the Lord Lieutenant. But now they were again free—the Viceregal pressure was now withdrawn—once was surely quite enough for them to have succumbed; and they, accordingly, resolutely determined, if it were again applied, never to submit to it. Lord Clarendon, if he would, could corroborate us here; for all his exertions hitherto—and we believe them to have been active, zealous, and persevering—on behalf of the Irish Bar, in this obstinate quarter, have as yet been utterly fruitless. When "their mighty honors" did condescend to listen to the urgency of an Irish Lord Lieutenant, 'twas only in the case of an Irish K.C., a gentleman of the highest professional repute, a Solicitor-General all but *in esse* at the time; no one of less eminence, if you please, would have come up to their hypercritical standard of Hibernian qualifications. Well, but that gentleman was, as we have seen, otherwise disposed of; and what then became of the Indian Chief-Justiceship so disagreeably "declined by him?" Why, in simple truth, there was no other person of sufficient ability, of sufficient experience, of sufficient respectability, of sufficient legal acquirements, of sufficient discretion, of sufficient competency in a word, in this "benighted country," to be entrusted with that dignified and important office, and it was, in consequence, necessarily given to an English barrister of *just the requisite statutable standing.* Oh! but then, *he was* an English barrister, and that made all the difference in the world; for every body must admit, that an English barrister, of five or six years' standing, though his name have never figured in a Report—though he have never even gone through the solemn mockery of "opening an answer," nor otherwise have been alarmed at the musical echo of his own sweet voice in court—though he know as much about the practical conduct of a cause as we do of the working of a war-steamer—nevertheless, either by a species of intuition, or by the force of *innate* professional ideas, or by the inspiration of the "law-laden" atmosphere of his own lone chambers in Chancery-lane, or by a peculiar idiosincrasy or legal organization of mind, or by the combined operation of all these causes together, he will *instanter*, and upon the emergency, be more experienced, more accomplished, more erudite, more ready, more versatile, more everything a lawyer ought to be, than the very

best and ablest old plodders in our Irish Courts. That is the first, grand, leading, essential, characteristic distinction, between the Saxon and Celtic professions. Why, have we not under our own very eyes, the most striking proof that such a "juvenile prodigy" is, in every respect, far, far superior to, immeasurably beyond all our own senior "crack chaps;" "by reason whereof" he now most meetly lords it over them all, as Junior Judge in an Irish court, beside one of the Celtic Barons of the Irish Court of Exchequer. Yes, when Mr. Richards, K.C.—to the consternation and dismay of the President of the Board of Control—declined the Chief-Justiceship aforesaid, there was no other Irish barrister, "silk or stuff," to be found at all fitted for the situation: and the noble lord was, therefore, constrained and compelled to give it to one of those English "gentlemen" so graphically described by Mr. Sadleir as constituting the Indian Bench; and which gentleman of "just the statutable standing," being, nevertheless, an English barrister, was, *as such*, more than the equal of Solicitor-General Richards, and transcendantly above the best picked man of the Irish Bar, *at least*, in the estimation of my Lord Broughton. Well, the tide of judicial patronage in India, after this momentary Irish diversion, was thus most happily brought back to its pristine British course. Since then, the stream has constantly and uninterruptedly flowed on, in its proper old channel. We cannot perceive the slightest imaginable probability or possibility, under existing circumstances, of altering the current; so we must only make up our minds to see it glide on, in its usual and accustomed way.

"Durum! sed levius fit patientiâ,
Quidquid corrigere est nefas."

For the present we must, however, make our *congé* to the Indian Bench, and also bid adieu to our kind, sweet friends of the Board of Control. There are, to be sure, one or two other passages in my Lord Broughton's "explanation" which we should like, had we leisure so to do, to explain in our own very *intelligible method;* but we have not, in sooth, the leisure; we, therefore, hope he will excuse us, and console himself with our promise of referring to them on a future occasion. He may rest assured we shall not forget him or them.

And now we come to our other two precious returns, which, however, we shall dismiss rather summarily; for almost every syllable we

have written of the Board of Control, with respect to the Indian Judgeships and the first of Mr. Keogh's returns, would, *mutatis mutandis*, equally apply to the Colonial Office, as regards the remaining returns now before us, and the disposal of the legal patronage of the British colonies, as detailed therein. We find, then, by No. 2, that from January, 1832, to July, 1848—an interval of little more than sixteen years—there were no less than 217 legal appointments made in the colonies, at annual salaries ranging downward from £3,750, the highest. We further find that the aggregate yearly amount of all these appointments reached the enormous sum of £175,916. Of these 217 "judicial or other legal offices," JUST 13—NOT ONE MORE; AYE 13, THE "BAKER'S DOZEN," NO MORE AND NO LESS, AT ANNUAL SALARIES IN THE WHOLE, OF £12,689—WERE MAGNANIMOUSLY CONFERRED ON MEMBERS OF THE IRISH BAR. Thirteen out of 217 appointments!!! the yearly sum of £11,689 out of £175,916 per annum!!! Could any proportion be more fair, more just, more generous? Oh! most kind-hearted, most high-minded, most impartial, most goodnatured Lord Grey; what deep, everlasting obligations of gratefulness are we, poor Irish, placed under to "yourself and fellows?" How *can* we ever requite you for your innumerable favours? It is utterly hopeless, impossible, to think even of doing so.

We have gone through "the list" for each of the seventeen years, and here follows the result, as regards the number of appointments, and on whom—English or Irish—conferred, during each:—

Years.	Appointments.	English.	Irish.
1832	6	6	0
1833	16	16	0
1834	15	15	0
1835	9	9	0
1836	13	12	1
1837	11	10	1
1838	11	9	2
1839	12	11	1
1840	14	14	0
1841	20	18	2
1842	9	9	0
1843	6	5	1
1844	9	7	2
1845	14	12	2
1846	19	19	0
1847	17	16	1
1848	16	16	0
	217	204	13!!!!

Two hundred and four English to thirteen Irish appointments!!! Oh! let not these numbers be forgotten; they should be posted up on every pillar in the Hall; they should be "familiar in our mouths as household words." Will you look through these lists, courteous reader, and you will perceive that, during eight several years of the seventeen, *not one single appointment was given to an Irish barrister.* Eight years, in the period from '32 to '48, and not one single judicial or other legal office in the colonies doled out to an Irishman! We really shall not trust ourselves to comment on this most iniquitous, this most nefarious system.

And now for a few, a very few words anent our third and last "little tell-tale," and we shall gladly quit, for the present at least, this most mortifying subject. The period, then, this return embraces is very short—a little more than a year and a half—but its details, nevertheless, are not less significant than are those of its predecessors, as to the practical meaning of that most hacknied and most lying of all modern phrases, "British fair play." The number of appointments it gives us—exclusive of 21 in Canada, with which we have now nothing to do—is 33 (a very tolerable sprinkling for the brief interval over which it extends), the aggregate salaries of which amount to £35,818 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum. Of those 33 "offices," "British fair play" graciously condescended to bestow—or perhaps we are nearer the mark in saying *most sulkily and sullenly, and after no ordinary amount of angry remonstrance, submitted* to bestow, three —aye, no less than three!!!—on members of the odious Irish Bar. Three Celts to thirty Saxons, in little more than eighteen months!! Could any proportion be more reasonable or more just? Impossible! The three obnoxious individuals were, Mr. (now Sir) William Jeffcott, who, in 1849, obtained the Recordership of Penang, which our friend Lord Broughton has already so pleasingly and poetically described; Mr. James Michael O'Neill, who, in January, 1850, was sent to "the white man's grave," as Queen's Advocate; and Mr. George John Crawford, who, in February, 1850, was promoted to a Judgeship in South Australia. These are the only three Irish barristers whose names figure in this last return before us. And having thus rapidly—too rapidly, we fear—run through these returns, we would here, if time allowed us, suggest a few of the remedies

which occur to us for redressing the flagrant and flagitious injustice they so palpably disclose. We must, however, stop here just now, for we have (quite unconsciously) extended our observations to far greater length than we had originally purposed. The means of redress—as appearing to us—we shall, at a future day, freely and unreservedly communicate to our readers. For the present, however, we would simply and sorrowfully ask them, have we overcharged or overstated one iota?—have we, in the slightest particular, "set down aught in malice" in establishing—which we think we have done—our proposition—that the spirit of British domination over this hapless country is now as busily at work as ever, in THE STERN AND STUDIED EXCLUSION OF IRISHMEN FROM THE SERVICE OF THE SOVEREIGN.

POSTSCRIPT.

The Whigs—Free Trade—Emigration—Decimation—Scully's Land Tenure—The League—The Tablet v. *The Irish Bar.*

THERE is at this moment growing in Ireland a most luxuriant and plentiful harvest. Newspaper after newspaper is filled with accounts of wonderful ears of wheat, and the health of the general crops is cheering in the extreme. We have seen old gentlemen of agricultural connections, and bucolic tendencies, and distinguished by a talent for perspiration, grow ruddy in expatiating on the prospects of Ireland. But, alas! if the harvest should exceed all that the most sanguine can hope for, how much will it raise the condition of the Irish farmer? The demon, Free-Trade, has been suffered to overpower him; the wealth of nature is spread in glorious profusion around him; God has lavished upon this land of Ireland his chiefest gifts; but man has marred it all. We may toil, and work, and till, with close energy, with indomitable will; with hope that lives in a region of despair, yet doubts not, our poor people have labored, but can scarcely find subsistence; they are swamped by the foreigner. In our own land the Turk, the Greek, the Frenchman, can undersell

us. Notwithstanding the fertility of his native land, the Irish farmer's life is a struggle with beggary; riches are around him, but poverty is beside him. In the great game of life he is, for the most part a loser; comfort is often within his reach, but never in his grasp; his condition is like that of the Ancient Mariner, who saw

> "Water, water, every where,
> Nor any drop to drink."

We have not written this for the purpose of showing the poverty of Ireland. We do not believe that Ireland is poor owing to any fault of her own people, but owing to the foul fault of English statesmen, and political Charlatans. We know she is a pauper, a bankrupt, a spectacle of misery, to the congregated world. There is not a slave, with gashed and bleeding body, amongst the cotton fields of Alabama—there is not a serf, toiling deep in the mines of Russia, whose life is not of more consequence to his master, than the interests of the mere Irish seem to be in the minds of the present ministry. We care not upon which of our Irish questions the reader may fix. It matters not whether he selects that of the Galway Packet Station, or of Public Works, or of the Poor-Law, or of the Dublin Hospitals, or of Landlord and Tenant Law, or, above and before all, of Free-Trade. The honest and calm consideration of any of these questions will prove how shamefully Irish interests are neglected, or how ignorantly they are treated.

The Whigs, as every body knows, *should* be the friends of Ireland; and yet, until the last disastrous era of the Peel Government, the Tory administrations were generally the best for the Irish people. Peel, it is true, was only a bastard Tory, or a Tory who had gone to seed, and become, what slangy people call, a "Conservative." He passed all kinds of measures to meet the pressing exigencies of the hour; and played at one time the partizan to the Northern Orangemen; at another, the serf of O'Connell; at a third, the flunkey to Cobden, Bright, and Co. But why should Lord John Russell follow in the steps of Peel? Why ruin Ireland that Manchester might fatten? Why, when our trade has vanished, and our resources are almost exhausted, destroy our only remaining hope—agriculture, and swamp us by continued Free-Trade, when

moderate Protection would ensure our prosperity, at least that prosperity which we may expect under Whig rule—sufficient food to support the industrious, though poor, Irishman. Lord John Russell was not called upon to support Peel's measures in their integrity, or in another sense—their open and destructive policy; and yet the tail-piece to the repeal of the Corn Laws was the plundering Incumcumbered Estates' Act. We do not wish to write in harsh terms of the late Sir Robert Peel; but we believe him to have been for the kingdom—for Ireland in particular—the most destructive minister that ever ruled the nation. It is quite true that the *Times*, the *Daily News*, and the hacks of any party, or any cabinet, who may buy them, write and re-write, that the country is progressing; but how? Like the crab—backwards. See, they cry, the increase in *our* shipping since the repeal of the Navigation Laws. What is the increase? For the two years, ending the 5th of January, 1851, no increase whatever; but there has been a decrease of 311,831 tons per annum in the shipping of the kingdom, whilst the foreigner has, each year, increased nearly 330,000 tons.*

But great as is the glorification which prevailed in Manchester on the increase of the exports and imports, let us consider these exports for a moment, and we shall find no occasion for any glorification whatever. We give the returns for nine years, and during these nine years, it must be borne in mind, France, and Europe in general, have been convulsed by revolutions, and California has been discovered. Thus the old world has been for a time unable to supply itself with even its own ordinary home-made goods, and the new world has opened a field of commerce fresh and craving. These two circumstances have, no doubt, served to increase the exports; but even *with* these extraordinary aids to development, as Mr. Newman would say, the exports have not increased more within the past five years than during any other five years since 1820. In our minds the following table proves the case clearly:—

* For the year ending August 13th, 1851, there had been an increase of 20,000 tons, foreign, in the port of Bristol.

IN FIVE YEARS BEFORE FREE TRADE.			IN FIVE YEARS FOLLOWING FREE TRADE.		
Year.	Exports—Declared Value.	Imports—Declared Value.	Year.	Exports—Declared Value.	Imports—Declared Value.
1841	£51,634,623	£64,377,962	1846	£58,786,876	£75,953,875
1842	47,381,023	65,204,729	1847	58,842,377	90,921,866
1843	52,279,709	70,093,353	1848	52,849,445	93,547,134
1844	58,584,292	85,441,555	1849	63,596,025	105,874,607
1845	60,111,082	85,281,958	1850	65,756,032	103,000,000
	£269,990,929	£370,399,357		£299,830,745	£469,197,482

Thus it will be seen, that for five years before Free-Trade, the exports were £269,000,000; after Free-Trade they rose to £299,000,000, making an increase of just £30,000,000 in five years, exactly the increase which might have been looked for under ordinary circumstances, and protective duties, and without Continental revolutions, which drove Europe to buy from England.

And then as to the import; these foreign ships bore to the shores of this kingdom of Ireland the very species of freight which is the destruction of Ireland's only hope, For the month ending the 5th of July, in four years last past, we give the imports of breadstuffs from the *London Gazette*:—

		Month ending 5th July, 1851.	Month ending 5th July, 1850.	Month ending 5th July, 1849.	Month ending 5th July, 1848.
Wheat,.....	qrs.	451,010	397,098	264,110	132,376
Barley,.....	—	95,092	118,404	96,307	112,347
Oats,...	—	149,018	106,609	94,575	99,368
Rye,.....	—	2,291	24,362	26,035	858
Peas,.....	—	11,725	18,472	13,040	8,155
Beans, ...	—	24,647	31,181	53,905	68,693
Indian Corn, ...	—	316,495	171,111	180,763	118,822
Wheat Flour, ...	cwts.	463,632	232,685	213,285	48,460
Oatmeal,.....	—	213	1,137	8,605	48
Indian Corn Meal,...	—	60	226	6,232	11,691

Let the reader consider, if he be an Irishman, the effect of this foreign importation upon his country. What says the miller

to the 463,632 cwts. of flour? What thinks the farmer of the 451,010 qrs. of wheat? Thus it is, that the shipping interest has increased by the repeal of the Navigation Laws, and emigration, too, has helped to swell the shipping list. And why should it not do so? Land is worth little now in Ireland. Our people fly to all points of the globe from famine or the poorhouse; and the tourist in Ireland sees by the way-side the tenantless peasant hut, and learns that the progress of misgovernment is marked by these ruins, as was the march of the eastern tyrant through the desert by the pyramids of skulls. Oh! the horrors of the Irish emigration! Read, if you are one with a mind to think, and a heart to feel, the following melancholy table:—

Year.	Emigrants.	Year.	Emigrants.
1840	90,743	1846	129,851
1841	118,592	1847	258,270
1842	128,344	1848	248,089
1843	57,212	1849	299,498
1844	70,686	1850	280,896
1845	93,501		

And then the folly, the madness, of continuing Peel's measures until, and during, and since the famine. The landlords have been beggared, the poor have been slaughtered, the country has been, in one place a lazaretto, in another a vast poorhouse. Look at Castlebar, at Kilrush, at Scariff, at Skibbereen; and what is the result of all? That in ten years our population has decreased 2,059,340. In all our counties there has been an awful falling off, as the following table will show; it suggests a sad, sad history of want, of pain, of disease, of woe, of inexorable death, of damning misgovernment. Read, and remember, that it is the history of your country's decline and degradation, brought about, too, not by the fault of the Irish people, but through the blunders of the legislature. Well may we say,

"Notre mal s'empoisonne
Du secours qu'on lui donne."

Places.	Number of Persons.	
	1841.	1851.
Antrim,	276,188	250,353
Wexford,	202,033	180,170
Down,	361,446	317,778
Londonderry,	222,174	191,744
Donegal,	296,448	244,288
Kildare,	114,488	96,627
Armagh,	232,398	196,420
Louth,	111,979	91,045
Tyrone,	312,956	251,865
Kerry,	293,880	238,241
Carlow,	86,228	68,157
Wicklow,	126,143	99,287
Waterford,	172,971	135,836
Kilkenny,	183,349	139,984
King's Co.	146,857	112,675
Westmeath,	141,300	106,510
Meath,	183,828	139,706
Tipperary,	435,553	323,829
Fermanagh,	156,481	115,978
Clare,	286,394	212,720
Monaghan,	200,402	143,410
Cavan,	243,158	174,303
Cork,	773,398	551,152
Limerick,	281,638	201,619
Longford,	115,491	83,198
Queen's Co.	153,930	109,747
Leitrim,	155,279	111,808
Sligo,	180,886	128,769
Galway,	422,923	219,129
Mayo,	388,887	274,716
Roscommon,	253,591	173,798

In ten years, Cork County lost 222,000; Galway, 124,000; Mayo, 114,000; Tipperary, 111,000; Limerick, 80,000; Roscommon, 79,000; and yet, whilst there is this decrease in the county population, there is an unnatural increase in that of the towns, as the next table will show; and we quote it with sorrow and humiliation. There is no table in that record of Irish woe—the census of 1851—so piteous and ominous in all its parts. The misgovernment of England is in no particular more clearly shown—it cries to heaven for vengeance; but

"Deus patiens quia æternus."

Places.	Number of Persons.	
	1841.	1851.
Dublin, ...	232,726	254,850
Belfast, ...	75,308	99,660
Cork, ...	80,720	85,485
Limerick, ...	48,391	55,268
Waterford, ...	23,216	26,667
Galway, ...	17,275	24,697
Drogheda, ...	16,261	16,876
Carrickfergus, ...	8,488	9,379

But why has there been so great an increase in these places? Simply because there is no means left of supporting life in the country, for the great body of the poor, and, therefore, they hurry to the towns. The farmers will give no voluntary charity; the poor-rate collector has dried up all the springs of feeling in the hearts of the once liberal people; and the Irish peasant, so hospitable by nature, has become, from circumstances, like to that boor, who

"Against the houseless stranger shuts the door."

Thus our population has fallen off; and we are at present 6,515,787 in number, being 286,043 less than in 1821. And this decrease is the result of bad government, of misrule, of Manchester and Brummagem quackery; it has gone on in spite of all the money squandered on Public Works, and wasted in carrying out the Utopian projects of dilettanteish legislators. The people of Ireland cannot hope to live in common comfort, if the present wild policy is continued. We are purely and entirely an agricultural country; by agriculture we must live, if we live at all; and the moment agriculture fails to repay the farmer, that moment he will, of course, abandon it, and his country too, if he be able; if incapable of emigrating, he will rush to the town. And to this frightful condition the country is fast falling. By Captain Larcom's tables of agricultural returns we find that there were under corn crops, in

	ACRES.
1847	3,313,579
1849	3,174,424
1850	3,149,556

If we compare the amount of crops in 1847 with those of 1850, we find a decrease, in the latter year, of 139,004 acres in wheat, of 58,274 acres in oats, of 20,237 acres in barley; the entire falling-off being, for the three items, 217,515 acres. From these same most useful tables it further appears, that upon farms of and under fifteen acres, as between the years 1847 and 1850, there is a falling off in the value of live stock of 13 per cent. But there is nothing in the tables to excite surprise. We are, as we have written, solely an agricultural nation; our exports of manufactures, such and miserable as they are, amount to something about £230,000 per annum in value; and, with wheat at 38*s*. a quarter, we read that ten, and sometimes twenty, vessels enter our ports in a single day, laden with foreign corn; and although in 1845 we exported to England 3,250,000 quarters of grain, yet in 1849 we sent but 1,426,000 quarters; whilst in 1850 England imported from the stranger 1,500,000 quarters. Thus the reader can understand the position to which Free-Trade has reduced this country; he can also appreciate the statesmanlike qualities which distinguish the present cabinet. We don't mean to call Sir Charles Wood a statesman, far from it—we have no intention of nicknaming him; but he must be a happy man indeed, when he can glorify himself on his budget, whilst there is a decrease upon the year of £210,739; and upon the last quarter of £95,354. Oh, glorious statesmen! Sir Charles withdraws the duty on windows, and places a tax on houses. Lord John pledges himself to support the emancipation of the Jews, and passes the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Happy Sir Charles; thrice happy Lord John, fortunate in a World's Fair, blessed with a Papal aggression. However, let the Whigs be statesmen or fools, they have, as far as in them lay, tried to carry out those measures of destruction to Ireland, concocted by the "late illustrious and lamented statesman, Sir Robert Peel," who recommended Ireland to the public as a good field for investment of capital, but placed a special clause in his will that none of his own cash should, after his death, be expended on the Irish soil. Truly he was right who said human nature is composed of half dirt, half deity. It seems to us that some men, being carlessly mixed, are three quarters the former.

From Mr. Sharman Crawford, to that long-suffering and prison-breaking patriot, Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy,* with the "domey brow," as D'Arcy Magee used to say, every one is, or says he is, anxious to right the tenant, "whilst preserving to the landlord his just rights." Mr. Vincent Scully has accordingly "come out strong," as the slang is, upon the question; but we regret to say, that however we may applaud his good intentions we cannot give our support to his plans of amelioration. If his book† were the production of one of the hangers-on of the *Nation* or the *Tablet*, we could pass it by, and think it worthless, as the speeches made at the after-dinner meetings of the Tenant League, when the orators are, like Washington Irving's hero, "brimful of wrath and cabbage;" but Mr. Scully is a gentleman, a landed proprietor, and a Queen's Counsel. When a man in this position writes upon the law of landlord and tenant, and suggests improvements in the code, it is quite natural that the thinking portion of the country should read his opinions upon the subject with anxious attention. We object to Mr. Scully's system, because it is calculated to render the land question still more confused than at present. We object to it as in part impracticable. We object to it because it has a tendency to introduce the system of peasant proprietary, or, at least, the *metayer*, or half profit system, for neither of which this country is in our minds calculated or prepared. We object to it because his system, if carried out, would amount to a confiscation of the landlord's property; and we object to it because it assumes and requires a so frequent intervention of government, that in the end the legal management of land in Ireland would become one vast chain of vile jobbing, and slavish bureauism. Mr. Scully, we are quite sure, means well; but has he read late works upon political economy? Has he observed the vast attention paid by great minds to the theory of rents? In our opinion a man of his

* We are, perhaps, wrong to couple names in this way; but we follow a great example, no less than that of "glorious John," as witness—"From Spenser to Flecknoe—that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry."—*Dryden's Dedication of Juvenal.*

† The Land Question, with Practical Plans for an Improved Land Tenure and New Land System, by Vincent Scully, Esq., Q.C. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1851.

position should not commit his work to the press without fully understanding these things, and being intimately acquainted with the working of the small proprietary system on the Continent. We will not assume that Mr. Scully has written his book in ignorance of the primary rules of economic science. He must remember the ironical compliment, paid by Socrates to one of the sophists, in the "Platonic Dialogues," "You are fortunate, Callicles, to have been initiated at the *great* mysteries, without proceeding through the lesser;" and yet, with all his reading, Mr. Scully has started theories, and proposed projects wilder and more destructive than those of the most rampant Leaguer—projects which make thinking men look grave,

"While Folly claps her hands, and Wisdom stares."

We regret this, from our heart we regret it, because we consider all the good, and there is much of it, in the book before us, is rendered useless, by the impracticable ground-work upon which Mr. Scully means to rear the edifice of protection to landlord and tenant. He tells us that the condition of the tenant in Ireland is in a position, destructive to national advancement, injurious to him and to the landlord.

Nobody denies the truth of this statement; but the question is, how can we remedy the evil? And Mr. Scully suggests a new system,

"As simple as may be consistent with its possessing such peculiar advantages as will effectually induce its speedy adoption, and tend to carry out its leading objects, of uniting the ownership with the occupation of the land, and of increasing its value by facilitating its future transfer. To effect these objects, the state should enforce and continue, as appurtenant to the land, the several incidents to become attached to it by the voluntary adoption of the improved tenure. For this purpose, it will be necessary that a land tribunal shall be constituted, in order to represent, in each case, the interest of the state, in sanctioning an adoption of the improved tenure, as well as in superintending its original creation and future continuance."

This is what may be called slashing legislation, and is only surpassed in eccentricity of suggestion, by the exposition of the manner in which the "land tribunal" shall discover and fix the fair letting value, or the net annual rent, which a solvent tenant can afford to pay, above all rates, taxes, and public charges, including the entire

poor rates, quit rent, and tithe rent-charge," and the tenant will then "have a perpetual interest so long as he may continue to pay the rent agreed upon, and fixed at its fair letting value." But Mr. Scully is not satisfied with this arrangement: he will enable the tenant, if the latter be so inclined, to purchase his holding by paying instalments of its value, he may borrow money on debentures, or the government may lend it to him. We are sure our author has not read Mr. John Stuart Mill's book, on "The Elements of Political Economy." The latter gentleman is the pet of Cobden and the beloved of Bright—he would tie up the landlords in all points, and suffer the Manchester white slave drivers to wear out the lives of their people by over toil; but, absurd as Mr. Mill's theory of rent undoubtedly often is, his book would have shown Mr. Scully the necessity of caution and attention in treating a very important subject. Mr. Scully wants a fixity of tenure, so does Mr. Mill; the reader has before him Mr. Scully's plan, now for Mr Mill's opinion of the only method in which fixity of tenure can be fairly carried out:—

"Let us, then, examine what means are afforded by the economical circumstances of Ireland for carrying this change into effect on a sufficiently large scale to accomplish the complete abolition of cottier tenancy. The mode which first suggests itself is the obvious and direct one of doing the thing outright by act of parliament; making the whole land of Ireland the property of the tenants, subject to the rent now really paid (not the nominal rents) as a fixed rent-charge. This, under the name of 'fixity of tenure,' was one of the demands of the Repeal Association, during the most successful period of their agitation; and was better expressed by Mr. Conner, its earliest, most enthusiastic, and most indefatigable apostle, by the words, 'a valuation and a perpetuity.' In this measure there would not, strictly speaking, be any injustice, provided the landlords were compensated for the present value of the chances of increase which they would be prospectively required to forego." And he continues, at page 405—"But though this measure is not beyond the competence of a just legislation, and would be no infringement of property, if the landlords had the option allowed them of giving up their lands at the full value, reckoned at the ordinary number of years' purchase, it is only fit to be adopted if the nature of the case admitted of no milder remedy. In the first place, it is a complete expropriation of the higher classes of Ireland, which, if there is any truth in the principles we have laid down, would be perfectly warrantable, but only if it were the sole means of effecting a greater public good."*

* See article entitled the "Tenant League *v.* Common Sense," IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. II., p. 256.

We are not attempting to prove that all the suggestions in the book before us are bad, or useless, but we really think that those suggestions assume an amount of honesty and highmindedness, and at the same time a species of hopeless helplessness, amongst our people, very pitiable indeed. It has lately become the fashion amongst a certain set of politicians, to angelize the Irish peasant and to varnish his moral qualities in a very suspicious manner. When treated fairly and looked after sharply, he pays his rent with very becoming regularity; when, on the other hand, he is used unjustly or harshly, he will not pay, because he is unable to do so; and if the injustice be accompanied by oppression, he will, if possible, shoot his landlord, or failing in this, will make him suffer vicariously by assassinating the agent. Mr. Scully is a Tipperary man, and a North Riding landlord, he is also a member of the Leinster Bar, he has therefore every opportunity of knowing the people and their ways. He cannot be ignorant that bad management and misrule, and poverty and want of employment, and accursed Free Trade, have all conspired to make the tenant class careless and demoralized; and yet at this very time, with the peasantry in this condition, he comes forward to urge the adoption of his pet theory, a theory which, if all the tenant farmers in Ireland were cherubs in corduroy breeches, with the ten commandments in their hearts, and the bible in their pockets, would go far towards reducing them to their present dishonest state of anti-pay-rentativeness. If Mr. Scully were a man of humour, and not a grave equity lawyer, we could, in fact we should, imagine that his book was meant as a pleasant satire upon the Tenant League, worthy of our old friend Rabelais, or wise Sydney Smith. Our chief regret is, that Mr. Scully has not read, or at least attended to, M'Culloch's edition of "The Wealth of Nations." If he had read the editor's notes carefully, and referred to the paper by Lafitte, "Sur La Reduction de la Rente," in the Dictionnaire d'Agriculture, he would have rendered his book valuable, and would not have written the chapter which we have so much reprobated. He would have paused before he gave the weight of his authority and position to the proprietary system, whilst, at the same time, recommending a continued pottering governmental intervention; he would, in a word, have remembered the doctrine of Mr. Mill upon state interference, "*laisser faire*, in short, should be the general practice; every de-

parture from it, unless required by some great public good, is a certain evil." Strike off the restrictions upon leasing which lurk in old settlements and wills, give to native agricultural industry a moderate protection, assure to the honest tenant the full value of his outlay, enable the landholder to borrow money in some such way as Mr. Scully very properly and very judiciously points out, but save us from the inflictions of jobbing valuations and vexatious government "land tribunals."

The Tenant League, as every body is aware, never had a settled plan of action; it never knew what its objects really were. It began by demanding the Ulster Tenant Right; it then, incited by Duffy and Lucas, resolved to adopt the theory advanced by the *Nation* in 1848, "That the sole and only title which can be pleaded to any right of private property in the substance of the soil, is nearly or altogether conventional," and raised the cry for a valuation and a permanent possession in the land; and now, after twelve months' shouting and slander, it has rushed to support Mr. Sharman Crawford, and has taken for its charter the bill introduced to the House of Commons in June, 1850, which was little more than an extension of the Tenant Right of Ulster to the Irish farmers generally.

We admit that Mr. Crawford is a very excellent gentleman, but we consider that he is wrong in his theory of perpetuity. He is, he says, unwilling to injure the landlord in any way. We are quite sure he is sincere in this statement, but he should remember that he is about to league himself with men who have ever tried to excite the people against the class to which he belongs—the landlords of Ireland. He should bear in mind, too, that Mr. Smith O'Brien was as honest and as disinterested as he can assume to be; and yet, through the flattery of some of Mr. Crawford's present associates, he was lured to rebellion and destruction, and deserted by a base faction, in the hour of danger. Mr. Crawford may, perhaps, remember this when Mr. Duffy shall compare him to Lafayette.*

* Has Mr. Crawford ever considered the following case?—A. leases to B. 100 acres, for 31 years. The 31 years elapse, and A. is anxious to resume possession of the land, for the purpose of setting up his son as a farmer. Although the lease has expired, although A. may be quite willing to pay B. for his improvements, yet B., having paid his rent, being able to pay future rents, is entitled to continue in possession, according to the Tenant League Fixity of Tenure dodge. A. wants the ground—it is his beyond a doubt, B.'s term having expired—but the latter takes his stand upon the Magna Charta

There is just one other subject to which, in this Postscript, we must refer. Our readers are aware that, on the 19th of August, an aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland was held at the Rotundo, for the purpose of protesting against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. With this meeting or its objects we have nothing whatever to concern ourselves; but, edited and supported, as the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW is, by gentlemen who have the high honor of being members of the Irish Bar, we think it right to offer a very few observations on an editorial article which appeared in the *Tablet* newspaper of Saturday, August 23rd. The writer, after referring to the attendance at the meeting, indulges in a series of most insolent, most insulting observations, on the absence of what he calls "the Catholic Bar," who were, he says, represented by Messrs. Vincent Scully and W. Keogh. Mr. Scully is a most excellent gentleman, and the son of one who fearlessly supported the religion which he believed oppressed, at a period when to be an indignant Roman Catholic entailed some greater inconvenience than a fit of dispepsia, induced by over-feeding at public dinners. Mr. Keogh is an eloquent and able Irishman, and to support the freedom of his faith, he comes with all the freshness and vigor which should distinguish the neophyte; but it is not with either of these gentlemen we have to do.

We object, we protest against any man, or any body of men, using the phrase "Catholic bar." There is no such thing as a Catholic bar, or a Protestant bar, or a Presbyterian bar, in this country. There are Catholic members, Protestant members, Presbyterian members of the bar; but, God forbid, that our noble profession, whilst our English rulers permit it to remain unswamped by centralization, should ever become sectarian, or acknowledge any title save that glorious one—the IRISH Bar. When Lord John Russell asserted that the Irish people were not opposed to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, all the Roman Catholic members of the Irish bar assembled, with two exceptions, and protested against the measure, lest their silence might be construed as assent. At this meeting Mr. Sergeant Howley presided, and we know, from the surest

of the League, and inquires of the bewildered owner of the soil, "DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT?" Does Mr. Crawford—do the Catholic and Presbyterian clergymen of the body, consider this a just case? It is only one of many in which the Fixity plan would be a foul wrong, a deep injustice to the landlord.

sources, that the phrase "Catholic bar" having been unintentionally used, the speaker was reminded that no such thing was known. The same Catholic members of the bar attended the first Rotundo meeting, held to protest against the bill; lawyers were then the chief speakers; and having thus fairly discharged a duty, which they considered due to the free exercise of their faith, they retired from the bustle of the platform, where, having borne themselves as gentlemen, having taken precautions that the usual slang-whangers should for once restrain their tongues, no man of another faith was outraged by reading abuse of his creed in the next day's *Freeman*. The Roman Catholic members of the Irish bar recollected they were but a section of the great body of their profession.

But this man, Lucas, not contented with endeavouring to excite disunion in our profession, has the audacity to accuse its Roman Catholic members of a dastard meanness, of a self-seeking craving spirit, which, he alleges, kept them from joining in the movement of Tuesday, the 19th of August. Does he forget the facts above stated? Does he remember that at the bar meeting men attended who have much to lose by crossing the government in its purpose? Does he know that the Irish bar is now, as it ever has been, the ally of nationality and freedom—the unrelenting foe of base and factious demagogueism? Who, upon the 28th of February, 1782, resolved to "support their representative, if necessary, with their lives and fortunes?" The Lawyers' Corps of Volunteers. Who upon the 27th of May, 1782, when the Irish people had resolved to wrest their just rights from the king of England, when College-green was filled by the armed men of Ireland, and with excited hearts, and earnest eyes, the populace thronged around the House of Parliament, when the wild shouts of an indignant nation swelled upon the viceroy's ear, fierce and terrible,

> "Like the roar of a burning forest,
> When the strong north wind blows,"

who then held the post of danger and honor? who that day formed the vanguard? The Lawyers' Corps of Volunteers. When rebellion was crushed—when the rebel was before the judge—when terror was in men's hearts, and suspicion in every mind—when the pitch-cap, and the triangle, and the gallows, were ready for the

victim, from what body came the dauntless advocate of the prisoner? From the Irish bar. Whence, in our own time, came the brilliant advocates of the Ballingarry maniacs? From the Irish bar. With true hearts, and stout arms, at one period—with honest, earnest purpose, with bright, glorious, and heroic courage, at another—with an undying, unchanging love of Ireland in all—the Irish bar has ever stood forth the foremost of the first in all national struggles; yet this is the profession slandered by a political huxter—a newspaper Bobadil—a Saxon flunkey of St. Jarlath's. We know that slander is his stock in trade; he slandered Doctor O'Donnell, Roman Catholic Bishop of Galway; he slandered Archbishop Murray; he insulted Archbishop Whateley; and he now slanders the Irish bar. We might, it is true, have passed him by, as did those gentlemen, and as did Sir Robert Kane. We might have followed the high example set us, and cried,

> "Pardon is for men,
> And not for reptiles—we have none for Steno,
> And no resentment; things like him must sting,
> And higher beings suffer; 'tis the charter
> Of life. The man who dies by the adder's fangs
> May have the crawler crush'd, but feels no anger:
> 'Twas the worm's nature; and some men are worms
> In soul, more than the living things of tombs."

We might have suffered him to lie unchecked; but we are not willing that he should attempt unopposed to sectarianize our profession—to defame or slander that last remaining remnant of our country's glorious days—THE IRISH BAR. We think there are limits beyond which no literary Swiss can be suffered to proceed, even though he were of that class described by Macaulay, as "venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bellman;" even in such a case, low as the "scribbler" may be, he is still capable of mischief, if his efforts to destroy be too long despised.

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ART. I.—THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA.

The English in America. By the Author of "Sam Slick," &c., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn, 1851.

IF any body had informed us that Keeley was announced to play Ion, or that John Parry had composed an oratorio, or that Sir Charles Wood had made a financial statement without a blunder, or if we had been told any other piece of astoundingly incomprehensible news, our astonishment could not possibly be greater than that by which we were seized upon receiving the book now before us. The author was in our minds associated with "Sister Sall," and "Father," and "the Minister," and "the Squire." We believed him to possess a power of humour and sarcasm, second only to that of Rabelais or Sydney Smith, and a genuine pathos worthy of Henry Fielding or Charles Dickens. In his particular line of literature we believed him to be unrivalled; we read with pleasure his tales of colonial life, of Yankee shrewdness, of soft-sawder working upon human nature, of well varnished clocks made only to sell, of successful, roguish ventures in timber nutmegs and wooden hams. In the volumes before us, the author breaks upon a new—and according to his method of treating the subject—untrodden ground. We hail this book with pleasure; we consider it an honor to Judge Haliburton, as by it he has proved himself to be a Christian, a scholar, a gentleman, and, in the true sense of a misused word, a patriot.

"The English in America," is the calmly-written and clearly-reasoned production of a man who is fully aware of all the bearings of his subject, and deeply impressed with the weight which must attach to a work proceeding from his well-known pen. He feels, we are sure, that his book supplies a want long felt by those who are interested in that great and wonderful people who now rule America, and who are the descendants of those hardy sectaries and unrelenting bigots who hated Royalty, and anathematised Episcopacy. Upon the everyday life of America—America bragging and boasting—America, at the play with its coat off—America, eternally tobacco chewing and spitting—America, proud of its heroes and their great deeds—America, not sufficiently ashamed of its Scadders and their *fourberies*, and bowie-knives, and revolvers; in a word, social America has been shown to us by Trollope and by Marryat. America, geological, has been laid open to us by Lyell—America, as a whole, her social, moral, free, slave, legal, executive, administrative life has been sketched for us by Mackay—America, agricultural and economical, has been exhibited by Johnston; and Mr. Haliburton places before us, fairly and impartially, the history of English rule in America. The result of that rule is humiliating, its philosophy is sad, and the warning it conveys, momentous, grave, and ominous. The book is not only a boon to the historic student; it is also filled with reflections, such as may well engage the attention of the legislating statesman. The histories which we possess of the early English settlements in America, are but the annals of separate states—they are only the petty personal histories of struggling colonists, and their want of continuity deprives them of that general interest which of right belongs to them; and our author tells us,

"A connected sketch of English 'rule and mis-rule in America,' it is hoped, may, to a certain extent, supply the deficiency, while it will correct some popular errors on the subject, and furnish valuable material for reflection, not only to those statesmen to whom our destinies are entrusted, but to those restless politicians who imagine a republican form of government suitable to the inhabitants of every country in the world.

"Warned by past failures, the former may learn, ere it be too late, to abstain from making experiments which have long since been tried and condemned; to supply deficiencies which have heretofore cost the nation so dearly, to correct abuses arising from inconsiderate concessions, and to

cherish and foster those establishments which in every stage of colonization have been the nurseries of loyalty to the monarch, and attachment to the nation. It will at least convince them that to substitute democratic for monarchical institutions is not the safest or best mode of retaining colonies, or enlisting the sympathy of their inhabitants."

The grave moral which Mr. Haliburton endeavours, all through his book, to inculcate is, that for two hundred years, the whole colonial policy of England, at least, so far as America is concerned, has been unwise and ill-considered; injurious to the colony, and destructive to the firm sway of the mother country. In the early times of the first settlers, the government looked with cold contempt, or wilful neglect, upon the emigrants; and as years passed on, and when, by stout arms and willing, they had made the colony a possession for which the crown might well be anxious, laws were enacted by parliament, repugnant to the wishes, and foreign to the peculiar customs of the settlers. When these laws were neglected or resisted, force was used to compel obedience; but the force was insufficient for its purpose, and served but to increase the insolence of the turbulent colonists, whilst it proved the weakness of the home government. Thus, year by year, the people grew strong, and the crown became powerless; every vote of money to defray the expense of the colonial government, was the price of some concession from the minister at home; and at length, the colonists learned that their connection with England, was for the advantage only of the latter; and thus they became, patently and avowedly, what they had from the earliest been silently or covertly, self-reliant and republican. Most men believe that the American Republic took its origin from the successful effort made by the colonists to resist taxation by a parliament in which they were unrepresented; but truly has Mr. Haliburton written—

"This is a very natural mistake for those persons to fall into who are not acquainted with their early history, but a republic *de facto* was first formed at Plymouth, in New England, in 1620, and another far more extensive and flourishing one was erected in Massachusetts, in the years 1628 and 1629, both which subsisted in full force for a period of more than fifty years, without submitting to the power, or acknowledging the authority of, the Parent State.

"These independent communities founded the institutions, and dissemi-

nated the democratic opinions that were subsequently adopted by the continental provinces. The former are, with some small modifications, such as are in existence there at the present day, and the latter are identical with the views of their descendants."

That the first English settlers in America were in heart republicans, cannot be denied. Their religion was democratic in its tendencies, and its practices and teachings were fanatical. When England threw off the creed of Rome, and substituted a freer, if not a wiser or truer rule of faith, men learned, amidst the conflicting opinions of wrangling theologians, that a very flattering doctrine had been started, by which each member of the Christian world might, by his own private interpretation of the Bible, form for himself a peculiar gospel and a particular creed. The more ignorant the expounder of a new faith might be, so much the more credit did he obtain, because *his* ministration must be the work of heaven, as the gospel of Christ had been originally published to the universe by poor and humble apostles. The cobbler, or the tailor, who, having saturated his mind, and clouded his limited reason, with all the grandeur of the Apocalypse, dreamed of damnation, or the beast, or the vials of wrath, and awoke secure of salvation, and commissioned, as he fancied, by Eternal Wisdom, to instruct and save the world, was followed, and revered as a prophet or a saint. Sect upon sect sprung up. God's word was tortured into a thousand meanings; and a sensual, debauched scoundrel like Hugh Peters, who had deserted his boon companions, through the subsidence of passion, or the satiety of dissolute excess, was welcomed as "a brand plucked from the burning;" was placed high in the conventicle of the sectary, and his words were heard with more attention than would be paid to the preaching of the most pious and most learned of the regular clergy. A churchman, as we all know, will not, if he can help it, suffer his adversary in religion to extend his doctrine, if it be possible to prevent it, and the Puritans having agreed, however they might differ on other points, that Episcopacy and Episcopal ordination were administrations unauthorised by Scripture, and invented by Rome, all the clergy were aroused against them, and the king and the parliament were urged to exterminate the growing heresy. In vain did the Puritans protest their love for truth—in

vain did they proclaim their loyalty—in vain did they fall back upon the reasonings of the Reformers, and demand religious freedom. They found that whilst the Church of Rome made dissent a damnable heresy, the Church of England made it a heresy equally damnable, and a treason far more atrocious. Thus, attacked on every side, hunted down by the Church, and oppressed by the government, the sectaries became martyrs—persecution made converts for them far more quickly than could have been accomplished by their preaching; they became shining lights in the martyrology of Calvinism—it is so much more easy to die for religion like a martyr, than to live for heaven like a saint. At length the chief members of the sect resolved to place themselves and their followers beyond the reach of persecution, and, knowing that the crown was anxious to see the newly-surveyed district of New England occupied, and some of the members having migrated thither, they applied to the king for a charter, which, after some delay, was granted to them; and so perfectly had they concealed their objects in their self-imposed exile, that in their charter, they were directed, as one of its conditions, to spread the gospel among the heathens. They sailed from Plymouth, and arrived in America on the 10th of November, 1620; and late in the month of December following, having found a safe harbour, and a suitable spot for a settlement, they landed, and commenced to erect a village, which, as a mark of gratitude for the kindness with which they had been treated at their port of embarkation in England, they called Plymouth. Thus was the first English colony in New England formed. Its founders were sectaries, without the courage to be fanatics; their charter was obtained by fraud; they imposed upon their friends in England by false representations, by promises which they never meant to keep, and by engagements which they never intended to perform; they bound themselves to spread a faith which they believed to be false—they fled from what they called persecution for conscience sake—they became themselves, in their adopted land, the most ruthless of all bigoted and tyrannical oppressors; and whilst paying an abject lip-homage to the king, they were the vilest, the blackest traitors that ever abused the confidence of a trusting sovereign. They wanted money, and, knowing that men's minds were at the period engaged

by three subjects—one set anxious to avoid ecclesiastical control; another, to spread the gospel amongst the savages; a third, to extend commercial pursuits—they resolved to enlist the sympathies of each class. With a ready cunning they succeeded, and then induced their partners in this society, for spreading the gospel and extending the cod fisheries, to join them in obtaining from the crown a patent, or second charter of confirmation. The manner in which they obtained it, was, to use a mild expression, ingenious. Our author thus describes it—

"It was one of the best veiled, deepest laid, and most skilfully executed schemes to be met with in history. After these three parties were engaged in the work, and had pledged their funds to forward the undertaking, they purchased from the Council of Plymouth all the territory extending from three miles north of the river Merrymack, to three miles south of Charles River, and in breadth from the Atlantic to the Southern Ocean. Their legal advisers, however, expressed some doubts as to the propriety of founding a colony on the basis of a grant from a private company of patentees, who might convey a right of property in the soil, but could not confer the jurisdiction or privilege of governing that society, which they contemplated to establish. As it was only from royal authority such powers could be derived, it became necessary for them to lose no time in making their application to the king. But how was he to be won over and cajoled? They were aware that he was open to flattery, but they knew also that he was suspicious of Low Churchmen, whom he very justly considered as little better than Dissenters; that he was surrounded by able counsellors, and alive to his own interest and that of the State. The task was a difficult one, but as its success was indispensable to their future objects, they approached it with the firmness and courage of determined men. With the most unblushing effrontery they spoke to him of their dear Mother Church in terms of great affection and regard, enlarged upon his duty to christianise the heathen, who all over the world were falling a prey to the Jesuits, while discontented Protestants were quarrelling about small matters of forms. They descanted with great apparent sincerity upon the danger of leaving the Continent open to other nations to intrude upon, and portrayed in glowing terms the vast advantages that would accrue to his Majesty's treasury from an increase of commerce. The king was delighted to find that the doubts he had entertained of the loyalty and orthodoxy of some of the company were groundless, and the offer to extend the limits of his dominions, to plant his Church in America, and, by stimulating commerce, to add to his revenue (which was very inadequate to his wants), was too agreeable to be refused. A charter of confirmation was, therefore, granted to his loving subjects, dated 4th of March, 1628."

Having thus attained their object, the colonists continued the old plans of religious bigotry and secret treason; but finding themselves hampered by the provisions of the charter, which bound them to make no laws repugnant to those of England, they resolved to take the bold step of removing it surreptitiously to Massachusetts. They argued, with all the casuistry of their Calvinism, that loyalty is local; they reasoned that,

"From actual residence within any government, there naturally arose an obligation to submit to the laws and authority thereof. But birth was no necessary cause of allegiance. The subjects of any prince or nation had a perfect right to remove to any other state or part of the world, unless their own country were weakened or exposed by such removal, and even in that case if they were deprived of liberty of conscience it would justify a separation, and upon their departure their co-relative obedience determined and ceased altogether. The country to which they were about to remove was claimed and possessed by absolute princes, whose title to the lordship and sovereignty thereof had been acknowledged by kings of England, by purchasing some portion of their territory; this they also proposed to do, and then they would stand in their place, as original and independent proprietors of the soil. It was obvious, therefore, they said, that as their migration from England would terminate their necessary civil subjection, their patent would be a great protection, not merely from foreign aggression, but from the king himself; for at most it would only create a voluntary sort of dependence, and if any question should arise as to its nature and extent, it must be decided by the document itself. Their situation, and that of the people of London, it was argued, was widely different. The compact between the sovereign and the inhabitants of that city, as contained in its charter, was not the origin of their allegiance, but their actual residence, and so soon as any of them removed out of the kingdom, that necessary subjection immediately changed its nature, and became optional."

After the removal of the charter, the first General Court was held in Boston, on the 19th of October, 1630, and then the purloined document was produced, and read. This, as we understand it, was the real establishment of republicanism in America. The settlers had left their father-land through hatred of the Church, they had stolen away the charter through a dislike to the king, and they founded a democratic government through a hatred of the two Houses of Parliament. These same dislikes their descendants cherished to the last moment of British rule: they were the excit-

ing topics in the speeches of Patrick Henry—they were the chief sources of Franklin's determination—they nerved the arms of the rebellious soldiers of Bunker's Hill—they forced Washington from the loved quietude of his humble home, and sent him to the field from which he returned illustrious, with all the glory of a conquering hero, and all the power of a mighty ruler, had it pleased him to assume it. The history of this settlement is full of deep and grave instruction for the statesman of our day—the minds, and feelings, and hopes, and wishes of those who yearly now pass in thousands from the Irish shore to the Canadas and New Brunswick, with heartfelt curses, deep and terrible, upon English rule in Ireland, are, as we believe, analogous in a very ominous degree to those which filled the breasts of the first settlers in Massachusetts.

Having set themselves up as an independent state, they elected a governor, a deputy, and four assistants, with the same power as justices of the peace in England; having no statute book to guide them, they selected the Bible as a code; they would not acknowledge the royal authority, as they held the people supreme, and not the king, and in the oaths of the justices, the king's name was struck out, the oath of allegiance was laid aside, and one of fidelity to the local government substituted; the royal arms were not warranted in Scripture, and the royal colors were likewise objectionable—to substitute new ones would be treason—but their form was changed and their identity destroyed. The cross was struck from the standard as a Popish superstition; drinking healths at table was abolished, in the hope that in this way drinking, "The King, God bless him," would grow into disuse; and finally, in 1652, silver money, shillings, sixpennies, and three-pennies were struck off in large quantities. Each piece was encircled by a double ring, the inscription, "Massachusetts," with a native tree (pine), emblematical of the country, on one side, and the words "New England, A. D. 1652," on the other. These pieces were coined and circulated during thirty years, always, however, bearing the same date.*

* After the Restoration, Sir T. Temple, who had lived some years in New England, and was a Puritan, upon his return to England was sent for by the king, who spoke with great anger against the colony. Sir Thomas said the people there knew little about law, and thought they might make money for their own use, and, taking one of the coins from his pocket,

During the reign of Charles I. the colonists had been turbulent and disloyal; they had, as we have seen, broken each article of their charter; they had left their native land to find a refuge amongst the heathens, and proclaimed themselves sufferers for conscience sake. Their charter required them to throw open the settlement to all classes and all religions of the subjects of the crown of England. They drove out the Episcopalians; they oppressed the Roman Catholics in Maryland, who had received them in a friendly and liberal spirit; they would permit, in Massachusetts, no marriage, no baptism, no funeral service, unless the ceremony was performed after the manner of their own peculiar worship, and the unoffending Quakers were the first objects of their vindictiveness. Mr. Haliburton writes—

"Without entering into the heart-rending details of the cruelties practised upon them, it is merely sufficient to state what enactments were made against them. One of the first imposed a penalty of £100 upon the master of any vessel who should bring a known Quaker into any part of the colony, and required him to give security to carry him back again; in the meantime, the unfortunate man was sent to the house of correction, and whipped twenty stripes, and afterwards kept at hard labour, until transportation. They also laid a fine of £5 for importing, and the like sum for dispensing, their doctrinal books, and for defending their heretical opinions. The next year, an additional law was made, by which all persons were subjected to the penalty of forty shillings for every hour's entertainment given to any known member of the sect; and any Quaker, after the first conviction, if a man, was to lose one ear, and the second time, the other; a woman, each time to be severely whipped, and the third time, man or woman, to have their tongues bored through with a red-hot iron; and every one who should become a convert in the colony was subjected to the like punishment. Afterwards, a fine of ten shillings was laid on every person present at any of their meetings, and £5 upon any one speaking there."

As might be expected, having despised governors and parliaments, the Puritans of New England hailed with delight the success of their party in the old country; they gloried in the beheading of

handed it to the king. The pine tree on the coin had a large, flat top. Charles asked what tree it was, and Sir Thomas, with a quickness and duplicity worthy of his creed, said it was the royal oak which had preserved his Majesty's life. This put the king in a good humour, and he dismissed Temple, calling the Puritans, "a parcel of honest dogs."

Charles, and in the final triumph of Cromwell. They sent Hugh Peters to England for the purpose of hastening on the rebellion; their preachers harangued against the court; but even with Cromwell and their co-religionists in power, they still resolved to stand by their own independence of the mother country. They refused to join England in the war with Holland; they declined making common cause with Cromwell against the Manhattan settlements, stating it was more agreeable to the Gospel of Peace, and safest for the provinces, to forbear the use of the sword; but to show their respect for his Highness the Protector, they gave *permission to the commanders of his forces to enlist* 500 *volunteers within the State.* It is worthy of remark, as it shows the care with which settlements should be formed, and the attention which should be paid to mixing persons of different political opinions in the same colony, that whilst Massachusetts was lost to the king, at the very outset of the civil war, Virginia was the last State to lay down its arms in the crown's defence, and the first to replace the royal standard at the Restoration—Barbadoes, Antigua, and Bermuda were also loyal; and to revenge themselves upon those States for their faith to the royal party, the Parliament directed that foreign ships should not trade at these loyal and refractory provinces.

From first to last, these Puritan States were opposed to the sway of England. They hardly acknowledged the king at the Restoration; and so insolent did they become, that a commission was sent out to report upon the condition of the provinces. The authority of the commissioners was despised; they found the trade and navigation laws, such as they were, neglected; the council refused to obey their commands, and, finally, a *Quo Warranto* was issued. The council sent home a memorial against it, and further, resolved to avail themselves of the want of formal notice of its service. This objection was held bad, judgment was entered upon the *Quo Warranto*, in Trinity Term, 1684: a copy reached Boston on the 3rd July, 1685, and put an end to the government of Massachusetts.

Mr. Haliburton, as we think, has treated these first settlers with full and fair justice. Their virtues, were the virtues of the English race, their vices were peculiarly their own; they had all the faults

and virtues which, to this day, distinguish America. They bought the neighbouring land when they could do so; if unable to purchase, they seized it upon a clever pretext. They paid a lip-worship to freedom, but they would suffer no faith in Christ but that which they themselves held. Is not the purchase of Georgia—is not the seizure of Texas—is not the invasion, the unchecked invasion, of Cuba, a proof of our first statement? and as for the lip-worship of freedom, look to slavery; as for religious liberty, is the Roman Catholic safe in Philadelphia? is not the Episcopalian often insulted? is not the Mormon outraged, his property plundered, or burned, his life insecure? and all this in a land of liberty. Truly, the history of New England, is but the history of America in our day—a great, a mean, a wonderful, a despicable, a brave, a bragging, boasting nation. Of the colonists, Mr. Haliburton writes—

"Their faults were engendered by the age in which they lived, their seclusion from the world, the severity of their morals, and the confused and imperfect knowledge they had of the relative obligations of the Old and New Testament; and as it would be manifestly unjust to omit those circumstances that palliated or accounted for their conduct, so, on the other hand, the narrative would be equally incomplete if no mention were made of their glaring inconsistencies. By quitting the reformed and pristine Church of England to which they belonged, they gave up fixed principles for the unsettled licence of that unmeaning term, Protestantism, and decent and necessary ceremonies, for an exemption from all order and established observances. They measured what they were by what they were not; and, as they protested against the errors of Popery, very complacently assumed that the whole Roman Church was a vast and complicated error, and that whatever she did not believe, practise, or enforce—and that only—was primitive. In their pious horror of its unauthorised assumptions, they adopted a system that consisted of nothing else but human inventions. They resisted a prelate with disdain, for the Pope was a bishop. They suppressed confirmation, transferred ordination to the brethren, and marriage to the civil magistrate; and, as prelatic clergy bowed in reverence, and kneeled in supplication, they abolished both as superstitious, and voted to stand up boldly before their Maker, and plead guilty or not guilty like men. They did not think it Scriptural to call the Apostles saints, who were unlettered men like Congregationalists (with no other possible advantages but the accidental one of being inspired), but they thought it by no means superstitious to appropriate the designation to themselves, or to regard old women as witches, and consistent with religion to execute them. They denied the authority of the General Council, composed of learned

divines, but they established synods, consisting of men who compensated for their want of erudition by their superior gifts of extemporaneous preaching. They maintained the right of private judgment in religion, but they hanged Quakers; for it was manifest that they who differed from them had no judgment whatever. Determined to limit the authority of the clergy, they elected and ordained them themselves, and gave them to understand that the same power that made could discharge them. They then, with singular inconsistency, invested them with privileges that made them infinitely more despotic than those of any Church in the world. They emigrated, they said, to avoid persecution: more than fifty years elapsed before the Church of England could compel them to be tolerant."

The laws of those early settlers were well adapted for the peculiar manner in which they lived, and formed a strange jumble of rules, half made up of the stern precepts of the Old Testament, and the soul-persuading teachings of the New. Our author writes—

"Whilst they were without a code or body of laws, their sentences seem to have been adapted to the circumstances of a large family of children and servants, as will appear from the following, which, from amongst many others of the same sort, I have extracted from the public records:

"'John Blastowe, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, is ordered to return them eight baskets, to be fined five pounds, and hereafter to be called by the name of Josiah, instead of Mr., as formerly.' 'Sergeant Perkins is ordered to carry forty turfs to the fort for being drunk.' 'Captain Lovell to be admonished to take heed of light carriage.' 'Thomas Petit for *suspicion* of slander, idleness, and stubbornness, to be severely whipped and kept in bold.' 'Catherine, the wife of Richard Cornish, found *suspicious* of incontinency, seriously admonished to take heed.'

"The Connecticut laws, which were framed and executed by people vastly inferior in ability and education to those of Massachusetts, are conspicuous for their harshness as well as their absurdity:

"'No. 17. No one shall run of a sabbath-day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from church.'

"'No. 18. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath-day.'

"'No. 19. No husband shall kiss his wife, and no mother shall kiss her child upon the Sabbath-day.'

"'No. 31. No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or Saints' days, make mince pies, dance, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, the trumpet, and the Jews' harp.'

"Equality of condition was secured by a law regulating the descent and distribution of the real and personal property of intestates. The exclusive claim of any one heir was not listened to, but an equal division was made

among all, reserving only to the eldest son a double portion, to reward him for his labour and assistance in acquiring the estate, and to enable him to stand in *loco parentis* to the family when deprived of its natural guardian. This fundamental law in a country where people generally marry early and have numerous children, effectually destroys the natural tendency of property to accumulate in the hands of a few. Hereditary claims were also rejected, their public officers being all annually chosen from the body of freemen without regard to distinctions. Old associations and early prejudices in favour of rank and fortune, though theoretically disclaimed, were not inoperative at first in the choice of the Governor and Assistants; but they gradually gave way to the principles they had laid down for themselves, and in time, station or family connections were found to be aristocratical barriers to public favour. At an early date perfect equality was aimed at. Not more than half a dozen gentlemen took the title of Esquire, nor more than four or five out of a hundred freemen that of Mr., although they were, in general, men of substance. Goodman and Goodwife were the common appellation. Destroying the distinctions of rank, conferring equal rights on all the freemen, and sanctioning a distribution of real estates among the children of intestates, were the foundation and support of the first, as they now are of the second, American Republic."

From the revocation of the charter to the final overthrow of the British power in America, the history of the colony is one continued series of blunders, petty squabbles, and ignorant misrule. Governors were sent out who were totally unacquainted with the conditions and the wants of the people, and when well informed upon those points, they were unable or unwilling to suggest or carry out the necessary reforms. Inured to warfare with the Indians and the French, the colonists were soldiers before they were freemen. Shrewd and far-seeing, they well understood the statesmanship which used them but as instruments to swell the revenue of the mother country. They had ever objected to taxation upon their imports—they had been in effect free from the control of the crown; and the Parliament, being blessed with statesmen like our Lord Grey at present, acted with weakness, or unnecessary harshness, and, as was natural, the people threw off the foreign yoke at the very first favourable moment.

The new States which had sprung up after the settlement of Massachusetts were all, as they fancied, injured and oppressed by the new charter; a deeper hatred of England became fixed in their

hearts, that hatred they transmitted to their descendants, and it was only appeased when the British bayonets were driven from the blood-stained breastworks of Bunker's Hill. Mr. Haliburton writes—

"It must be admitted, that it is difficult for loyal colonists to look back upon the annals of those revolted provinces, without the deepest regret, and the most humiliating mortification. That the task of reviewing a series of absurd, negligent, and illegal acts of needy governors and ignorant boards of control, all terminating in discreditable miscarriages and defeats, is too painful even to be attempted by English statesmen, is manifest from the fact that it has given neither prudence to their measures, wisdom to their councils, nor vigour to their conduct. When the independence of the old colonies was acknowledged, an immense number of despatches from several governors were found in the public archives unopened. The pen had been laid aside in despair for the sword, and both were disgraced by imbecility. It is to be feared that the provincial history, every page of which is filled with valuable instruction, has shared the same fate as the official correspondence, and remained unread. A natural or accidental defect of vision is an infirmity well entitled to commiseration, but a statesman who disdains the labour of research, and remains wilfully blind, is a criminal on whom expulsion or censure impose no adequate punishment.

"Unhappily merit is not always the passport to office. Party convenience or family interest, parliamentary influence or successful intrigue, too often elevate men to important stations, who, from vanity, ignorance, or want of principle, are utterly unable to discharge their duties. Sad indeed is the condition of a people when such is the temper of those who govern them. This, however, is an evil that no revolution can ever cure; and it would seem to be a law of our nature, that we must depend on the lottery of life for the selection of our rulers. It has indeed become a parliamentary maxim, that Provincials must be content to have their work "coarsely and roughly done;" inasmuch as a colonial minister, who has never crossed the Atlantic, cannot, in the nature of things, be supposed to know much about the young and vigorous empire committed to his charge. It is difficult to pronounce our opinion on the state of an invalid without visiting him. But when not only the disease, but its seat and its symptoms are differently represented, he who ventures to prescribe is generally found to be bold in proportion to his ignorance."

We do not agree with Mr. Haliburton in his estimate of the American constitution. It has defects which must in time lead to dismemberment. Whilst vast territories lie unclaimed about it—whilst population is scanty—whilst the world is at peace, and no

European nation is interested in sowing the seeds of discord in the Union—whilst this state of things exists, no doubt America will continue an undivided nation; but as the South finds, as it is discovering every day, that the North is a drag upon its resources, that the cry against slavery is growing louder, that the advancement of New York is not the aggrandizement or benefit of the Carolinas, or of Georgia—and when England, or France, or, in time, Russia may find it advantageous that the States should no longer continue united, then will the Union crumble, and crumble through that federalisation, which now apparently adds to its stability.

A few more aggressions such as that on Cuba, or a few organizations such as that "for the liberation of Ireland" in 1848, or a series of intermeddlings like that for the freedom of Smith O'Brien, and America will become a pestilent nuisance to the governments of Europe, who must bind her by treaties to act as a civilized state, rather than as the Robin Hood of nations; and failing in this, must crush her at any cost, or be rough-ridden or dictated to by a President, who may be but the deputy of all the vagrant rascality of the world. We know that the American Whigs—that Webster and his friends—must ever win respect for themselves and honor for their country, but what can they do against the Democratic rabble, and universal suffrage? Who gets up humbug meetings to "liberate Ireland from the Saxon yoke?"—The Democratic party. Who raises the anti-rent cry?—The Democratic party. Who shouts that America should interfere in Cuba, or in any other place, wishing to be freed from kingly rule?—The Democratic party. Who calls meetings to hear cowardly scoundrels, or drunken loafing slang-whangers from Ireland, mouthing about liberty and Smith O'Brien? —The Democratic party. Who talks of crushing "the bloody old British Empire"—forgetting that America, has but a population of 23,000,000, the 3,000,000 being slaves, and the 20,000,000 pretty much divided in opinion as to whether the union of the States should be preserved—who talks thus madly?—The Democratic party. Who talks about "our glorious navy," forgetting that it is half manned by British seamen?—The Democratic party—the Democratic party, who will ruin America by ignorant bluster and brutal violence.*

* Our own people are about the worst of this class, and they are so foolish that they in general follow the advice of a vulgar truculent dema-

We do not quite agree with Mr. Haliburton in his estimate of the great perfection of the American constitution. It was for many years the custom, if the Presidents were of the Whig party, to elect Vice-Presidents from the Democratic rubbish. This very injurious practice is now abandoned, but the Vice-President is still in a position which acts most detrimentally on the interests of the Union. He knows nothing whatever of the intentions of the President and his Council; he is in fact looked on as a species of necessary evil—a feeling of ill-will grows up between him and the members of the administration, and when, as has on two or three occasions happened, the President has died during his term of office, the Vice-President has assumed the post with quite other intentions than those of his predecessor, and has very unceremoniously dismissed the Council. There is another very injurious practice in the constitution—that which deprives the heads of the different departments of seats in the House of Representatives or in the Senate. Fancy Sir George Grey and Lord Palmerston, incapable, as holding office, of sitting in the House of Commons, and trusting the defence of their measures to Lord Marcus Hill, or Mr. Tufnell, after Disraeli had played Jupiter Tonans, and demolished some Whig absurdity—yet, bad as this state of things would undoubtedly be, it is just the custom, as directed by the constitution, which prevails in America. As to the

gogue like Doheny, or of a needy adventurer such as Magee, who first abuses his own clergy, the Catholic, and finding Archbishop Hughes more than his match, then turns round, like a false whipped hound, to lick their feet. A Whig—the Whigs are the Conservatives of America—friend of ours, had an Irish groom named Pat Malley—the latter was, of course, a Democrat; at the last election, our friend, who lives a short distance from Philadelphia, wished to go into town for the purpose of voting, and he accordingly told Pat to get the horses ready. "Might I be bould to ax your honour if it's to the polls (the hustings) ye'r goin'?" said Pat. "Yes," replied the master. "An' I suppose, ye'r honour 'ill be voting the Whig ticket?" continued Pat. "Yes," said his master. "Well, ye'r honour, we'll not wear out the horses' shoes, for ye'r vote wont be any good at all at all, because if you vote the Whig ticket, upon my soukins, I'll go the Democratic, and ye see it will be a dead vote, for mine will kill yours." The horses were not brought out, for Pat was right; he understood the value of the beautiful institution, "Universal Suffrage"—it means that men who have nothing to lose, make laws for those who have all at stake. The Roman Catholic clergy in America are in a very disagreeable position, owing to universal suffrage and the Democratic party. If they vote with the Whigs, their flocks (the greater part being Democrats) say the priests are deserting them; if the priest votes with the Democrats, he knows he is serving neither his faith nor the interests of the country.

short period for which the President holds his office, all sensible Americans agree that it must be changed eventually; and if any thing can injure the States, and shake the Union to its very foundation, it is that point in the constitution which directs, that if both Houses approve of a bill, and they send it to the President, he shall, if he disapprove of it, return it to the House in which it originated, stating his reasons, and his objections to the measure; if, after reconsideration of the bill, two-thirds of the members in each House adhere to their former votes, the bill becomes law, notwithstanding the President's veto. This rule has always seemed an anomaly to us. Why give the President a veto at all, unless it be binding upon the Congress? The rule says, in effect, the President shall have a veto on the proceedings of Congress, so long as he shall agree with the majority; but the moment he shall presume to think for himself, that moment he shall become a mere cypher.

The judges in America, Mr. Haliburton thinks, are a more exalted body than those of England, because they are nominated by the President, and approved or rejected by the Senate. Has Mr. Haliburton heard that political partizanship has much to do with these same nominations and approvals? Has he ever heard that a Democratic President always presents a Democratic lawyer, and that this Democratic lawyer is certain of being approved by the Democratic Senate; and these facts apply to Whig Presidents and Whig Senates. The whole judicial system of America is one chain of partizanship. The inferior judges in the different States are, as every man who is at all acquainted with America knows, only appointed after political party services, and long and anxious canvassing. We remember well, that during the Native American, or Anti-Catholic, riots in Philadelphia, and during the inquiry afterwards held, lawyers who hoped for office, and had been all their lives the most rampant bigots, made themselves the partizans of the Roman Catholics, thereby expecting to secure the Irish vote; and it was afterwards clearly proved that these same lawyers, and would-be-judges, had played their Catholic clients false. Who that reads the State Trials of England will not be proud of the courage, and learning, and coolness of Hale, of Mansfield, and of Ellenborough? Who is there that knows the honorable paths by which the present

judges have risen to their high positions, that will not admire the English system of appointments? Who is there aware of these things, and recollecting the "nomination and approval" lauded by Mr. Haliburton, that will not say with us, *Nolumus Mutari?**

The chief merit, in our estimation, of the book before us, lies in its sound and just remarks, its sober and well considered opinions upon the very grave question of the policy and design of British rule in Canada. Upon the mere abstract ethics of statesmen, the wisest men may differ, but upon the practical executive and administrative government, there can be no possible doubt where the plan has been fairly tested. Mr. Haliburton, it seems to us, is peculiarly adapted to write, and to write with weight and authority, upon the subject of Canadian government. He has lived long in the colony, he is intimately acquainted with the hopes, the prospects, and the condition of the colonists, he is a judge of great learning and ability, therefore, we consider that few men are capable of bringing to bear upon the question so profound a knowledge, or an insight so deep.

As most persons are aware, at the conclusion of the American war of independence two provinces—Nova Scotia and Canada—remained in the possession of England. To the former of these Mr. Haliburton does not devote his book at all, but refers entirely to the more important settlement, Canada; and as we are anxious that our readers should understand the question fully, a short sketch of English rule in the colony may not be misplaced.

By the treaty of peace made in the year 1763, Canada was ceded to the Crown of England, and its French inhabitants who were willing to remain in the country, were secured in the possession of their property, and in the full and free discharge of their religion. A few months afterwards a royal proclamation was issued, the seat of government was fixed at Quebec, and the people of Great Britain and Ireland were invited to emigrate. All persons going to the colony were assured of the royal protection; they were to have the benefit and enjoyment of the laws of England, and all civil and

* To the legal reader, we strongly recommend Mr. Mackay's "Western World." His chapter on the judicial system of America is extremely well and carefully written.

criminal cases were to be heard and adjudicated upon, agreably to the constitution of the mother country. This proclamation is as clear as words can make it; and further, General Amherst, when requested to continue to the French Canadians the old laws and usages, most positively refused, and stated that all the inhabitants of Canada should be ruled and bound by the laws of England. The officers and soldiers who had served against the Americans, were in many instances presented with plots of land on which to settle, and thus the government hoped to form a defensive power in the colony, by means of which the stability of English possession would be rendered more secure. Thus it appears that certain promises were made to the French settlers, certain other promises were held out to the English colonists; but the promises, so far as related to the English, were almost all forgotten, the laws were changed to suit the wishes of the French, and in the year 1775, it was enacted, that the English laws and practice of the courts should be annulled, and Mr. Haliburton states—

"This flagrant violation of the promises held out in the proclamation, and of the terms upon which the people of British origin had settled there, filled them with dismay. They felt that they had the wretched choice presented to them of abandoning their property, or of remaining in a miserable minority, to be ruled and governed by foreigners, whose favour could only be conciliated by their forgetting their country, their language, and their religion as soon as possible, and becoming Frenchmen."

That the English settlers had every reason to feel indignant no reasonable man can deny; and a few years later, the constitution of the colony was so formed, that the French law was almost the only one in use, and by the trickery of the French, the English settlers became in the colonial parliament a miserable minority. Upper and Lower Canada were made separate states, Quebec and Montreal were handed over to the French; thus the English, or Upper Canadians, were cut off from all communication with England, except such as the Lower Canadians, or the Americans of the States, wished to afford, and the records of the courts and the rolls of parliament were directed to be kept in the French language. The evil did not rest at this point. The French Canadians were the most ill-educated of all the American people. Few could read or write; they were idle and

listless; they followed the dictations of their political leaders, or obeyed the directions of the clergy, they never judging for themselves; and when the Assembly met on the 17th December, 1792, the representation having been based on population, the house consisted of thirty-five French, and fifteen English members, and a speaker was elected, who admitted his entire inability to express himself in the English language. This was the first false step taken in England's government of Canada, and taken too with the full knowledge of the fact, that when Louisiana, inhabited by Frenchmen, was admitted into the confederation of the United States, it was specially directed that all minutes and records should be made exclusively in the English language, the language of the States.

The French party being thus in power, they lost no opportunity of extending their influence; this they were with great facility enabled to accomplish, through the agency of the parliament, in which, within a very short period, the English Canadians had but three representatives. They attacked the judges, they insulted the Governors, they inveighed against the Crown. For forty years this state of things continued, but the sole object of England seemed to consist in an anxiety to show her alien subjects, that they, and not her own people, were the masters of the colony. In the year 1832, every grievance of which they could complain was redressed; but in 1834, the Parliament told the Governor, Lord Aylmer, that their grievances had increased, and at that period consisted of ninety-two complaints, which they embodied in a series of resolutions demanding redress. This document is one of the most absurd and impudent papers ever presented to a Viceroy. The ninety-two complaints were, some false and some personal, some praised political friends in England, some abused those who were supposed enemies, some repeated former complaints which had been redressed, and the result of all was, that the Frenchified Canadian Assembly would be satisfied only with independence. They refused to support the colonial government by a money vote till their demands were granted; and Papineau declared, "the people of this country are now preparing themselves for a future state of political existence, which I trust will be neither a monarchy nor an aristocracy." For five years no supplies had been voted; there was no power to make laws, no means

of paying those who administered the old ones; schools were neglected; the roads, the bridges, and the jails were unrepaired; and finally, disorganization extended every where, and ripened at length into a fierce, but unsuccessful rebellion. Truly has Mr. Haliburton written:—

"This rebellion had scarcely been put down, when Lord Durham was appointed with extraordinary powers to complete the pacification.

"On this part of the history of Canada it is needless to dwell. It has proved a failure, not from a deficiency of power, but from want of conduct, in the dictator. Instead of assembling around him a council of the most influential and best informed men in the colony, according to the evident spirit of the act, and his instructions, he thought proper to appoint to that responsible situation officers attached to his houshold, or perfect strangers, with the magnanimous view, as he said, of assuming the whole responsibility of his own measures. But alas! that which is a mere mistake in a statesman, is often an irretrievable misfortune to a whole people.

"I have now shown that after the conquest of Canada, it was governed by English laws; that the royal proclamation invited British subjects to remove there; and promised them the protection and enjoyment of those laws; but that in violation of that promise, in order to conciliate the French, their legal code was substituted in their place; while an injudicious division of the province was made, in consequence of which it became a Gallic and not a British colony. We have seen that by these means, and by permitting the recording language of their parliament to be French, they were kept a distinct people, and that they always had an overwhelming majority of members of their own origin in the legislature, who were distinguished by an anti-commercial and anti-British feeling, which had been gradually growing with the growth of the country until they were in a condition to dictate terms to Government. If this part of the review could be followed into detail, it would be found that this feeling was manifested by the manner in which they have constantly resisted local assessments, and made commerce bear every provincial expenditure—in the way they neutralized the electoral privileges of the voters of British origin—in the continuance of the oppressive tenure of the feudal law—in taxing emigrants from the mother country, and them only—in their attempts to wrest the crown-land from Government—in their attack on the Canada company, and the introduction of settlers by them—in their opposition to a system of registry—in their mode of temporary legislation—in their refusal to vote supplies, and in the whole tenor of their debates and votes. It will be also found that the policy of every government, whether Tory or Whig, was conciliatory, and every reasonable change required (with many very unreasonable ones) was conceded to them; and strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless an undeniable fact, that the only party who had reason to complain, were the inured and traduced loyalists."

But what is English government now in Canada? Is it stronger? Are its interests more cared for? Is the English name more respected? Is the Governor in a more secure position, and has he power to discharge his duty for the advantage of his Sovereign? Not one of these questions can be answered in the affirmative for England. The Governor is deprived of patronage, which is given to the loudest brawler of the Assembly; his power of a veto is worth nothing. Owing to "responsible government," if he do well he gets no credit, if his council do ill, he receives all the blame. His duty is to keep up a smiling face, and a well filled table, and to sign his name to state documents when desired so to do by his French Canadian masters in the Council. The rebels who fought hardest against England have been petted, and rewards and premiums have been held out to hungry agitators. The laws are no longer submitted to England for approval, and the present Governor is a well-meaning man, unfitted for his office; married to a French Canadian, he always remembers the deep moral of Virgil's line,

> "Infelix, qui non sponsæ præcepta furentis
> Audierit."

But what is the remedy for this state of things? Thus Mr. Haliburton advises:—

"It is clear that one of two things must be done; either the former checks, so incautiously removed, must be at once restored, or further concessions made to invest the different branches of the Legislature with independent action. Either too much has been done or too little. To retrace one's steps is humiliating as well as difficult. The pride of man revolts at an acknowledgment of error or ignorance; and power, when once parted with, is not easily recovered. Progression is safer, and more agreeable. To give due weight and influence to the Upper House, its members must not receive their appointment from a political leader, but directly from the Crown or from the people. If it must be from the latter, then since they are to represent the upper class of society in the province, let that class select them. Make the property-qualification of the elector so considerable, as to ensure the exercise of discretion and judgment in the electors; and to impart character, stability, and authority to the members, let the property-qualification of the candidate be still higher than that of the voter, and let the term of service be not less than ten years at least. Restore to the Queen's representative some of his authority, and assign to him some duties to perform; and suffer him to be in reality, what he now nominally is, the Governor. Such an arrangement would elevate the

whole character of the Legislature, and acquire for it the respect and obedience of the whole people; thus each branch of the provincial Parliament would be independent in its action."

With regard to annexation we cannot fully agree in all the views of our author. We do not see that the Canadians have any just grounds of complaint against England, so far as enabling the colony to cultivate its resources. The Welland Canal, between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, has been constructed at the expense of £1,500,000. On improving and constructing canals, from the upper lakes to the Atlantic, £3,000,000 have been expended, and thus the vast extent of the St. Lawrence has been thrown open to the colonists, and taxation is nearly ten times higher in the States than in Canada. It is not the people, those who make up the money-paying population of Canada, who wish for annexation. It is the loud-talking demagogue, the aspiring lawyer, who may hope to rise to a position in Congress, if Canada were incorporated with the Union, whilst in the English parliament he can never expect to take his seat. The Roman Catholics, too, are anxious to shake off the rule of England, and we think unwisely. "In America," said a Roman Catholic prelate of the States to us a short time since, "the Catholic is not as free as in Ireland or England. If I walk through the streets of Philadelphia, and other towns, I will probably be called, 'Priest,' in derision, by the women and children passing. The changing one's religion in the States, from Catholic to Protestant, is often brought about by a desire to get into better society. The Wesleyans despise us, and the Baptists hate us; and we have a continual struggle with our flocks to prevent their running into all the follies of the Democratic party." This, it must be confessed, is not a very enticing prospect; and although Mr. Haliburton seems to hold the opinion, that eventually America must become Roman Catholic, we think there is, for the present at least, a truer freedom for the members of that faith in Canada than in the Union. We have given the words of a Roman Catholic prelate; we now give the opinion of Mr. Haliburton—

"In America they know that the natural course of events will ultimately put them in possession of the government. Their language, therefore, is

more guarded, and their conduct more circumspect; but still no public man can safely resist them. Whatever party they patronise must succeed; and if that party expect to retain office, it must, as far as is compatible with the present Constitution, gratify their wishes. If there be any meaning in terms or definitions, a republican form of government is one that is built on the independent exercise by every individual of his own judgment. It is obvious, then, that if the head of a Church like that of Rome, can command, on any popular question, a million or two of votes, a power is brought to bear upon the administration of the country, totally at variance with its institutions, and that, as that power increases, the chief ecclesiastic, whether he be a Cardinal or Archbishop, will gradually direct the affairs of the nation. In the meantime its fate and destiny, if not controlled, are at least most materially affected.

"In the ephemeral experiment now trying in France, this power of the priesthood has been already sensibly felt, in her extraordinary intervention in the affairs of Rome; by which, after founding a republic at the expense of the blood of thousands of her subjects, she exhibited the sincerity of her love of freedom by crushing the first effort of the Italians to follow her example. That this body now exerts a powerful influence in the United States is most certain; and that it is likely to increase and greatly preponderate is more than probable; to assert broadly, however, that such a result is inevitable, would be, to say the least of it, presumptuous."

We agree most fully with the author in his estimate of European Republics; he thinks no country of the Old World adapted for such an institution as that on which America so prides herself. France cannot learn common sense—England is too strong, and too self-reliant; she can alter her constitution, she need never overturn it—so great, so wise, so time-tried, and so time-proved. America alone, of all the universe, could so long endure her Republic. As the author states—

"America was prepared for her republic from her earliest childhood; trained, educated and practised in democracy, and knew of nothing else but by report. How widely spread, how deeply laid, how well constituted, must those institutions have been, to have enabled her to receive the countless thousands of the lowest refuse of European ignorance and degradation, without injury or danger. But she had room for them, they were not shut up in cities to engender fears and famine; but were consigned at once to the canals, railroads, tunnels, mines, bridges, and other public and private works, which engrossed and required the whole labour of the people. If this stream of immigration had been limited to one channel it would have burst its bounds, and submerged a whole state. It was widely diffused over

the entire country, and was instantly absorbed like a summer's shower. England, on the contrary, is filled to the brim, and has opened every sluice of emigration to relieve herself of her redundant population."

We trust these volumes may be read extensively and thoughtfully. They are not the outpourings of party, nor are they written to support a faction, or pander to a Ministry. The author was, like many other men, a very sincere admirer of the late Sir Robert Peel, until he proved himself to be a coward in politics, and a charlatan in statesmanship. The book before us gives the Whigs all the credit they deserve—they may have meant well; but if the Canadas shall be lost to the crown, what Minister, though cursed by all the rashness of a Russell, will dare to tell the nation, "It is true one of our best colonies is taken from us, but our dear Lord Grey meant to govern it well, and upon his own wise principles!" The Cape, in effect, is lost to us—Van Diemen's Land is in something the same condition; and Mr. Haliburton, anxious to save one possession if possible, shows us the true position of the Canadas, explains the evils of our colonial system, points out the remedies by which these evils may be counteracted, that thus the rule of "The English in America," may be something better than a history of the blunders, the follies, and the ignorant temerity of colonial secretaries. We do not expect statesmanship from the Whigs; a smiling assumption of it we look for from Lord Palmerston; but who is there amongst the whole "ruck" of the Treasury Bench, with the slightest claim to the title statesman. Five years ago the government was told that the Cape would be lost, or could be preserved only by a ruinous expenditure, unless the natives were driven beyond a certain district, one extremity of which should be the Fish River, and the other the Orange River. This advice was unheeded; the blatant folly of Exeter Hall and the Bible Society, had more weight than all the experienced teaching of old colonists; the natives were suffered to remain around our settlements for the convenience of the missioners, who made them bad savages and drunken Christians. Roguery and debauchery served to keep the Caffres in our territory, and after years of labour, we find our troops engaged in a war with blood-thirsty savages; and all our statistics prove, that civilization and syphilis have advanced with a melancholy equality. Thus

we have succeeded with the natives—the boors and English settlers we have alienated for ever. Van Diemen's Land is shaken in its loyalty likewise, and the Catholic French Canadians have shown their regard for England by burning the national flag on the public square of Montreal, when the intelligence was received that the Queen had signed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. By this same bill—by the petulant letter of Lord John Russell—one-third of her Majesty's subjects have been goaded into a spirit of fierce hatred of England and the Established Church; and now, with the bill a law, almost every provision has been broken with impunity—the labour of a whole session of the English parliament furnishes a jest for the Papal lackey in the French-guarded palace of his master; the bill is burned by the shouting mob of Cashel; and its name must excite a smile amongst the crimson-clothed flunkeys who announce the visitors at the thronged levee of the Cardinal in Golden Square. This is Whig rule! Whig statesmanship!—ignorant, rash, unconciliating, and destructive—two colonies in effect lost—a penal law, as it is considered, enacted—the agricultural interest half ruined—two Manchester cotton-spinners dictating to the nation. Rough, true-hearted, old Samuel Johnson was right—"Sir, the devil was the first Whig!"

ART. II.—MARIA EDGEWORTH.

Memoirs—Essays—Tales—Novels.

INSTANCES are not wanting wherein we observe the glory of one family to have been illustrated by numerous scions, and transmitted from sire to son like a heritable thing. During three generations, and in many persons, fair Florence beheld her Medici ascendant, and, from Cosmo to Leo, saw the statesmen and popes of her time stand "hand-in-hand together," linked by a double bond—the tie of blood and the communion of fame. The Pitts and Russells of England, the Guises of France, the Rothschilds of all lands, cannot escape our memory in illustration of this topic. Even in the instance of those who have achieved a restrictedly individual distinc-

tion, resemblances and analogies between their characters and fortunes, and those of their kindred, are the delight of the biographer and historian. The sources of the Nile do not possess a greater interest for the geographical student, than do the fountains of genius for him who loves to explore and to map the recesses of the mind of man. Do we not know that, long before the great Mirabeau became the orator—we might rather say the prophet—of the French revolution, the fiery and eccentric race from which he sprung, had given, through many generations, successive proofs of that clear insight and impulsive energy, though exercised upon a minor scale, and conversant about less remarkable events, which made their descendant the great man of a great time—a crowd-compeller, at a period when a crowd that embraced a people convulsed and changed all Europe? Do we not know that, long before Byron "awoke one morning and found himself famous," the family of which he was a scion had "frighted the isle from its propriety," by the waywardness of will and morbidness of feeling, which, mixed with the richer yeast of genius, gave *Manfred* and *Childe Harold* to the world of poetry? Then, there are the Neckers, the financier of the Revolution, and the authoress of *Corinne*—the Edgeworths of France. The Edgeworths of Ireland—the Edgeworths *proper*, if we may borrow a word from geography—are our theme. They exemplify, under Irish names, and on this Irish soil, that distributive and heritable distinction which attracted our notice in the instance of foreign families above mentioned. Maria Edgeworth was not alone of all her race. If Lovell Edgeworth's greatest boast might well have been that he was Maria's father, she, in turn, had she been less gifted than she really was, might have found support for her less brilliant reputation in her claim to the title of Lovell Edgeworth's daughter. Whatever inscription marks the grave of their mortal remains, for both, in the mausoleum of fame, one epitaph suffices—"*Here rest the Father and Daughter.*" To two works that bear the name of Edgeworth—*Practical Education* and the *Essay on Irish Bulls*—both Maria and her father contributed their respective shares; and many of these graceful productions in which he had no active share, and of which she can claim the whole merit, were the objects of his care and criticism. Her fame owes

so much to the careful culture of her understanding in youth, under the immediate direction of her father—a culture not discontinued even when she reached the years of womanhood—that some account of the life of *a parent fitted to educate a woman of genius*—surely a character of the rarest stamp—must prove in some degree interesting, if not wholly instructive. Of the very Memoirs of Lovell Edgeworth's life, one volume is the work of his own pen, and the other of Maria's; and these we shall notice in their proper place.

Nor has the name of Edgeworth been spoken but in one tongue—known but in one land: it was familiar to French ears in the last century—blessed by the poor, revered by the penitent, invoked by royal agony, honored by royal gratitude, and only not written down in the blood-stained annals of the martyrs, since Providence reserved the saint for a renewed apostleship and a riper day. From the "Memoirs of the Abbé Edgeworth," edited by G. C. Sneyd Edgeworth, it appears, that the parents of Henry Essex Edgeworth, converts themselves to the Roman Catholic faith, educated their child in that communion; and he finally embraced the priesthood in France, to which country his father and mother had emigrated. In process of time he came to be known as the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont. This title, which he took in accordance with the prescribed ideas of the "*ancien regime*" in France, was derived from a portion of the family estates in Ireland, called Fairymount, corrupted into Firmount. The fame of his piety and virtue, at first confined to the knowledge of the poor and the lowly, at length reached the throne itself, like the "odour of sacrifice," which ascends from the plain, and is wafted to high places. It passed the channel, and was joyfully recognised in the land of his birth.

The heads of the Roman Catholic church in Ireland offered him a bishopric in his native country, but "the urgent entreaties of those who were under his care determined him not to abandon his charge, or change his humble situation for any dignities or temporal advantages that could be proposed to him." He continued to discharge his duties in the French capital; "and," says the Abbé de Bouvens, in the funeral sermon on the Abbé Edgeworth, "this evangelical man was often seen with a countenance radiant with joy, surrounded by the poor, and by the lower orders of workmen in Paris, leading them to his tribunal of

peace." He was at length selected as spiritual adviser and confessor to the Princess Elizabeth, the sister of the king, and became esteemed by all the royal family. Though unambitious of making proselytes, "so great was the fascination of his manners, that their influence alone convinced those who were too weak to examine for themselves that his religious tenets were well founded. It happened that an American gentleman, in the suite of La Fayette, spent a day in the society of the Abbé Edgeworth. He was so struck by his manners, and the excellence of his sentiments on every subject upon which he conversed, that he declared he would adopt the Abbé de Firmont's religion, as he was convinced from his serenity that it must be the best. * * He embraced the Roman Catholic faith, took orders, returned to America, and became a zealous controversial writer."

The Revolution broke out, and the Revolution "horrors." The Abbé Edgeworth was not exempt from those sufferings to which all of his creed and class were, at that period, doomed in France.* Instinctively the Jacobins felt conscious that the Cross could never make a fitting flag-staff for the Tricolor, and they warred against it accordingly. The clergy were proscribed, and the Abbé Edgeworth shared the sufferings of his brethren. He was called from his obscurity to administer to Louis the Sixteenth the last consolations of religion—obeyed the summons with alacrity—fulfilled his duty, despite of difficulty and danger, with zeal and courage, and never left the hapless king till the latter expired beneath the fatal knife.†

In the annals of history, the reader cannot fail to have noted a few sayings, of "just pith and moment," to which the actors on the world's stage, have, from time to time, given utterance, and the nature of which it is, to embody in a few brief words a meaning more pregnant than the boasted apothegms of philosophers, an eloquence more thrilling than the periods of orators. "Fear not," cried the Roman to the trembling sailor, in the storm, "you carry Cæsar and his fortunes!" "*Et tu Brute!*" will ring in the ears of all time, as it did at the foot of Pompey's pillar, two thousand years ago. Posterity will repeat "Up, guards, and at them!" when antiquarians dispute of the spot where the words were uttered. That great cry of Wolsey's—"Had I but served my God with half the zeal I

* See Barruel's History of the Clergy during the French Revolution. London. 1793.

† See Carlyle's French Revolution, vol. iii., pp. 132, 133.

served my king, he would not have abandoned me in my grey hairs!" has been repeated many times, and its memory will not pass away. To the number of those unpremeditated sayings—a few of which we have just quoted, and whose nature is to present in the narrowest compass the very cream and pith of circumstance, of feeling, or of experience—the Abbé Edgeworth has added one, and that one unsurpassed for appropriate truthfulness and thrilling eloquence. As the fatal axe fell, and the blood streamed from the severed head of the French King, the courageous priest exclaimed—"*Fils de Saint-Louis, montez au ciel!*"*

The Abbé finally escaped to England, "where," says his biographer, "he received marks of high respect and of the kindest attention from persons of the most distinguished character in England; and from all classes he had proof of the good and generous feeling of the British public." Mr. Pitt induced George III. to settle a pension on the Abbé, but he declined the proffered service. He was subsequently appointed almoner to Louis the Eighteenth. His death was worthy of his life:—

"In the spring of the year 1807, the power of the usurper having increased with rapidity, Bonaparte directed the arms of France against the dominions of Russia. During the course of this war, it happened that some French soldiers, who had been taken prisoners, were sent to Mitton. Though they had borne arms against the House of Bourbon, yet, in the true spirit of Christian forgiveness, their errors were forgotten by Louis the Eighteenth. The Abbé Edgeworth went, with his Majesty's permission, to attend them, to give them all the comforts which humanity could procure, and all the consolations which religion could bestow. A contagious fever raged amongst these prisoners, but the venerable Abbé persevered in his visits, nor would he abandon those who had no earthly hope but in him. Day and night he continued his attendance, assisted by his faithful servant, Bousset, who emulated the virtues of his master. The Abbé caught the fever. When the daughter of Louis the Eighteenth heard that he was taken ill, she declared that she would go immediately and see this friend of her family. She attended the death-bed of the Abbé, administered medicine to him with her own hands, and received his dying breath. The court of Louis went into mourning, and Essex Edgeworth's epitaph was written by the king himself."

* "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" *Saint Louis* was the ninth king of that name who reigned in France, and was an ancestor of Louis the Sixteenth. He flourished in the 13th century, and was one of the ablest and most virtuous princes who have ever swayed the sceptre. He was *canonized* by Pope Boniface the Eighth.

It was in Latin, nor can we perceive that its merits soar in any way above the usual tomb-stone style. Be that as it may, the true epitaph of the Irish priest is written on the heart of posterity, in the words of that sublime apostrophe which he himself pronounced from that awful rostrum, the scaffold of the guillotine—"*Fils de Saint-Louis, montez au ciel!*"

The *Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth*, the father of the authoress, give us to understand, that the Edgeworths, as the name implies, were of English origin, and settled in Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth. One of the family was Bishop of Down and Connor, in 1593. From the bishop's brother Richard Lovell Edgeworth was lineally descended. In the time of Charles the First—

"Captain John Edgeworth married an English lady, and brought her to his castle of Cranallagh, in the county of Longford. He had by her one son. Before the Irish rebellion broke out, in 1641, Captain Edgeworth, not aware of the immediate danger, left his wife and infant in the Castle of Cranallagh, while he was summoned to a distance by some military duty. During his absence the rebels rose, attacked the castle, set fire to it at night, and dragged the lady out, literally naked. She escaped from their hands, and hid herself under a furze bush till they had dispersed. The rebels plundered the castle completely, but they were persuaded to extinguish the fire, from reverence to the picture of Jane Edgeworth, which was painted on the wainscot, with a cross hanging from her neck, and a rosary in her hands. This lady, being a Catholic, and having founded a religious house in Dublin, was considered a saint. The only son of Captain Edgeworth was then an infant, lying in his cradle. One of the rebels seized the child by the leg, and was in the act of swinging him round to dash his brains out against the castle wall, when an Irish servant of the lowest order stopped his hand, claiming the right of killing the little heretic himself, and swearing that a sudden death would be too good for him—that he would plunge him up to the throat in a bog-hole, and leave him for the crows to pick his eyes out. Snatching the child from his comrade, he ran off with it to a neighbouring bog, and thrust it into the mud; but, when the rebels had retired, this man, who had only pretended to join them, went back to the bog for the boy, preserved his life, and, hiding him in a pannier under eggs and chickens, carried him actually through the midst of the rebel camp safely to Dublin. This faithful servant's name was Brian Farrel. His last descendant died within my memory, after having lived, and been supported always, under my father's protection."

His wife dying, Captain Edgeworth married a widow Bridgman, who had a daughter by her previous marriage; and this daughter,

and the son whose life was so providentially saved, as above narrated, in time came to be joined in wedlock. The young lady was heiress to her father, but her mother was averse to the match projected by the young people. An elopement was agreed upon. The law, however, forbade young gentlemen to run away with young ladies; and, with that respect for the law which has at all times characterised the Irish, young Edgeworth and Miss Bridgman submitted to their fate, and loyally arranged, that, as he could not run away with her, she should run away with him. "The young lady took her lover to church behind her on horseback," reversing the usual order "in such case made and provided." It does not appear that the abducted youth interrupted the marriage ceremony by any hysterical exhibition; the narrative is simply to the effect that "their first son, Francis, was born before the united ages of his father and mother amounted to thirty-one years. If they began the world *more Hibernico*, not less so did they progress—

"After the death of Captain Edgeworth and his wife, which happened before this young couple had arrived at years of discretion, young Edgeworth took possession of a considerable estate in Ireland, and of an estate in Lincolnshire which came to him in right of his wife; he had also ten thousand pounds in money, her fortune. But they were extravagant, and quite ignorant of the management of money. Upon an excursion to England, they mortgaged their estate in Lancashire, and carried the money to London, *which they kept in a stocking, on the top of their bed.* To this stocking both wife and husband had free access, and of course its contents soon began to be very low. The young man was handsome, and fond of dress. At one time, when he had completely run out all his cash, he actually sold the ground plot of a house in Dublin, to purchase a high-crowned hat and feathers, which were then the mode. He lived in high company in London, and at court. Upon some occasion, King Charles the Second insisted upon knighting him. His lady was presented at court, where she was so much taken notice of by the gallant monarch, that she thought it proper to intimate to her husband that she did not wish to go to court a second time; nor did she ever after appear there, though in the bloom of youth and beauty. She returned to Ireland. In this lady's character there was an extraordinary mixture of strength and weakness. She was courageous beyond the limits of her sex in real danger, and yet afraid of imaginary beings. According to the superstition of the times, she believed in fairies. Of her courage and presence of mind I will now give an instance. While she was living at Lissard, she was obliged, on some sudden alarm, to go at night to a garret at the top of the house, for some gunpowder which

was kept there in a barrel. She was followed up stairs by an ignorant servant girl, who carried a bit of candle, without a candlestick, between her fingers. When Lady Edgeworth had taken what gunpowder she wanted, had locked the door, and was half-way down stairs again, she observed that the girl had not her candle; and being asked what she had done with it, the girl answered, that she had left it stuck in '*the barrel of black salt!*' Lady Edgeworth bade her stand still, and instantly returned by herself to the room where the gunpowder was, found the candle as the girl had described, put her hand carefully underneath it, carried it safely out, and when she got to the bottom of the stairs, dropped on her knees, and thanked God for her deliverance."

Her son, Francis Edgeworth, raised a regiment for King William, and such was the zeal of his loyalty, and fervor of his sectarian sentiments, that he obtained the nickname of *Protestant Frank*. He was otherwise notorious, as we shall presently see.

"He was a man of great wit and gaiety, fond of his profession, quite a soldier, totally regardless of money, and was involved in difficulties by his taste for play. One night, after having lost all the money he could command, he staked his wife's diamond ear-rings, and went into an adjoining room, where she was sitting in company, to ask her to lend them to him. She took them from her ears, and gave them to him, saying that she knew for what purpose he wanted them, and that he was welcome to them. They were staked, and he won back all he had lost that night. In the warmth of his gratitude to his wife, he, at her desire, took an oath that he would never more play at any game with *cards or dice*. Some time after he was found drawing *straws out of a hay-rick, and betting with a friend upon which should be the longest!*"

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH was born in 1744. His birth was, in one sense, an affliction to his mother. Her sad fate is briefly told by her son. During her confinement, "she lost the use of her right side—a misfortune the more severely felt by her, as she had been a remarkably active person. From a sprightly young woman, who danced and rode remarkably well, she, in one hour, became a cripple for life." While yet very young, his mother sought to implant principles of right conduct in his tender mind. He says—

"She began to point out to me the good and bad qualities of the persons whom we accidentally saw, or with whom we were connected. One of our relations, a remarkably handsome youth of eighteen or nineteen, came one day to dine with us, and I had an opportunity of seeing the manners of

this young man. My mother told me that he had received no education, that he was a hard drinker, and that, notwithstanding his handsome appearance, he would be good for nothing. Her prediction was soon verified. He married a woman of inferior station, when he was scarcely twenty. His wife's numerous family and relations—father, brothers, and cousins—were taken into his house. They appeared in public in a handsome coach, with four grey horses—the men dressed in laced clothes, in the fashion of those days; and his wife's relations lived luxuriously at his house, for three or four years. In that period they dissipated the fee-simple of £1,200 a-year, which, fifty years ago (*i.e.* in the middle of the eighteenth century), was equal at least to £3,000 of our present money. The quantity of claret which those parasites swallowed was so extraordinary, that when the accounts of this foolish youth came before the Chancellor, his lordship remarked, that had the young gentleman's coach horses drunk claret, so much as had been charged could not have been consumed. He had, for some time, partaken of the good cheer in his own house, but disease, loss of appetite, and want of relish for jovial companions, soon confined him to his own apartment, which happened to be over the dining-parlour, where he heard the merriment below. In this solitary situation, a basin of bread and milk was one day brought to him, in which he observed *an unusual quantity of hard, black crusts of bread.* He objected to them, and, on enquiry, was told, *that they were the refuse crusts that had been cut from a loaf of which a pudding had been made for dinner.* This instance of neglect and ingratitude stung him to the quick. He threw the basin from him, and exclaimed, 'I deserve it.' To be denied a crumb of bread in his own house, where his wife's whole family were at that instant rioting at his expense, '*quite conquered him.*' He never held his head up afterwards, but in a few months died, leaving a large family, totally unprovided, to the guidance of a mother who kept them destitute of every sort of instruction. When the affairs of my relation were, at his death, the subject of conversation, my mother observed to me, that the cause of all his misfortunes was an *easiness of temper*, that led him to yield to every creature who attempted to persuade him."

The reader will recognize in the story of this ill-fated young man many features—especially the "easiness of temper"—which will remind him of *Sir Condy*, in Miss Edgeworth's celebrated tale, *Castle Rack-rent.* While Richard Lovell Edgeworth was yet very young, an accidental acquaintance formed by his mother with a Mr. Deane, gave a bent to his genius, and directed his tastes in a course to which they ever after fondly clung. Mr. Deane was a scientific gentleman, and made some electrical experiments on poor Mrs. Edgeworth's palsied limb, of which she had never had the use since

young Edgeworth's birth. During the experiments, the boy's acuteness and observation attracted Deane's attention, and he was in consequence admitted to the philosopher's study and laboratory, in which he was then at work on an orrery, afterwards presented by him to the University of Dublin. He initiated the mind of the child in several mechanical experiments of a nature more or less simple.

"The apartment and its contents are now present to my memory, though it is near sixty years since I was there. Mr. Deane bestowed praise upon my attention, and upon what he was pleased to call my intelligence; so that from the pleasure I received, and the impression made upon my mind that morning, *I became irrevocably a mechanic.* These are circumstances in themselves so trifling, that I should not think of relating them, were it not to show, in one instance at least, the truth of what I have elsewhere asserted, *that what is usually called in children a genius for any particular art or science, is nothing more than the effect of some circumstance that makes an early impression, either from a strong association of pleasure or pain.*"

He was sent to school to England, but was subsequently removed to his native country, and placed under Irish care. The Latin grammar he had previously and early been instructed in by the Rev. Patrick Hughes, the preceptor of Goldsmith, commemorated by the poet in the well-known lines:

> "A man severe he was, and stern to view—
> I knew him well, and every truant knew."

He entered Trinity College, Dublin, before he was seventeen years of age, but his father removed him to Oxford, and placed him under the care of a Mr. Elers, an old friend of the elder Edgeworth. This gentleman, in his earlier years a successful practitioner at the bar, commenced his misfortunes by—marrying an heiress! His father-in-law induced him to become a country-gentleman, but poor Mr. Elers was more skilful in the conveyance of acres than in the management of them; so that in a few years he found himself in distress, without having been guilty of extravagance. When the elder Edgeworth proposed the reception of his son into the house of Mr. Elers, the latter gentleman replied, "that considering the disposition of which young Edgeworth had been described, he thought it right to represent that

he had several daughters grown, and growing up, who, as the world said, were pretty girls, but to whom he could not join fortunes that could make them suitable matches for Mr. Edgeworth's son." Notwithstanding this honorable warning, old Edgeworth persevered in his plan, and the result was such as might have been anticipated. Young Edgeworth ran away with one of the "several daughters, who, as the world said, were pretty girls," and was a father before he was twenty. The elder Edgeworth, after having, as we have seen, wilfully exposed his son to danger, of course burst out into the conventional rage which we not seldom see exemplified on the stage of our day, in the person of a choleric old gentleman, in powdered hair, a court dress, and shoe-buckles, whose constant occupation is to afford his heir every opportunity for getting effectually disinherited, does disinherit him accordingly, and winds up with, "Damme, Tom, I forgive you, my boy—and a fine woman, too, begad—hey, you dog, you!" The usual rain-storm which precedes the fall of the curtain, reconciled young Edgeworth to his father. "*Rain-storm!*" exclaims the reader. Even so, thou who art by courtesy termed courteous. "My kind sister," says Edgeworth, "who was a favorite with my father, used all her influence in my favor. *By her tears and supplications*, she obtained for me his forgiveness."

On his arrival in Ireland with his wife, his mother was on her death-bed. She called him to her side, and bequeathed to him that advice recorded in *Vivian* as given under similar circumstances—"My son, *learn how to say* NO." She was a woman of cultivated mind, and worthy to be the mother of Maria Edgeworth's father. We shall hear her son's testimony—

"At a time when *Stella* and *Mrs. Delany* were looked up to as persons of a different class from the ladies who were commonly to be met with in the best circles in Ireland, my *mother had stored her mind with more literature, than she ever allowed to appear in common conversation.* In her own family, domestic order, decent economy, and plenty were combined; and *to the education of her children her whole mind was bent from every ordinary occupation.*"

Herein do we not plainly behold the early dawn that heralded the glorious day of Maria Edgeworth's fame? That we live before we

are born, is an assertion less akin to a bull than to a fact. Our dispositions and our talents have had a silent growth in times gone by, and in other hearts and heads than our own; and the tendencies of those who have gone before us so vitally influence *our* dispositions, that we recognize these two classes of mental manifestation, thus illustrated in different individuals, as but component links of an unbroken chain of destiny. From that death-bed of *Mrs. Edgeworth's* to her grand-daugher *Maria's*, is for us but a step. Their spirits were akin, and a whole century cannot keep them asunder. But for the character of the age in Ireland wherein she lived, which was unfavorable to female culture—"a time when *Stella* and *Mrs. Delany* were looked up to as persons of a different class from the ladies who were commonly to be met with in the best circles in Ireland"—*Mrs. Edgeworth* might have been a *Maria* in the *eighteenth* century. Had she lived at a *later* date, when circumstances more favorable to female progress existed, we cannot see but that she might have changed places with the gifted authoress of the nineteenth century—always barrin' that a woman can't be her own grand-daughter, whispers honest Thady in our ear.* Be that as it may, we can venture to assert that in that death-bed, in the year 1764, we see born a better hope for the future. The phœnix re-appears in *Maria*. Before the date we have just referred to, the Edgeworths were only remarkable for escaping getting their brains knocked out (if they had any) by "wilde Irishe"—for running away with, and being run away with by, heiresses—for selling out ground plots of houses, wherewith to buy high-crowned hats and feathers, "which were then the mode"—for raising regiments for King William, to win an honorable title, such as "*Protestant Frank*"—for drawing *straws* out of a hay-rick, betting which should be longest (having taken an oath against all manner of *dice* and *cards*)—for teaching clowns how to drink claret, and being instructed in turn by the grateful graduates how to live on "refuse crusts." Nor should we have printed at length the extracts to such effect from the family annals, were it not that they afford such interesting pictures of manners which have

* Vide *Castle Rack-rent*. Honest Thady is the supposed narrator of that story. See the original for fuller particulars of this worthy.

disappeared, and were it not for the opportunity thus afforded to contrast the fox-hunters and papist-hunters of the "dark ages," in Ireland, with the better Edgeworths of a better time. With the mother of Richard Lovell Edgeworth we see a new era commence. *She* was the foundress of the family.

"Incapacitated by disease from any other enjoyment, she was enabled to lull the sense of pain by the charms of literature. Besides fortitude, exemplary piety, an excellent understanding, and much decision of character, she had the most generous disposition that I ever met with." [It is her son that speaks.] "Above all, she could forgive, and sometimes even forget, injuries. In her own family, domestic order, decent economy, and plenty were combined; and *to the education of her children her whole mind was bent from every other occupation.* To the influence of her instructions and authority, I owe the happiness of my life."

And to the same influence, we may safely add, did her celebrated grand-daughter primarily owe "the happiness of her own life," and Ireland a brilliant addition to its national literature.

Soon after his mother's death, young Edgeworth entered at the Temple, and made the acquaintance of Sir Francis Blake Delaval, a man of wit and fashion, who culminated early in the reign of George III. He possessed considerable talents; but levity and dissipation distracted a mind fitted for better things, and the world lost an ambitious man in a rake. His acquaintance introduced young Edgeworth to "the great world." The following account of a *Joseph Ady*, in high life, we have compressed from Edgeworth's narration. It throws a strange light upon the lax manners of a century ago in the "seeming-virtuous" England of our day.

"Sir Francis Delaval, with Foote, the actor, for a coadjutor, had astonished the town as a conjuror, and had obtained from numbers belief in his necromantic powers. This confidence he gained chiefly by relating to those who consulted him past events of their lives, whence he persuaded them that he could easily foretell what should happen to them in future, and his prophecies were frequently accomplished. The former habits and acquaintance of Sir Francis Delaval, and of his associates, who were in fact all the men of gallantry of his day, furnished him with intelligence of secret intrigues, only known to themselves. It was said that he had revealed secrets which had for years been buried in obscurity. Ladies as well as gentlemen, among the fools of quality, were soon found to flock to the

wizard tribunal, where Sir Francis, disguised in eastern costume, and a flowing beard, was seated, with a huge drum before him, which contained his familiar spirit. He employed an agent acquainted with all the intriguing footmen of London, through whose means he obtained much additional information. It was said that in the course of a few weeks, whilst the delusion lasted, more matches were made and more intrigues broken off by Sir Francis and his associates, than all the meddling old ladies in London could have effected in the one instance, or suspected in the other, in as many months. *The great object of the whole contrivance was the marriage of Sir Francis to eighty thousand pounds, in the person of Lady N. P.*"

We may well exclaim—

> " Was ever woman in such humour wooed?
> Was ever woman in such humour won?"

In the year 1767, Mr. Edgeworth revived telegraphic communication, and about the same time invented a carriage which was propelled *by sails*, on dry land, with "amazing velocity." Indeed, during his whole life he was employed upon mechanical inventions of various kinds, and, in many instances, with great success; but a detailed account of his various experiments would prove unprofitable. Since Edgeworth's early days, material civilization has progressed with startling strides, and Steam is now the king of the world. We read with a smile, (in vol. i. p. 170)—"It is already certain that a carriage moving on an iron railway may be drawn with a fourth part of the force requisite to draw it on a common road;" but we should remember that all things have a beginning; and were it not for the humble but earnest efforts of the pioneers of progress, amongst whom Edgeworth was distinguished in his time, we should not now enjoy a position so advanced on the path of material well-being. Let us not forget the discriminating and generous lines of Coleridge:—

> " The ascending day-star, with a bolder eye,
> Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn!
> Yet not for this, if wise, shall we decry
> The spots and struggles of the timid dawn;
> Lest so we tempt th' approaching noon to scorn
> The mists and painted vapours of our morn—"

Edgeworth's early marriage seems not to have been a fortunate one. "My wife," he says, "was prudent, domestic, and affectionate; but she was not of a cheerful temper. She lamented about trifles; and the lamenting of a female with whom we live, does not render home delightful. Still I lived more at home than is usual with men of my age." Poor Mrs. Edgeworth had little sympathy with the pursuits of her husband, and he in turn recoiled on himself, or sought that sympathy in society which was denied him at home. It was their "misfortune, not their fault." Edgeworth cultivated the friendship of men of science and literature; and in the list of his friends we find many names of great note in the last century, amongst them the excellent Doctor Darwin, the author of the "*Botanic Garden*," and Miss Seward. In the phrase of the day, these latter "cultivated the Muses," a very different thing from writing poetry, however; and the verses of Darwin and Seward are now hardly known, except to the poetic antiquarian. Another friend of his was Mr. Day, an eccentric in private life, but favorably known to the world as the author of "*Sandford and Merton*."

With him he visited France, and finally settled at Lyons, where he assisted in a project for enlarging that city. The object of the scheme was to turn the course of the Rhone, and give the city "growing-room" in that direction. For some time success promised to crown his efforts; but at length, after great trouble and expense, a sudden inundation of the "rapid Rhone" swept away the fruit of much toil and invention. Edgeworth gives many anecdotes more or less characteristic of the manners of the age in France, and we will select the following one, which has for us a sinister significance. The reader should note that it was *before* the French Revolution the occurrence took place which gave occasion for the strange, and but too ominous, expression we are about to record, and which throws no small light upon *one* of the causes of the great convulsion we have just alluded to:

"I was riding with a lady near Lyons, when a carter did not immediately make way for us. I called to him—he made some answer unfit to be made before a lady; I gave him a stroke with my whip. I saw him feel in his pocket for his knife, and instantly I knocked him down, and we rode on. I was much surprised when I went into company in the evening, to

find that all my French friends looked coolly on me. I inquired what was the matter, and was informed 'that I had *failed* towards the lady with whom I had been riding, and towards myself; *that I ought to have left the man dead on the spot.*' In consideration of my being a foreigner, and ignorant of what French honor required, I was, however, pardoned, and re-instated in public opinion."

Verily, reader, we, and you, and Thomas Carlyle, can now see many things in this "*failure*" of Edgeworth's, which to his eyes were invisible; amongst all Edgeworth's mechanical contrivances, we do not find him solicitous to construct improved gibbets, and yet we cannot help connecting this little story of his "failure," with *another* Edgeworth, of whom we have made mention above—with a scaffold red with no common blood—with a time prolific in no ordinary events. "*Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel,*" appears to us, who can prophecy *ex post facto*, only another way of saying "that he had failed towards the lady and towards himself; that he ought to have left the man dead on the spot."

The death of his first wife in childbirth recalled Mr. Edgeworth to England. Subsequently he married, as we shall see, three times; but the circumstance that his first wife was the mother of his celebrated and beloved daughter, Maria, must have been frequently recalled by him when the brilliant fame of the latter was securely established. We before stated the nature of the domestic relations between Edgeworth and his first wife, Miss Elers, and that the want of union between them was the misfortune of both, the fault of neither. And yet, if Edgeworth ever *did* fail, even for a passing season, in duty or affection towards his first-chosen, surely the Nemesis of his hearth took a subtle vengeance—a vengeance with something of humour in it, too; for, was it not so? the least cherished wife gave birth to the most cherished child of the four-times-married! Be that as it may, he soon after married Miss Honora Sneyd, a lady of great personal attractions and of most accomplished mind, with whom he lived very happily. But she, too, died, and again was Edgeworth left a widower; whereupon, "Nothing is more erroneous," says he (vol. i., p. 376), with a *naïveté* that would provoke "the good St. Anthony" himself to smile, "than the common belief, that a man who has lived in the greatest happiness with

one wife, will be the most averse to take another. On the contrary, the loss of happiness, which he feels when he loses her, necessarily urges him to endeavour to be again placed in a situation, which had constituted his former felicity."

He soon made another choice; it fell upon Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, the sister of his last wife; the lady, at first indisposed to his attentions, finally rewarded them by bestowing her hand on Mr. Edgeworth; and, so, we find it, "*Nothing is more erroneous*," &c.

The second volume of the Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth is, as we before stated, written by his daughter Maria, and commences with the memorable date of the year 1782; at which time Mr. Edgeworth settled on his estate, and for a period of nearly thirty-five years continued to reside in Ireland. He was an excellent landlord, and endeavoured to improve his tenantry by rousing them to industrious habits, and awakening their self-respect. His was a character far from common—he was a good man, but not a weak one.

"If the people had found or suspected him to be weak, or, as they call it, *easy*, there would have been an end to all hope of really doing them good. They would have cheated, loved, and despised a mere *easy* landlord. As a magistrate, his conduct was unexceptionable. Mr. E. leaned neither to Protestant nor Catholic, to Presbyterian or Methodist; he was not the *favorer* of his own or any other man's followers. The law of the land was not in his hands an instrument of oppression, or pretence for partiality. He did even justice; neither leaning to the people for the sake of popularity, nor to the aristocracy for the sake of power. '*Go before Mr. Edgeworth, and you will surely get justice*,' was soon the saying of the neighbourhood."

The two first chapters of the second volume contain a vivid, but, we have no doubt, an accurate account of the relations between the owners and cultivators of the soil at that period. In newspaper phrase, we can "recommend" their studious perusal to "every" landlord—and, to "every" *tenant*, too. We should be careful to extract at length from the portion of the memoirs we have just referred to; but that in reality every sentence of the forty-two pages which compose it is to be read with profit; and, so closely connected are the topics both in their own nature and in the able treatment of

them by Miss Edgeworth, that to condense in this instance would be merely to weaken; extract would prove mutilation.

Edgeworth had his share in the political transactions of that *annus mirabilis*, which even now awakens so many happy and glorious memories in the national mind. "At a country meeting, he proposed, and, with some difficulty, carried resolutions and a petition for *parliamentary reform. These were the first resolutions, and this was the first petition on that subject in Ireland.*" It would appear, however, that, notwithstanding his boldness upon some occasions (as upon that but now referred to), he was not free from the discretion that is the better part of valour. We have no sympathies with armed revolutions in our day, though we admit the efficiency of some few which, in other ages, have renewed the life of nations, and whose effects form part and parcel of the body of our time. Neither are we advocates of the demonstration *ad absurdum* in politics, however suitable it may be found in mathematics. That a revolution can be a revolution and not be a revolution, is plainly enough for us a proposition including incompatible ideas; yet, history tells us that the patriots of '82 were not so clear upon the point. What men want with arms unless to use them we cannot conceive; or why they should use them upon one, and forego their use upon another, and *similar*, occasion. When a whole people go a-soldiering, and present the spectacle of a *review*, a *battle* cannot be far off, if the doctrines of cause and effect be true. At one time Grattan declared that "Ireland sprung from injuries to arms—from arms to liberty," a kind of national hop, step and jump, however, for which Irish patriots did not a second time gird their loins, as we shall presently see.

"At length," say the Edgeworth Memoirs, "the convention, consisting of one hundred and sixty delegates from the volunteer corps, met at the Royal Exchange in Dublin, November the 9th, 1783. Parliament was then sitting. An *armed* convention assembled in the capital, and sitting at the same time with the houses of Lords and Commons, deliberating on a legislative question,* was a new and unprecedented spectacle. It was *feared*, from the general fermentation of men's minds, and from the *particular enthusiasm*

* That of *Parliamentary Reform.*

of *some* of the delegates, that the convention" [remember, reader, an "armed" convention] "might be hurried into *acts of imprudence*, and that affairs might *not terminate happily.* * * The armed convention continued sitting the whole night, waiting for the return of their delegates from the House of Commons, and impatient to hear the fate of Mr. Flood's motion. *One step more*, and *irreparable, fatal imprudence might have been committed.* Lord Charlemont, the President of the" [*armed*] "convention, *felt the danger;* and it required all the influence of his character, all the assistance of the friends of moderation, to prevail upon the assembly to dissolve, without waiting longer to hear the report from their delegates in the House of Commons. The convention had, in fact, nothing more to do, or *nothing that they could attempt without peril;* but it was difficult to persuade the assembly to dissolve the meeting, and to *return quietly to their respective counties and homes.* This point, however, was fortunately accomplished, and early in the morning the meeting terminated."

There was, in fact, amongst the Volunteers, as the reader is well aware, an *earnest* party and a *moderate* party. The latter prevailed, and its success was in a great measure due to the skilful and energetic exertions of Edgeworth himself. The history of the political transactions of the period are now commonly known to every Irishman; and the *Memoirs of Edgeworth* throw no new light upon them, except so far as refers to Mr. Edgeworth, and his conduct at a period of public and party anxiety.—(Vol. ii., pp. 60—64.)

On the establishment of the Royal Irish Academy, in 1785, Mr. Edgeworth was nominated one of the original members; and not long after—

"In carrying limestone for the improvement of a mountain farm, he made *the first trial of wooden moveable railways*, and small carriages with cast-iron wheels, supported on friction rollers; he proposed, as early as the year 1786, to employ these moveable railways *in public works* in Ireland."

In one of his letters, written about this period, he says, "I saw the speaker this evening at the House, and mentioned my idea of applying for a clause in the Navigation Act to permit me *to lay railways on the banks of unfinished canals.*" We have merely to observe, that the shares of the Irish Great Western are at 34. If the reader has travelled by that line, he will remember, that, from a short distance beyond Dublin to Mullingar, it is identical with one bank of a *finished* canal. "Steam, sir, steam!"

When the disturbances broke out which, in a few brief years, ripened into the insurrection of '98, Mr. Edgeworth made repeated applications to government on the subject of telegraphic communication, to be used in case of a French invasion. The government "heard him, but heeded not." We must, however, be just to the authorities;

> "The French are in the Bay,
> Says the Shan Van Vocht,"

whereupon there were despatched to Bantry, cannon and ball, and ball and cannon, and not only that, but official ingenuity devised it so that the cannon and the ball were of *different calibre*.—(Vol. ii., p. 166.)

In the year '98 he was elected as Member of Parliament for a borough in the county of Longford, and in the same year he was a fourth (and last) time married—(his third wife, Elizabeth Sneyd, had died the previous year.)

"On the 31st May, he was married to Miss Beaufort, by her brother, the Rev. William Beaufort, at St. Anne's church, in Dublin. They came down to Edgeworthstown immediately, *through a part of the country that was in actual insurrection*. Late in the evening they arrived safe at home, and my father presented his bride to his expecting, anxious family."

The summer is past and gone, and "at last came the dreaded news. The French, who landed at Killala, were, as we learned, on their march towards Longford." A partial rising took place near Edgeworthstown—the Edgeworths fled to the garrison town, Longford.

"He," says his daughter Maria, speaking of her father, "was a friend not only to his own tenantry, but to all within his influence as a country gentleman; not merely by relieving their temporary wants, but by protecting them as a magistrate from injustice and oppression, by instructing them as to their real interests, and showing them the consequences of their bad habits. * * Reclaimed from the effects of ignorance and bad example, or raised from the indolence of despair, they have become good subjects and useful members of society. In various lines of humblelif e he educated and forwarded in the world many excellent servants, workmen, and tradespeople; and in classes much above these, several young persons, sons of tenants, who looked up to him for protection and advice, and whose

early habits and principles he happily influenced, have advanced in different professions, and have succeeded in situations beyond his or their most sanguine expectations. He took pleasure and pride in counting the numbers of those who, from this remote little village, have gone out into the world, and have made their way in foreign countries. Letters from many of these, from France, Spain, America, from the East and West Indies—news of their success, evidence of their good conduct, and tokens of their affection and gratitude—have often, in his latter years, and to his latest days, gladdened my father's heart."

Devotees of the God of Battles! learn, *this* man was forced to fly for his life from a home of fifty years, and to abandon that community to which every breath of that life was a blessing! We pass on to other extracts.

"All our concern now," says Miss Edgeworth, (vol. ii. p. 220,) "was for those we had left behind. We heard nothing of our housekeeper all night, and were exceedingly alarmed; but, early the next morning, to our great joy, she arrived. She told us that, towards evening, a large body of rebels entered the village; she heard them at the gate, and expected that they would have broken in the next instant. But one, who seemed to be a leader, with a pike in his hand, set his back against the gate, and swore that, if he was to die for it the next minute, he would have the life of the first man who should open that gate, or set enemy's foot within that place. He said the housekeeper, who was left in it, was a good gentlewoman, and *had done him a service, though she did not know him, nor he her.* He had never seen her face, *but she had, the year before, lent his wife, when in distress, sixteen shillings, the rent of flax-ground, and he would stand her friend now.* He kept back the mob; they agreed to send him to the house with a deputation of six, to learn the truth, and to ask for arms. The six men went to the back door, and summoned the housekeeper; one of them pointed a blunderbuss at her, and told her that she must fetch all the arms in the house; she said she had none. Her champion asked her to say if she remembered him?—'No; to her knowledge she had never seen his face.' He asked if she remembered having lent a woman money to pay her rent of flax-ground the year before?—'Yes, she remembered that,' and named the woman, the time, and the sum. His companions were thus satisfied of the truth of what he had asserted. He bade her not to be *frighted,* 'for that no harm should happen to her, nor any belonging to her; not a soul should get leave to go into her master's house; not a twig should be touched, nor a leaf harmed.' His companions huzzaed and went off. Afterwards, as she was told, he mounted guard at the gate during the whole time the rebels were in the town" [of Edgeworthstown], "and thus our house was saved by the gratitude of a single individual."

This noble conduct was rewarded by Mr. Edgeworth, when the troubles had ceased. Miss Edgeworth has not preserved the honest rebel's name; his memory should not be suffered to pass away; that he was quite as great a man as Kossuth, we firmly believe. Great natures are highly susceptible of kindness on the one hand, of injury on the other. Dr. Johnson "loved a good hater," inferring that a man, with strong feelings for evil, must have equally strong feelings for good. Nature had been liberal of the latter to the brave peasant, whose wife "had the year before, when in distress, been lent sixteen shillings for the rent of flax-ground, and he would stand the lender's friend." The unnamed Irishman was as much a gentleman as Sir Philip Sidney, and in his humble way was the Leonidas of, at least, a—well, out with it!—a gentleman's mansion and demesne. "With a pike in his hand he set his back against the gate, and swore that, if he was to die for it the next minute, he would have the life of the first man who should open that gate, or set enemy's foot within that place."

Meantime, General Lake decided the affair at Ballinamuck; and, for poor Mr. Edgeworth, though a staunch loyalist, and commander of the Edgeworthstown Infantry, he was nearly stoned to death in the streets of Longford for not being an Orangeman.

"Our housekeeper burst into the room, so much terrified that she could hardly speak—'*My master, ma'am! it's all against my master—the mob*" [of Orangemen] "*say they will tear him to pieces—they say he's a traitor, that he illuminated the gaol to give it up to the French.*' Illuminated! what could be meant by the gaol being illuminated? My father had literally but two farthing candles, by the light of which he had been reading the newspaper late the preceding night. These, however, were said to be *signals* for the enemy."

Indeed, Richard Lovell Edgeworth's days had nearly ended, but for the interference, at the eleventh hour, of some British officers sword-in-hand.

The following beautiful extract the reader, we feel assured, will peruse with the liveliest gratification. By how much does the romance of real life exceed that of Paternoster Row! Not in all Miss Edgeworth's novels do we remember to have met with any passage so replete with interest, so graced with the simple ele-

gancies of pure narrative style, as the extract from the actual memoirs of her father and family, which we now submit to the reader's approbation:

"As early as we could the next morning we left Longford, and returned homewards, all danger from rebels being now over, the rebellion having been terminated by the late battle. When we came near Edgeworthstown, we saw many well-known faces at the cabin doors, looking out to welcome us. One man, who was digging in his field by the road-side, when he looked up as our horses passed, and saw my father, let fall his spade, and clasped his hands; his face, as the morning sun shone upon it, was the strongest picture of joy I ever saw. Within our gates we found all property safe, literally 'not a twig touched, nor a leaf harmed.' Within the house we found everything was as we had left it—a map that we had been consulting was still open on the table, with pencils, and slips of paper containing the first lessons in arithmetic, in which some of the young people had been engaged the morning we had been driven from home; a pansy, in a glass of water, which one of the children had been copying, was still on the chimney-piece. These trivial circumstances, marking repose and tranquillity, struck us at this moment with an unreasonable sort of surprise, and all that had passed seemed like an incoherent dream. The joy of having my father in safety remained, and gratitude to heaven for his preservation. These feelings spread inexpressible pleasure over what seemed to be a new sense of existence. Even the most common things appeared delightful; the green lawn, the still groves, and the birds singing, the fresh air, all external nature, and all the goods and conveniences of life, seemed to have wonderfully increased in value, from the fear into which we had been put of losing them irrecoverably."

Mr. Edgeworth spoke and voted against the Union,* but, however useless his exertions, in common with those of others, proved in reference to that measure, another subject elicited his energy and intelligence in furtherance of a project practically beneficial. He drew the attention of the House of Commons to the *education of the people*. A select committee was appointed, and the members adopted

* The following brief extract from a letter of Mr. Edgeworth's to his friend Doctor Darwin, will be read with interest:

"March 31, 1800.

* * "So far for politics. I had a charming opportunity of advancing myself and my family, but I did not think it wise to quarrel with myself and lose my own good opinion at my time of life. What *did* lie in my way for my vote I will not say, but I stated in my place in the House, that I had been offered 3,000 for my seat during the few remaining weeks of the session."

the resolutions drawn up by him. "Leave was granted to bring in a bill for the improvement of the education of the people of Ireland; *and thence proceeded* (after the Irish Parliament was no more) *the appointment of a Board and Commissioners of Education.*" In the year 1809–10, though far advanced in life and weakened from illness, we find Mr. Edgeworth energetic and successful in the cause of public utility:

"Commissioners were appointed *to examine into the nature and extent of the bogs of Ireland, and to determine whether they could be reclaimed.* One of these commissioners, a private friend, was particularly anxious to engage my father's active assistance in the business; but seeing the state to which he was then reduced," [by illness] "his friend imagined that it would be impossible for him, at his advanced time of life, to undertake an employment where he must be exposed to great bodily fatigue. My father, however, said he could only die, and that he would rather die doing something than doing nothing. He undertook the charge of a district, containing about thirty-five thousand acres; and after near a twelvemonth's hard work, his part of the undertaking was completed, and his report was given to the Board."*

To this very day the labors of Mr. Edgeworth, in connection with, and under the direction of, the Commission, are found profitable to a generation not in existence when he died, and his unprofessional skill and unprofessional zeal are even now gratefully acknowledged by the engineers of our time.

The closing years of his life present few salient points to which the reader's attention might be directed; and active, honorable, and useful as that long life had been, the term was at length reached. "Thus far, and no farther." After rallying from some attacks of illness, Nature at length succumbed to her ancient enemy Decay. In June, 1817, he departed this life. It is not because the world lost in him so much energy and intelligence that we linger over his memory; it is because his family buried with him so much wisdom and affection. "We live in our own world," says Shelley, and "in

* "The scheme of improving the bogs of Ireland is by no means new. The Dutch, in the time of King William, offered, upon condition of being governed by their own laws, to form a colony in the Queen's county, *and to make meadow of the whole Bog of Allen.*"—(Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland, quoted by Mr. Edgeworth in his report to the Commissioners.)

his own world," Mr. Edgeworth was as extraordinary a man as any of his time. *He influenced the dispositions, the tastes, the acquirements, the pursuits, the characters, yea, even the destinies and genius of his children, to a greater extent than did any other man in similar circumstances with whom history or biography makes us acquainted.* In this the patriarch of Edgeworthstown stands alone. He was a "representative man." If Napoleon was *par excellence* the conqueror and ruler, O'Connell the type agitator, Edgeworth was emphatically *the educator*. Hear his daughter:

"The variety of my father's employments never prevented him from attending to his great object—*the education of his children*. On the contrary, *the variety of his occupations assisted in affording daily and hourly opportunities for giving instruction after his manner*, without formal lectures or lessons. For instance, at the time he was building, or carrying on experiments, *or work of any sort, he constantly explained to his children whatever was doing or to be done; and by questions adapted to their several ages and capacities, exercised their powers of observation, reasoning, and invention.* He explained, and described clearly,

> 'With words succinct, yet full without a fault,
> He said no more than just the thing he ought.'

This is as good a description of a judicious preceptor, as of a great orator. He knew so exactly the habits, powers, and knowledge of his children, that he seldom failed in estimating what each could comprehend or accomplish. He knew how far to assist, how far to urge the mind, and when to leave it entirely to its own exertions. * * Whenever I thought of writing anything," (Miss Edgeworth goes on to say,) "I always told him my first rough plans, and always with the instinct of a good critic, he used to fix immediately upon that which would best answer his purpose—'*Sketch that, and show it to me.*' These words, from the experience of his sagacity, never failed to inspire me with hopes of success. His decision in criticism was peculiarly useful to me. It was the happy experience of this, and my consequent reliance on his ability, decision, and perfect truth, that relieved me from the anxiety to which I was so much subject, that I am sure I should not have written or finished anything without his support. * * His knowledge of the world, and all that he had had opportunities of seeing behind the scenes in the drama of life, proved of inestimable service to me; all that I could not otherwise have known was thus supplied in the best possible manner. *Few female authors, perhaps none, have ever enjoyed such advantages, in a critic, friend, and father, united. Few have been blessed in their own family with such able assistance, such powerful motive, such constant sympathy.*"

We will now draw the reader's attention to a vivid and interesting portrait of the patriarch *Educator*, from the hands of his daughter:

"Fifteen years had now passed since his last marriage. The sisters of a former wife continued to reside in his family, having become the most attached friends of the fourth Mrs. Edgeworth, and of her children. Under her uniting influence, he saw his sons and daughters of three previous marriages, living together with six of her children, all in perfect harmony and happiness; all looking up to him with fond affection, confidence, and gratitude. From the great difference in the ages of his children (his eldest being at that time above five and forty, the youngest only one year old), he enjoyed, as a father, preceptor, and friend, an extraordinary variety of interest and amusement, as well as occupation and friendship in his own family. Some had been for years his friends and companions, had joined with him in all his pursuits, thoughts, and feelings, and had lived with him on terms of equality, which, diminishing nothing from respect, added incalculably to our happiness, gratitude, and affection."

We before stated, that *Practical Education* and the *Essay on Irish Bulls* were the joint production of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and of his gifted daughter Maria; and it now becomes our duty to endeavour to account in some degree for the defects of the former work. A man may perform many feats of skill and activity, may exhibit surprising dexterity, and all the time may be unable to explain, with sense and clearness, to the inquiring bystander, *how* he has performed those very feats which have attracted universal admiration. It is in this way, we think, that *Practical Education* did not fulfil the intentions of the authors. That Edgeworth was the ablest of all teachers we have already seen; to that effect we have his discerning daughter's unimpeachable testimony; to *teach* was the business of his life, and in that pursuit his success was brilliant and complete. Yet, when he sought, in his work *Practical Education*, to initiate all the world in the arts which made his own fireside prosperous, happy, and famed, all the world stared, and censured. Of the "secrets of the toilette" we have all heard mention—the Study has its secrets, too. Nor is it wise, in all cases, to make them known. Great is the risk of being misunderstood; and the communicative wizard, expecting sympathy, "blushes to find it" distrust. Again, we know no subject more dangerous for a writer than *Education*, not the less so because it is seduc-

tive. It is the very Circe of the pen. Supply any one with paper enough, bid him give you his "ideas" on Education, and he will forthwith furnish you with reams of the most plausible—nonsense. The topic is eminently *unpractical*, and therein lies its fatal defect; since, in all unpractical matters, conceit and conjecture may readily usurp the place of reflection and experience. We do not hesitate to submit to the reader, in connection with this subject, the following extract from a contemporary Review; and, if apology for so doing be necessary, we beg to state that the article dates from a period now long past. The ink in which it first saw the light is dry those many years—mayhap, the hand that penned it is dust :—

"We have no great faith in any pretended *discoveries* in this, more than in any other department of mental philosophy—and are no way curious or sanguine as to any new or *patent* method of making men wise, virtuous, or free. * * * When we speak of improvements in education, we mean either contrivances for teaching what is commonly taught with more ease and security than is common—or such observances as promise more effectually to excite and strengthen the intellect and judgment, or to form the character by the cultivation of moral habits and sensibilities. The last is, beyond all doubt, the most important; but it is in the first only, we think, that any real improvement has ever been made by the ingenuity of individuals. There have been infinite and undeniable improvements in the methods of teaching all the different branches of knowledge; and, as long as society continues to be progressive, such improvements will necessarily multiply and accumulate. * * * As to all *such* improvements in education, therefore, and especially when confined to expediting the acquisition of a single branch of knowledge, we are so far from entertaining any general scepticism, that we consider their frequent occurrence as among the inevitable consequences of a progressive advancement in the other arts of civilization. * * * The case, however, we cannot help thinking, is widely different with regard to those methods and practices by which it is sometimes pretended, not merely that some branch of knowledge may be better or sooner learned, but that the intellect may be improved, and the character exalted to a degree unattainable under any other system. Of such pretensions we confess we are in the highest degree distrustful. * * * Fortunately indeed, for mankind, the development of our intellectual and moral capacities has not been left, in any *great* degree, to the contrivances of human genius, or the efforts of human skill and industry. Like our bodily powers, they for the most part develop themselves by an inward impulse and energy; and by far the most important guidance and direction they can receive, is that which is derived from the general habits of the society into which we

are thrown, rather than from the anxious efforts of individual and elaborate instruction Unless in some very extraordinary cases, the *common* education of the times will do all for a man that the spirit of the times will allow *any* education to do for him. * * * There is a *vis medicatrix naturæ*; so that we thrive just as well under an ordinary treatment as under an exquisite one—and may safely leave to Providence all that we cannot regulate without a great deal of trouble and contrivance" [attended by not a little of peril.]

The *Essay on Irish Bulls* indicates, to some extent, the fate to which even the best jest is liable; and though in its day it might have been pronounced the cleverest and most amusing production of its kind, we cannot but think that much of its humour—at least that which is of a more obvious character—would prove stale to modern taste. We have grown to be a *fast* generation, and even *Punch* himself, like Homer, sometimes sleeps. The nature of wit is to be evanescent; few sayings of the wits of old bear repetition in our time; generations go out of fashion, even as their clothes do. Nations grow old like individuals, and wear out early feelings and habitudes. Time tears the bandage from our eyes, and that which we once called elasticity of spirit, perchance we now regard as levity of heart. In these days of bankrupt poor law unions and incumbered estates, when we hear of "Irish humour," we feel inclined to cry out with Cromwell, "Take away the bauble!"

Of the works of Miss Edgeworth's proper pen, in which her father had no share other than that of critical care and revisal, *Castle Rackrent* has ever been our favorite. This tale has, in our opinion, attained perfection, so far as the latter word is compatible with mundane conditions. Once read it can never be forgotten; nor is there any specimen of fiction in any way like to it; it is alone of its class; it is as different in the kind, as it is superior in the degree of its merit. Its brevity and force, its verisimilitude, the wonderful ease of its transitions, its simple unity of style, which is found sufficient to exhibit such variety of character, and to express so many emotions, grave and gay, the valuable picture it presents of a state of manners long since decayed and counted amongst "the things that were," unite to render *Castle Rackrent* a curiosity of literature. She had the advantage, too, of having been the first to explore the field of Irish fiction, and her successful labours therein roused the modern

and the greater Boccaccio to emulate her example. Scott resolved to do with Scottish, what Miss Edgeworth had done with Irish, materials. No one has ever been so foolish as to compare the fair authoress of Edgeworthstown with the "mighty master;" nevertheless, facts are stubborn things, and we have Sir Walter's own testimony to *the* fact, that her brilliant and truthful delineation of Irish character first directed his ambition in the path of Scottish romance. Lockhart's authority is to the effect that "Scott, in the general preface to the last edition of his works, states that he should never in all likelihood have thought of a Scotch novel, had he not read Maria Edgeworth's exquisite pieces of Irish character. He used to say to Ballantine,* 'If I could but hit Miss Edgeworth's wonderful power of vivifying all her persons, and making them *live as beings* in your mind, I should not be afraid.'"

The high place in literature Miss Edgeworth gained thus early at the commencement of the century, she never forfeited; and each successive product of her pen was found amply sufficient to *sustain* —if not to increase—her reputation. Nor was that reputation of a merely literary complexion. She became a Power, a Domination; and, thereupon, O'Connell expressed disapprobation of her reserve, inasmuch as that one possessed of so much influence as she enjoyed did not wield it in an effective manner as a force allied to the purposes of Agitation. Amongst those from whom such a course might have been expected, Miss Edgeworth could at no time have been one; since the essential characteristic of her genius was, that it was genuinely *feminine*. She was the most womanly of women; and had O'Connell discerned the spirit of her works, the conclusion would have been forced upon him, that a mind so delicate, so refined, and so well-ordered, could never ally itself to the tumult of politics. A strong-minded article was what he wanted, a Roland or a De Stael; Maria Edgeworth was of a finer texture. Other women have shown a masculine vigour of understanding, a masculine promptitude for action; but Miss Edgeworth differed from most of the sisters of her sex who are known to fame, in the fact that her genius had nothing in common with the "lords"—or "brutes"—(the difference is merely

* His publisher.

orthographical—some people spell it one way, and some the other)—"of the creation"; she was a woman, a complete woman, and nothing but a woman. The tendency of her works is to call forth sympathy with a class of virtues which flourish most under the fostering care of female minds, or which, at least, have their being much in connection with the world of woman; and, *mutatis mutandis*, the same may be said of the kind of failings and foibles which her pen was skilful in dissecting. To trace the deviations of a *weak mind* was her forte. How skilfully she unfolds the origin, progress, and consequences of a fault, which by repetition has become a vice, but has never reached to the hardihood of crime! She seldom trusts herself to paint the last; she lays a gentle hand upon the frailty of human nature. She fears to pass beyond the bounds of pity, or, at the worst, of poetical justice; she does not contemplate great iniquity, because her loving and womanly instinct is turned aside by the presentiment of a rigorous punishment. But her greatest triumph is to be found, perhaps, in her stories for the young. In this apparently easy, but in reality most difficult style of writing, no one has ever approached her. Half a century has elapsed from the date of *Castle Rackrent;* since then, Griffin, Banim, Carleton, with others whose names the reader can easily recal, have risen, and been recognised as stars of the first magnitude. We do not say that in their presence Miss Edgeworth "paled her ineffectual fire"; yet, we must remember that, from their uprising, she ceased to be the "sole particular star." But her tales for children have never been challenged with success.

Few have won and worn so long a fame brilliant as that of Miss Edgeworth; but there remains for us who stand by her grave something more than the memory of her genius. Was not her career in the highest degree *instructive?* Was not her life, taken in connection with her father's—from which you cannot separate it—a signal *example?* The glory of others may be an *accident*, if you will; that of Maria Edgworth was emphatically *a result.* To that result three generations contributed. The mother of Richard Lovell Edge worth it was that quarried the rude block of marble—*he* shaped it, and endowed it with a meaning for the general eye—it was reserved for Maria's genius to complete what was so well begun, for her deli-

cate hand to develop, to polish, and to place the statue on its pedestal, supreme.

If the reader should not approve of the point of view from which we have considered Miss Edgeworth's literary reputation, still, we submit, we are not without solid reasons for the course we found ourselves bound to adopt. We strenuously protest against the conclusion that Miss Edgeworth, of herself alone, unaided, unadvised, unencouraged, would never have emerged from obscurity. On the contrary, we believe and affirm, that even under circumstances unfavourable to mental culture, her native talent would have asserted itself. But, with the memoirs of her family open before us, and with her own testimony fresh in our ears,* we cannot, even if we could, ignore the fact that her careful education, and the unceasing culture her distinguished father bestowed upon her, even when she had reached the years of womanhood, constituted the *foundation*, we do not say, the *superstructure*, of her fame. From the mother of Richard Lovell Edgeworth to him, and from him to Maria, you cannot refuse to discern a continuous chain of action. And this educational tradition, this inherited unity of doctrine and discipline, was strongly reflected in her works—an assertion in support of which we submit to the reader the evidence of a strong and sound thinker, a man of learning and experience—Abernethy. In the postcript to his *Physiological Lectures* (Edit. 1821), he expresses an opinion that the best exposition of the working of the mind, as displayed in the *continuous chain of actions*, is that given in many of Miss Edgeworth's works, particularly with regard to that most difficult and yet most interesting psychological speculation, the working of a child's mind.

Goëthe says of Balzac, perhaps with more vigour than grace, that "his best tales seem dug out of a suffering woman's heart." The world says of Maria Edgeworth, that her best works are wrought from the mine of Nature, whether the ore lie in the bosom of childhood, or the deeper heart of woman.

* See extract at p. 572.

ART. III.—A GLANCE AT THE PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION OF IRELAND.

"WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH IRELAND?"—*Morning Chronicle.*

To say that Ireland, of all the European nations, presents the most difficult problem to the statesman, the strangest anomaly to the political economist, and the saddest spectacle to the philanthropist, is only to utter what has grown trite by the melancholy repetition of ages. Not to go farther back, however, than the reign of Elizabeth, we find Bacon describing, in the most glowing language,* the rich and varied natural capabilities of this country; while the great poet of his age, the immortal author of the "Faery Queen," describes to us, in words as vivid, the unparalleled wretchedness of its inhabitants.† Truly, indeed, has it been said, that "a nation, once enslaved, may groan for ages in bondage;" yet, although this melancholy dictum is illustrated by Ireland, in common with many other countries, both ancient and modern, the history of no other people presents us with so great a uniformity of suffering and misfortune. The famines and tumults of one age are only equalled by those which succeed them in another; the devastating wars of Elizabeth are only surpassed in atrocity by the desolating massacres of the Commonwealth—the harrowing details of Archbishop Boulter, Bishop Nicholson, and other writers, who describe the terrible years of scarcity endured by the Irish people in the middle of the eighteenth century, are only thrown into the shade by the horrors of the famine in the middle of the nineteenth!

In reading the following fearful description, the present generation might think they were perusing only a recital of the terrible scenes of Skull and Skibbereen:

"I found the country," says this writer, himself an eye witness, describing the famine of 1741, "the most miserable scene of distress I ever read of in history. Want and misery in every place; the rich unable to relieve the

* Works, vol. iii., p. 221.
† "View of Ireland." Works, vol. vi., p. 134.

poor; the road spread with dead and dying bodies; mankind the colour of the docks and nettles which they fed on; two or three—sometimes more—on a car going to the grave, for want of bearers to carry them; and many buried only in the fields and ditches where they perished. This universal scarcity was ensued by fluxes and malignant fevers, which swept off multitudes of all sorts; so that whole villages were laid waste!" *

Such were the dismal scenes of 1741, which render it memorable in the gloomy annals of Ireland; but henceforth they will be overshadowed by the more dismal records of 1848.

A comparison of the unhappy condition of the Irish people, in other circumstances, at different epochs—allowing a little for the necessary improvement inevitable amidst the progress and change all around them—shows the same striking and painful similarity. Sir William Petty assures us, that the people of Ireland, in his day, "were not one-fifth employed." The Devon Commission—that Fabian expedient of the statesman of "expediency," to get rid of his "great difficulty" for a season—has, in our day, made the same report to the Imperial Parliament. Petty describes, as Spenser had done before him, their houses as "lamentable sties," wretched cabins, such as they themselves could make in three or four days, not worth five shillings the building." The *Times* newspaper, not long since, sent over its "own correspondent," accompanied by the clever artist of the *Illustrated News*, to prove to us, with vivid fidelity, how little, in the course of ages, the poor Irish have improved in their domestic architecture!

We will quote one more authority on this point, an ancestor of the present Lord Lieutenant, another Earl of Clarendon, and also Vice roy of Ireland; who, if he lacked the shrewdness and dexterity, exhibited much of the temporising cunning of his descendant; and who, at a period, like our own, of great religious excitement, went the fullest lengths of complaisant servility, in alternately courting Roman-Catholicism or Protestantism, as they happened to be in the ascendant; thus *naively*, yet graphically, writes of the mass of the Irish people and their habitations, in the days of the last of the Stuarts:—"It is, indeed, a noble country; but it is sad to see the people—I mean the natives, such proper, lusty fellows—poor and almost naked!"

* "The Groans of Ireland," a tract of 1741.

"Their habitations cannot be called houses, but are perfect pig-sties; and out of one of these huts, of about ten or twelve feet square, shall you see five or six men and women bolt out as you pass by, and stand staring about them. If this be so, near Dublin, Lord! what can it be up the country!"* This is certainly said with great simplicity; but without having perused the elaborate despatches of the present Earl of Clarendon (and all are aware of his talents as a letter-writer), we may, nevertheless, safely affirm, that none of them ever contained a truer or more graphic description of a great body of the Irish people. The statistics of Larcom, in our day, are more minute and elaborate than those of Petty. He gives us more figures, if not more facts; but his dry tabular returns tell the same sad story, and proclaim the protracted wretchedness of the Irish people.

When we reflect on this long-continued series of calamities—this ever-recurring train of disasters, which the history of Ireland presents, we are almost tempted to attribute them to some terrible necessity, some inscrutable destiny which governs the fate of nations. That, like individuals, the lot of nations is generally such as they deserve, is, however harsh, we fear, a bitter truth; that they are punished for the wickedness of their people, we sincerely believe, and if punished, it must be in the present life and in their collective character. Believing this, it is impossible not to see that the bloody crimes and fratricidal dissensions, which in every age—and not the least so in ours—disgrace the history of the Irish people, have, in the dispensations of retributive justice, broken their strength, and prostrated them as a nation. But these intestine feuds and deeds of violence have been aggravated, if not produced, by the terrible misgovernment of which Ireland has been the victim. For this misgovernment England, and not Ireland, is mainly accountable. "There are nations," says Voltaire, in his usual sneering way, regarding the relations of the two countries, "of which one seems made to be subject to the other;"† and assuredly the fate of one nation never ap-

* Correspondence of Henry Earl of Clarendon with the Earl of Rochester, vol. i., p. 373.

† Treating of the battle of the Boyne, in his "Siecle de Louis XIV." There is a very complete vindication of the Frenchman's disparaging reflection, in an article in the third number of the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

peared so completely placed in the power of another as Ireland has been in that of England. Since the day that Strongbow and his Anglo-Norman followers set foot upon its shores, the government of Ireland has been mainly directed by the policy and will that has swayed the greater island. If this is a subject of boasting to some vain-glorious Englishmen, it is felt as a bitter reproach by others. The few bright spots—and there are such—in the dark and arid waste of Ireland's sad history, are sufficient to show us what she might become, if the energies of her people were only well directed and encouraged, and to convince us how much her present and past sufferings have been the result of misgovernment. In different and distant epochs, the beneficent viceregal rule of "the great Duke of York," and the accomplished Earl of Chesterfield, shewed the world, that the true way to govern the Irish people, like any other nation, was through their interests and affections. Under such rule, the prosperity and progress of the Irish nation has ever been sure and rapid. During the thirty years that immediately preceded the Union,* when the interests of Ireland, for the first time, occupied the solicitous attention of a domestic legislature, we have it on the highest authority—that of Lord Chancellor Clare—that her progress in all the elements of wealth and greatness was unexampled amongst the nations of Europe. This is, indeed, now fully admitted by English journalists, when treating of the present miserable condition of Ireland. "Fifty years ago," says the *Morning Herald*, "we found

* "The evidences of Ireland's prosperity, from 1782 to the Union," writes Mr. Barry, "are both negative and positive. The former is to be found in the absence of those perpetual complaints of poverty on the part of the people, whether in petitions to the legislature, writings of individuals, or representations in parliament, which, year after year, are to be met with in the history of the country under her dependent parliaments; and the latter in the direct testimony of eminent individuals:—Lord Plunket, speaking of Ireland under her independent legislature—'Her laws are well arranged and administered, a constitution fully recognised and established; her revenue, her trade, her manufactures thriving beyond hope or example of any other country of her extent—within these few years advancing with a rapidity astonishing to herself!' 'It is universally admitted that no country in the world ever made such rapid advances as Ireland has done during these twenty years.'—*Mr. Secretary Cooke.* 'There is not a nation on the habitable globe which has advanced in cultivation and commerce, in agriculture and manufactures, with the same rapidity, in the same period.'—*Lord Clare.*"

her prosperous; under our rule, she now lies prostrate and half ruined!"

What is the lamentable—we might say astonishing—spectacle that Ireland now presents to the nations? Let us hear it described by the heartless and bigoted historian of the misfortunes and sufferings of the Irish people—the *Times* newspaper. Commenting on the recent significant tone of the American Ambassador, and the amazing tide of emigration across the Atlantic, this great journal, the organ of the monied power of England—aye, and of our present degenerate Whig government—thus loyally speaks of the voluntary exile of millions of her Majesty's bravest subjects. "Ireland," says this lately truculent accuser of the misguided Smith O'Brien—"Ireland, to all practical purposes, belongs to that power whose minister it is now entertaining!" * * *

"The American who stands on the quays at New York, sees a vast human tide pouring in, at the rate of a thousand a-day, to swell the numbers, the wealth, and the power of his country. He sees that it was the direst necessity which drove them from the land of their forefathers, and recognizes in that necessity the providential means by which the vast continent of North America shall be added to the dominion of man. On further acquaintance with these hapless refugees, his interest cannot but increase; for he finds them affectionate and hopeful, jovial and witty, industrious and independent; in fact, the rude element of which great nations are made."

Yes, such is the character extorted, in a transitory moment of remorse, from this diurnal traducer of every class and section of the Irish people!

But, true to his vocation and the sordid interests of his employers, the journalist goes on to tell us, that all our kind wishes are misplaced—nay, that all legislative measures will be in vain; for that the decree has gone forth, "that the Celt must vanish from the land!" "The present place of this tribe," says he, "will be occupied by the more mixed, more docile, and more serviceable race, which has long borne the yoke of steady industry in this island—which can submit to a master and obey the law!"

What is the hidden meaning of these striking disquisitions? What is the strong and impelling motive which induces the *Times*

to assert so boldly the exploded theories, and, in doing so, to revive the dangerous antipathies of races?*

Is it that the capitalists and manufacturers of England really contemplate to carry out Sir Robert Peel's great colonization schemes, and not only traffic but settle in the land? or is it that they fear the astounding and damning evidence which this continued flight of the agricultural population of Ireland affords against the policy which repealed the corn laws; and would therefore mistify us, and try and make us believe that this amazing spectacle passing before our eyes is only in the ordinary course of things, and according to the fixed laws of nature and population? That the Irish people *en masse* are leaving their country the journalist strongly avers, and that they are leaving it "because their misery in it is intolerable;" but he has the hardihood to add, that the chief cause of their misery was owing to their being "Celts," and that the new settlers in this ill-fated land, will not fail to convert it into a real Utopia—a very island of the blessed!

Alas for this new plantation scheme of the *Times!* Were it even practicable, the new colonists we fear would only share the fate of all those who have gone before them—for a time caressed and encouraged; as gradually they became fused and identified with the Irish people, they would experience a common treatment from the English government.

The Anglo-Norman settlers had no sooner begun to intermarry and identify themselves with the native Irish, than they were met by the severest laws for what was termed their "degeneracy;" and in somewhat later times the jealousy of such fusion was expressed in the complaint, that the English settlers in Ireland soon became more Irish than the Irish themselves.

What was regarded in other countries as the most desirable consummation—namely, that the conquerors and the conquered should, as speedily as possible, be blended together and form a common people—was for ages most sedulously counteracted in Ireland.—

* It may be more than questioned, whether three-fourths of these poor emigrants, whom the *Times* stigmatizes (we don't know why) as Celts, have not far more and better Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins than their ignorant traducer.

"*Divide et impera*" was for centuries the ruling maxim of English statesmen in regard to this unhappy and distracted land. We willingly would except the governments of recent times, and above all the present administration; for it would be too painful to think that so tortuous and heartless a policy has influenced the affairs of this unhappy country during the last few dismal years. Yet when we call to mind the warm professions, the peculiar devotion to Ireland once professed by the present Whig ministers, and compare them with their present cold and insulting language—when we recall the bright hopes and beneficent series of measures which Lord John Russell himself held forth to the Irish people on his advent to power, and then remember how bitterly these hopes and promises have been disappointed, while prosecutions, attainders, and exile have relentlessly followed those who, despairing of all constitutional means, would have rashly led their countrymen to seek in civil war a remedy for the evils of their country; but more especially when we recall the adroit coquetings of Lord Clarendon, at one time with the Orangemen, and at another with the Roman Catholic bishops—now caressing the landlords, and now, through the daily organs of his government, surpassing even the commonest ravings of the Tenant League, in fierce and unsparing denunciation of the landed interest—we say, when we compare and ponder on all these things, it is difficult to believe that it has not been the object, as it has undoubtedly been the effect, of the policy of our Whig rulers to revive the animosities, and sow the dissensions; to play off party against party, and set class against class; to divide, and, therefore, to weaken and keep in subjection, the Irish people. It may have been the result of chance, it may be fatuity; they may have been all this time without course or chart, letting the vessel of state, as sailors say, drive before the wind, over this raging and tempestuous tide, this "*gurgite vasto*," strewn with the wrecks of an entire nation. We would willingly think so—we would in charity give them the benefit of the doubt, and believe that they did not foresee, much less prepare, the evils which their rash and perverse government has brought upon the Irish nation. Yet, if so, how can we account (unless in their madness) for the self-contented complacency and indifference with which they regard the all but completed ruin of the Irish people? When we ask them what they have done to lighten our evils, and improve

our unhappy condition, why do they exultingly cry (in spite of the evidence of their own senses), "Have we not given you free-trade, and the poor-law?" When, by way of rejoinder, we point to the beggared landlords in the lists of the Encumbered Estates Court, and the decks of the emigrant ships crowded with undustrious farmers and "the bold peasantry," once the pride and strength of their country—why do they chuckle, with a look half-cunning, half-idiotic, and whisper us, "That it's all right—all as it should be—that things at last will find their level—only let us have patience, and" —— let us, they would add, continue a little longer in office, and draw another quarter's salary from the Treasury!

"There's a good time coming," says the sleek and smiling place-man, ignoring in his own happiness all the misery that surrounds him—and we too will believe it, for we will not, even in this dark hour, despair of the fortunes of this noble country. Involved alike in her misfortunes, a sense of their common ties and interests, let us hope, will at length induce Irishmen to lay aside their miserable dissensions, and, waving all minor differences, unite in a combined effort to raise their country from "the slough of despond" in which she is now plunged. In this great and good work, however, all classes and orders, in the first place, must do their part by a full and honest discharge of their relative duties, whether peer or peasant, landlord or tenant, and in the next, availing themselves, in a spirit of patriotic independence, of the privileges which the constitution gives them, return members to parliament who will adequately and worthily represent their country. We believe that a general election is close at hand. It is not too much to say, that on the character and capacity of the men she will then select to represent her, the fate of Ireland, it may be for generations to come, will depend—Ireland has only to prove true to herself and all will yet be well. The good sense of the English people cannot be much longer abused; they will at length understand and solve the "Irish Question;" they will abjure for ever these vain schemes of "new plantation;" and far from desiring to banish their Irish fellow-subjects from the homes of their forefathers, will rejoice to bind them more closely by equal laws and privileges, and a just and considerate attention to their wants and interests. The system of Irish undertakers, of job-statesmen and "shave-beggars," as

O'Connell happily described the school-boy statesmen sent with each succeeding viceroy to govern Ireland, will be for ever got rid of; and "the beginning of *this* end," will terminate the vice-regal diplomacy of Lord Clarendon, the dull routine of Sir William Somerville, and the red-tape activity of Redington. Lord Clarendon, it is said, aspired to be the last Lord Lieutenant, but "pleased with his task," and proud of the result of his labours, as Principal Secretary of State in his own abolition bill, though seated in Downing-street, Ireland would still have had the benefit of his genius. But *Diis aliter visum*—that hopeful scheme miscarried—the Irish members were for once more obedient to the wishes and *supposed* interests of their constituents, than to the behests of the Treasury "whipper-in." Lord Clarendon remains Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but it had been well for his reputation as a statesman, that he had never come to Ireland, or that he had left it earlier. There was a time when he might have departed from amongst us with "all his blushing honors thick upon him"—he had with his blandishments alternately charmed both Orangemen and Roman Catholics—he had dissolved all Irish combination and parties—he had crushed rebellion, or at least Smith O'Brien. The thanks of his sovereign, and the illustrious blue ribband, had marked these eminent services, but "there came a nipping frost" which hath blasted all his blossoming greatness; and now, while contemporaries whisper of interrupted letters and delicate negotiations prostrated, he may well fear that the historian will set down the Irish poor-law, and the dread census of 1851, as the memorable *fasti* of his disastrous government.

Strong in the advocacy of the *Times*, Lord Clarendon may possibly look with complacency on what that journal unfeelingly satirises as "the Exodus of the Irish people;" but the day may not be far distant, when, amid the perils and exigencies of an European war, England may look in vain to this deserted land for the gallant men who once crowded her ranks and brought victory to her standards, and like Augustus, exclaim, "Where are my legions?"*

* On the 16th of October, 1851, the "Glenlyon," with 320 passengers, and the "Velocity," with 260, sailed from Waterford for America. On the 17th of October, the "Mars" sailed from the same port for New York, with 395 passengers, and property and money amounting to £10,000. Alas! from one port 975 of our people fly from their native land, in the short space of forty-eight hours.

Historic Literature of Ireland supra p. 409

Art. IV.—THE CELTIC RECORDS OF IRELAND.

Annala Rioġaċta Eiṙeann. *Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the Four Masters, from the earliest period to the year* 1616. Edited from MSS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy and of Trinity College, Dublin, with a Translation, and copious Notes, by John O'Donovan, L.L.D., M.R.I.A., Barrister-at-Law. 7 vols. 4to. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 1851.

That the history of Great Britain must remain incomplete and defective, until the ancient literary monuments of the Kingdom of Ireland, which now forms an integral portion of the British Empire, have been fully investigated, is a truth requiring but little demonstration. An acquaintance with the annals of the countries whose relations with England have materially influenced her destinies, is indispensable to the inquirer who desires to trace the origin of many of the most important events of European history. The misrepresentations of writers who have hitherto compiled "Histories of Ireland," are sufficiently apparent to students even superficially conversant with our original records. To palliate one-sided statements and to conceal their ignorance, those self-styled historians have in general asserted that no native materials existed to relieve the dulness of their arid productions. An inspection of our manuscript collections, and an acquaintance with the documents published within the last ten years, by our literary societies, will fully disprove this gratuitous falsehood, and demonstrate that Ireland possesses ancient historical monuments of a more varied and authentic character than any other nation of northern Europe. The numbers and copiousness of the Hiberno-Celtic documents which have come down to us, are accounted for by the fact, that one of the most stringently enforced of the ancient Celtic laws of Ireland, was that which obliged every clan to preserve its history and records. To carry this peculiar ordinance into effect, each sept maintained a family of hereditary historians, by whom all particulars connected

with the transactions of the clan were committed to writing. The books compiled by those chroniclers became of the greatest importance, as, under the clan system of government, every individual, in order to establish his claim to a portion of the general possessions of the tribe, was obliged to prove his consanguinity with the chief families of the district. In addition to the history and genealogies of the clans, these records contained precise definitions of the extent and boundaries of their territories, and a careful statement of the amount of tribute due to, or to be paid by, the various septs. Thus forming, as it were, the charters of the Irish tribes, by an appeal to which all questions of right and precedence were finally adjusted.* The historians, or *ollavs*, to whom the care of these documents was entrusted, formed a peculiar and privileged class, maintained in a degree of considerable splendour, at the general expense, and enjoying many profitable distinctions and immunities. As the disunited Irish clans sank before the concentrated force brought against them, and as the power of England gradually extended in the country, it became the policy of the more unenlightened and short-sighted of the successful party, to endeavour to obliterate every trace of the former state and ancient Celtic institutions of the kingdom. Hence, the old historical volumes, written in the Irish language, were industriously sought out, and systematically destroyed. On the other hand, the representatives of the ancient possessors of the soil, laboured strenuously to preserve the venerable documents, which contained, as it were, their title deeds, and the history of their fathers. Numbers of these manuscripts were consequently carried by the expatriated Irish to foreign lands, and many were secreted in Ireland, until the arrival of the time, when it was expected that the strange colonists should be expelled, and the descendants of the old

* Dr, O'Donovan, in his recent treatise on "The Tribes and Territories of Ancient Ossory," tells us, that "the Irish poets have, in their poems, recorded the territories with their boundaries, and the families to whom they belonged, with as much truth and certainty as the charters granted by the Kings of England, since the Anglo-Norman invasion, have recorded and defined the estates granted by them to the Anglo-Norman settlers, or to such Irish families as have submitted to their authority." This statement is fully confirmed by an Irish poem, attributed to an author of the fifth century, which recites the qualifications of the *ollav*, or poet historian, and by innumerable ancient Celtic records.

proprietors reinstated in the possessions wrested from their ancestors. Early in the seventeenth century, the contest in Ireland, of more than four hundred years, was finally decided. The last strongholds of the native clans came into the possession of foreign settlers, the ancient institutions and most cherished customs of the old inhabitants were prescribed under heavy penalties, and the Irish Celts and the descendants of the Anglo-Norman invaders began to find themselves strangers and outlaws in the land of their fathers.

It was at this period, so gloomy for the "children of the Gael," that Michael O'Clery, a friar of the Order of St. Francis, formed the project of compiling a body of Irish annals, from the old historical books still remaining in the country.

Stimulated by the patronage of O'Gara,* chief of Coolavin, who had been one of the earliest students in the newly founded University of Dublin, he associated with himself Conary and Peregrine O'Clery, together with a fourth antiquary, named Fearfeasa O'Mulconry, and the compilation was commenced in 1632, and brought to a conclusion, after four years' labour, amid the ruins of the convent of Donegal. That venerable institution, founded in 1474, by one of the munificent princes of Tir Connell, had been

* The tribe of *Ui Gadhra*, or sons of Gara, anciently held extensive possessions in the counties of Mayo and Sligo. Their principal castle was on the banks of the lake, named from them, Loch O'Gara. In the wars of the Revolution of 1689-91, Oliver O'Gara commanded a regiment of infantry, raised by himself to support the royal or national cause; and after the capitulation at Limerick he became one of the hostages for the secure return of the shipping which conveyed the last portion of the gallant Irish Jacobite forces to France, under the command of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, and Major General John Wauhop. Having rejoined his countrymen in France, in March 1692, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of King James' Royal Irish Regiment of Foot-guards, under Colonel William Dorrington, and afterwards became Colonel of the Queen's Irish Regiment of "Dragons a pied," in Catalonia. Three sons of Colonel Oliver O'Gara highly distinguished themselves in Spain, in whose service the first was a Brigadier, the second Colonel of the Regiment of "Hibernia," and the third Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment of "Irlandia." The fourth son, Charles O'Gara, born at St. Germain in 1699, and for whom King James stood sponsor, rose to distinction at the Court of Lorraine, subsequently attained to high honors in Austria, and died, unmarried and exceedingly wealthy, at Brussels, in 1775-6. Celia O'Gara (*Sighile ni Ghadhradh*) was the heroine of many of the Irish Jacobite poets; the plaintive air accompanying the song in which she is commemorated, has been familiarized to modern ears by Moore's melody—"Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own."

dismantled, and converted into a royal garrison, during the wars of Elizabeth. In the interesting autobiographical preface, prefixed to the Annals, the chief compiler gives us the following account of the origin and progress of his labours:—

"I, Michael O'Clery, a poor brother of the Order of St. Francis (after having been for ten years transcribing every old material which I found, concerning the saints of Erin, observing obedience to each Provincial that was in Erin successively), have come before you, O noble Farrell O'Gara. I have calculated on your honor that it seemed to you a cause of pity and regret, grief and sorrow (for the glory of God and the honor of Erin) how much the race of Gael, the son of Niul, have gone under a cloud and darkness without a knowledge of the death or obit of saint or virgin, archbishop, bishop, abbot, or other noble dignitary of the church; of king or prince, lord or chieftain, and of the synchronism or connexion of the one with the other. I explained to you that I thought I could get the assistance of the chroniclers for whom I had most esteem, for writing a book of annals, in which the aforesaid matters might be put on record; and that, should the writing of them be neglected at present, they would not again be found, to be put on record or commemorated to the end and termination of the world. There were collected by me* all the best and most copious

* The name of O'Clerigh, or O'Clery, is a corruption of the Celtic words *Ui Cleirigh*, signifying literally, the sons of the clerk or learned man. They descended from *Guaire*, surnamed "the hospitable," King of Connacht, in the seventh century, and were originally located in Tireragh, in the County of Galway, to which territory they furnished several distinguished chieftains. Having been expelled from their ancient possessions by the De Burghs, shortly after the Anglo-Norman invasion, some of them settled in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, where their descendants became literary men and antiquaries. Others migrated to Breifne O'Reilly, now the county of Cavan; and a third branch settled under O'Dowda, in Tir Awly and Tireragh. "There passed, after some time," says the old chronicler, "from Tir Awly into Tir Connell, a wise man of the O'Clerys, whose name was Cormac Mac Dermot O'Clery, and who was a learned proficient in the two laws, civil and canon. The monks and ecclesiastics of the Abbey of St. Bernard, called the Abbey of Assaro, loved him for his education and good morals, for his wisdom and intellect, and detained him amongst them for some time. He was at this time a young guest. O'Sgingin had been, for a long time before this period, the historical *ollav* to O'Donnell, the lord of the race of Conall, and he had just come into the land of Conall, from Ardcarn, in Moylurg. And there lived not of O'Sgingin's children, nor yet of his tribe in the country, but one fair daughter, and he joined her as wife to this Cormac; and what he asked as her dower was, that whatever male child should be first born tothem should be sent to study and learn history, as all his race had become extinct in the territory, except the daughter whom he wedded to him on that occasion. The other promised to comply with his request; and he kept his promise truly." Their first-born son, accordingly, became historian, or *ollav*, to O'Donnell. His grandson, Dermot, surnamed "of the three schools," because he kept

books of annals that I could find throughout all Erin (though it was difficult for me to collect them to one place), to write this book in your name, and to your honor, for it was you that gave the reward of their labour to the chroniclers by whom it was written; and it was the friars of the convent of Donegal that supplied them with food and attendance in like manner. For every good that will result from this book, in giving light to all in general, it is to you that thanks should be given, and there should exist no wonder or surprise, jealousy or envy, at any good that you do; for you are of the race of *Emher*, the son of Milesius, from whom descended thirty of the kings of Erin, and sixty-one saints."

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schools for teaching general literature, history, and poetry, became so distinguished, that Nial O'Donnell, son of Torlogh "of the wine," granted him the lands of Creevagh, in the parish of Kil-Barran. He was succeeded by Teige Cam O'Clery, whose three sons, noted for their hospitality, wealth, and erudition, erected a castle and other edifices on the hereditary lands of Kil Barran. The ruins of this castle are still standing, on a rock overhanging the Atlantic, at a little distance from Ballyshannon. "From the singularity of its situation, seated on a lofty, precipitous, and nearly insulated cliff, exposed to the storms and billows of the western ocean, the reader," observes Dr. Petrie, "will naturally conclude, that this now sadly dilapitated and time-worn ruin must have owed its origin to some rude and daring chief of old, whose occupation was war and rapine, and whose thoughts were as wild and turbulent as the waves that washed his sea-girt eagle dwelling; and such, in their ignorance of its unpublished history, has been the conclusion formed by modern topographers, who tell us that it is supposed to have been the habitation of freebooters. But it was not so. This lonely, insulated fortress was erected as an abode for peaceful men—a safe and quiet retreat, in troubled times, for the laborious investigators and preservers of the history, poetry, and antiquities of their country. This castle was the residence of the *ollavs*, bards, and antiquaries of the people of Tir Connell—the illustrious family of the O'Clerys. * * The lands annexed would, at the present day, produce a rental of little short of two thousand pounds a-year. * * Alas! it will be long till learning in the history and antiquities of our country be again thus nobly recompensed." Michael O'Clery, chief of the "Four Masters," was born in 1575. His original christian name was *Teige an t-sleibhe*, or "Teige of the mountain," which he changed on becoming a lay brother of the Order of St. Francis. Soon after joining his brethren at Louvain, he was sent into Ireland, by Hugh Ward, guardian of the convent, to collect materials for Irish hagiology. Michael pursued his labours for fifteen years, visiting the most distinguished Irish scholars, and transcribing ancient manuscripts. After Ward's death, in 1635, the documents which O'Clery had transmitted to Louvain, proved of great service to the learned John Colgan, who pursued the collection of the lives of the Irish saints, interrupted by Ward's decease. In addition to his contributions to the "Annals of the Four Masters," Michael O'Clery compiled the *Reim Rioghraidhe*, a Catalogue of the Kings of Erin, the "Genealogies of the Saints of Erin," and the Calendar of their Anniversaries; together with a most important work, entitled *Leabhar Gabhala*, or the "Book of the various Conquests of Erin," now preserved in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy. This learned historiographer died in 1643, in which year, his *Sanasan Nua*, or Glossary of difficult and obsolete Irish words, was published at Louvain.

The peculiar feature of these Annals is, that they supply us with a calm chronological account of the great Celtic tribes, who for so many ages constituted the Irish nation, and whose history—which, until the commencement of the seventeenth century, is the history of Ireland—has been totally and designedly overlooked by English writers. In the works of such authors, the native Irish clans are generally represented as subjected by the first invasion of the Anglo-Normans; and all attempts to preserve their ancient possessions and to expel intrusive foreigners from their territories, are invariably stigmatised as treason and rebellion. The native septs are depicted as wrapped in savagery and barbarism; while the most exalted virtues are ascribed to their opponents, whose successes, however trivial, are magnified into splendid victories and heroic achievements. Such is the character of what has hitherto been styled the history of Ireland; and such might it ever continue, were none but the party eventually victorious, entitled to a hearing. Nor can we be surprised that this should be the case, when we reflect, that the state of things established in Ireland, on the ruin of a large section of the ancient inhabitants, rendered it politic with the successful colonists to represent themselves as the introducers of civilization and justice, and the magnanimous expellers of barbarism and rapine. These partizan views were embodied and propagated by servile authors, who composed histories* of this country, under the surveillance of a tyrannous oligarchy, by whom patronage and emoluments were distributed in proportion to the amount of plausible misrepresentation and adulation exhibited by those venal scribes. On the other hand, the despoiled Irish, and descendants of old English, who passed into the service of foreign princes, found but little time for literary occupations, and were more accustomed to wield the sword than the pen. It consequently devolved on the expatriated ecclesiastics to narrate the details of the reverses of their native land. Writing under the jealous censorship of the Inquisition, their judgments obscured by professional and unavoidable prejudices, they erred in an opposite

* The productions of these writers do not possess the merit of accurate chronology, even on the affairs of the Anglo-Irish. We have the authority of the Ulster King-at-Arms, and Keeper of the Records in Bermingham's Tower, for stating, that "No histories of Ireland yet published synchronize with the records, but, for the most part, are delusive and erroneous."

extreme, and labored to prove, that the gallant struggle of the Irish clans, for their lands and ancient institutions, was a war undertaken in defence of religion.* They thus endeavoured, by their publications, to rouse the Catholic powers of Europe to take up arms in defence of the Irish and old English, whom, not without a certain degree of justice, they represented as suffering, for conscience sake, persecutions nearly as severe as those undergone by the primitive Christians.

Now, however, when, after the lapse of centuries, human society has been set on an entirely new basis, and the fierce passions, which agitated the men of Europe in former ages, exist but in the records of the past—when the bloods of once inimical races have become inseparably commingled, during the successive generations which have passed away on the Irish soil—once the great object of contention—the philosophic mind desires to inquire into the origin and progress of the events which have combined to produce the condition in which we find this island at present placed.

The records, moreover, of a peculiar branch of the great Celtic family, which, although at present widely scattered, and intermixed with the various races of both hemispheres, still continues to retain and forcibly exhibit many of its original and characteristic attributes, and whence has sprung a vast proportion of men, world-famous for their proficiency in every branch of human knowledge and science, cannot fail to possess attractions for the student of the history of mankind.

To notice in detail a compilation of such magnitude and importance as the Annals of Ireland by the Four Masters,† which, extending from the semi-fabulous ages to the year 1616, is the only

* The justice of this statement will be fully appreciated by a collation of the highly colored religious history of Don Philip O'Sullivan, published at Lisbon, in 1621, "*cum facultate S. Inquisitionis, Ordinarii et Regis,*" with the calm and dispassionate accounts of the same events given by the friars of Donegal, who had the means of obtaining the most accurate information on the Irish wars of Elizabeth.

† This name was first applied to them by the learned John Colgan, editor of the "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ," published at Louvain, in 1645. "When I have occasion to refer to this work, I shall," says he, "style it, for brevity sake, the 'Annals of the Four Masters,' for such was the number of the learned antiquarians engaged in its production, or the 'Annals of Donegal,' because that was the place of its compilation."

work which furnishes us with an account of the Celtic clans who for so many ages ruled the island on which we now dwell, would be, in effect, to write a history of Ireland. We must, therefore, be content to take a compendious view of the Irish annals during the period over which the work before us extends.

Many, say the legends, were the descents made upon the coasts of Erin in ancient days, but the island was divided into provinces by five brothers of the gigantic *Fir Bolgs* or Belgians, and their king, *Slane*, was the first who absolutely ruled over the country. Thirty-seven years was the period of their domination, and nine of them had assumed the kingship, when they were subdued by *Nua* "of the silver hand," king of the *Danaans*. After governing *Inis-Fail** for nearly two hundred years, the crafty *Danaans* were themselves conquered by a tribe of *Gaels*, who came, in the beginning of summer, with a great fleet, "wafted by the mighty ocean waves," to Erin,

* Ireland acquired this name from the *lia fail*, or "stone of destiny," believed to have been brought to her shores by the *Danaans*, and on which, for many ages, the kings of Erin were crowned. The "stone of destiny" was supposed to have been subsequently carried to Scone, and thence transferred to the coronation chair of the kings of England, in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Petrie has, however, proved that it still remains on the hill of Tara. Milesius is the latinized form of *Milidh Easpaine*, or the Spanish warrior; and although Moore has impugned the veracity of those ancient legends, he made the landing of the Milesians the theme of the following ballad, which is not to be found in the editions of his "Melodies," in general circulation:

"They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
'Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destined home or grave?'
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

"And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.
'Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail!'
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While, bending to heav'n, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

"Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod."

under the command of *Emher*, *Eremhon*, and *Ir*, sons of *Golamh*, a Spanish warrior. These three princes jointly assumed the sovereignty of the island; and to them, in after ages, the chief nobles of the country gloried to trace their genealogies. In the days of king *Tiernmas*, gold, says the myth, was first smelted in Erin, by the artificer *Uchadan*, who dwelt near the Liffé. "It was by him that goblets and brooches were first covered with gold and silver, and clothes dyed purple, blue, and green." The successor of king *Tiernmas* instituted dresses of different colors to distinguish the various different orders of the state. "Thus was the distinction made between them: one color in the clothes of slaves, two in the clothes of soldiers, three in the clothes of goodly heroes or young lords of territories, six in the clothes of *ollavs* or poet-historians, and seven in the clothes of kings and queens." *Ollav Fola** was the king by whom the *Féis* or triennial assembly was established at Tara, "to preserve laws and rules;" he also appointed a chieftain over every cantred, and a public victualler over every townland. Tara was so called from Queen *Teamhair* "who requested of *Eremhon* a choice hill as her dower, in whatever place she should select it, that she might be interred therein, and that her mound and gravestone might be thereon raised, and where every prince ever to be born of her race should dwell. The hill she selected was the hill of *Caen:* it is from her it is named *Teamhair*, and in it was she entombed." In the fourth century before the Christian era, the palace of *Emania*,† say the bards, was built by Queen *Macha*, who, having assumed the sovereignty with the strong hand, compelled the sons of her enemies to raise that edifice, that it might ever be the chief stronghold of the kings of *Uladh* or Ulster. King *Eochaidh* formed the Pentarchy, appointing five provincial kings, subject and tributary to himself; and this ancient division was maintained for long ages after. Eight years before the Christian era, *Fergus*, king of *Uladh*, or Ulster,

* *Ollamh Fodhla*, or Ollav Fola, signifies the learned historian of Fola or Ireland, which was so called from one of the *Danaan* queens. Ireland was frequently styled *Banba* from another of these princesses, and the bards say that *Eire* or *Erin* was likewise a queen of the same race.

† Considerable remains of this edifice still exist, about two miles west of Armagh. The name of the latter town is said to be derived from *Ard Macha*, or the heights of Queen *Macha*.

having been dethroned by *Conor*, the son of *Nessa*, placed himself under the protection of *Oilill* and *Meadhbh*, or Mave, king and queen of Connacht, who commenced a war* against Ulster, which lasted for seven years, and was signalised by the romantic achievements of the "Knights of the Red Branch," under their heroic champions, *Conall Cearnach*, "or the victorious," and *Cuchullinn*. This war was long remembered by the bards, who were wont to style *Uladh*, the province of *Conor Mac Nessa*, and *Connacht* the land of *Meadhbh*, or Mave; from the valiant queen who, in her bright chariot, and wearing on her head the golden *asion* or diadem, led the warriors of Connacht against the army of *Uladh*. King *Crimhthan*, or Criffan, was the first who led the men of Erin into Britain, to aid his allies the Picts in their heroic stand against the Romans. It was from one of these expeditions, say the annals, that he brought with him "the wonderful jewels, among which were a golden chariot, and a golden chess-board, inlaid with a hundred transparent gems, and the mantle of *Criffan*, which was a beautiful cloak, embroidered with gold. He brought a conquering sword, with many serpents of refined, massy gold inlaid in it; a shield, with bosses of bright silver; a spear, from the wound inflicted by which no one recovered; a sling, from which no erring shot was discharged; and two greyhounds, with a silver chain between them, which chain was worth three hundred bond-maids; with many other precious articles." This warlike monarch, whose name, says Moore, "enjoys the peculiar distinction of being associated in the page of history with those of Tacitus and Agricola," died at his stronghold, named *Dun Crimhthainn*, or the "fort of *Criffan*," or *Edair*, now the hill of Howth. So great was the reputation of his achievements, that the poets were accustomed to call Erin, "the plain of *Criffan*." After Criffan's death, the *Attacots*, or tenants, who tilled the lands, and were treated as a servile class by their dominant fellow Gaels, revolted, and placed *Cairbé*, one of themselves, on the throne. "Evil was the state of Erin during his reign; fruitless her corn, for there used to be but one grain on the stalk; fruitless her

* This contest forms the subject of a most curious and interesting historical romance noticed in the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. III., page 426, and which we hope soon to see published.

rivers; milkless her cattle; plentiless her fruit, for there used to be but one acorn on the oak."* On *Cairbré's* death, the throne was offered to his son, the sage *Morann*, who procured the recall of the royal heirs, to whom he was appointed chief judge. The seasons became once more propitious; and so great was the integrity of *Morann*, that his name became synonymous with justice. In the year of Christ 56, the *Attacots* again revolted, but their leader was deposed by *Tuathal*, surnamed *the acceptable*, who regained the sovereignty, and established the Convention of Tara, where all the nobles assembled and swore the great Pagan oath, by the sun, the moon, the stars and all the elements, by their horses, javelins,

* The Irish bards, with a view of promoting peace and social order, were accustomed to represent the serenity or inclemency of the seasons, and the state of the island in general, as resulting from the good or evil qualities of the reigning monarch. Thus, we are told, that "every plain in Erin abounded with flowers and shamrocks in the time of King *Fiacha*. These flowers, moreover, were found full of wine, so that the wine was pressed into bright vessels. Wherefore the cognomen, *Fiacha Fin-scothach*, or 'of the wine flowers,' continued to be applied to him." The following ancient description of the state of Ireland, on the accession of King Donal, in the seventh century, illustrates the bardic ideas of the golden age:—

"Authors relate, that the night on which it was resolved that *Donal* should rule and be elected to the sovereignty of Erin, was the night on which the assemblies were united, the tribes were cemented, the boundaries were fixed, the kerns became tame, the insurgents were expelled, the thieves were suppressed, ignorance was exploded, and partial judgments discontinued; so that that was the night of suppressing every evil and of exalting every good. In short, the sky then became cheering and the planets benign, so that the elements communicated mildness to the seasons, and the rays of the sun became bright and genial, to warm and purify every sunny bank; hence it happened that the rough, unprofitable farms became productive, the crops and corn increased as if the bosom of each land were a lactiferous udder. The fruits so increased that they could not be propped up by forked supporters of wood, in consequence of the size of each fruit; so that with the palms of his hands the swineherd was used to drive the swine of each forest, in consequence of their unwieldiness. The milk of every cow became rich on account of the degree to which the grassy and flowery surface of every farm grew. The cataracts, rivers, and harbours of Erin, poured forth such shoals of every kind of lively, salmon-like, slippery great fish, that they could not fit or get room on the bottoms of the seas and rivers, lakes, ponds, and deep pools, but were to be seen in dried and shrivelled multitudes on the bright shores, sloping strands, and margins of the bright and beautiful harbours. And it happened, from the goodness of the weather in the reign of the monarch, the grandson of *Ainmiré*, that the labourers of the soil would not have deemed it necessary to attend to labour, work, ploughing, utensils, gathering, or tillage, were it not that their chieftains and kings commanded and compelled them to do so, for supplying their own banquets and royal feasts to prove the worthiness of their reigns. Ah me! it were easy for one acquainted or unacquainted

shields, and swords, that they would be loyal to *Tuathal* and his descendants, "as long as the sea rolled around the insulated, solitary land of Erin." *Tuathal* imposed a tribute called the *Borumha* on the men of Leinster, and was the first to form a central power in the country, by allocating Meath for the mensal lands of the monarch. "It was by *Tuathal*," says the bard, "that every province in Erin was decapitated to form Meath, which was thence called *Meidhe*, that is, the neck." In the second century of the Christian era, Erin was divided into two portions, of which the northern was styled *Leath Cuinn*, or the Half of *Conn*, "of the hundred battles;" and the southern was named *Leath Mogha*, or the Half of *Eoghan*,

with Erin to travel and frequent her at this period, in consequence of the goodness of her laws, the tranquillity of her hosts, the serenity of her seasons, the splendour of her chieftains, the justice of her *Brehons*, the regularity of her troops, the talents of her *ollavs*, the genius of her poets, the various musical powers of her minstrels, the botanical skill of her physicians, the art of her braziers, the useful workmanship of her smiths, and the handicraft of her carpenters; in consequence of the mild bashfulness of her maidens, the strength and prowess of her lords, the generosity and hospitality of her *Brughaidhs* (victuallers); for her *Brughaidhs* were generous, and had abundance of food and kine; her habitations were hospitable, spacious, and open for company and entertainment to remove the hunger and gloom of guests; so that authors record that one woman might travel Erin alone without fear of being molested, though there should be no witness to guard her, (if she were not afraid of the imputations of slander,) from the well-known *Osgleann*, in *Umhall*, in the west of the province of Connacht, to the celebrated remarkable rock *Carraic Eoghain*, in the east of Erin, and from the fair-surfaced, woody, grassy-green island of *Inis Fail*, exactly in the south of *Bunba* of the fair margin, to the furious, headlong, foaming, boisterous cascade of *Buadh*, which is the same as the clear-watered, snowy-foamed, ever-roaring, parti-coloured, bellowing, in salmon-abounding, beautiful old torrent, whose celebrated, well-known name is the lofty-great, clear-landed, contentious, precipitate, loud-roaring, headstrong, rapid, salmon-ful, sea-monster-ful, varying, in large-fish-abounding, rapid-flooded, furious-streamed, whirling, in-seal-abounding, royal, and prosperous cataract of Red Hugh, and thence northwards by *Teinne Bec an Broghadh*, or by the great plain of *Madh Ininnrighe*, to the loud-roaring, water-shooting cliffs of Torach."

The presence of a man of noble race was supposed to be indicated by the fertility of the district in which he sojourned. An ancient Irish treatise, published by our Celtic Society, tells us of a youth of one of the Munster clans, who was "given in his twelfth year as a pledge for wine to the crew of a merchant's ship from Gascony, and he remained in the East, until he was set to take care of the vines, when it was proved he was of noble blood, for the vines grew without defect during his time, and he was conveyed back to his own country; and it is for that reason that his race are called *clann-an Ghascunaigh*, or the clan of the Gascon."

The ancient Irish likewise believed that the decease of a good king was preceded by certain evil omens and disastrous changes in the weather and

or *Mogha*, king of Munster. In the year 266, died King Cormac, who was slain by the Druids for having forsaken their idols. "He was," say the annals, "a famous author in laws, synchronisms, and history, for it was he that established law, rule, and direction for each science, and for each covenant, according to propriety; and it is his laws that governed all that adhered to them to the present time. He also collected the Chroniclers of Erin to Tara, and ordered them to write the chronicles of Erin in one book, which was named the Psalter of Tara. In that book were entered the

climate. The events recorded in the annals, as having foreboded the death of *Cahal Mór*, or Cahal the Great, surnamed *Croibhdearg*, or "of the red hand," king of Connacht, in the early part of the thirteenth century, furnished the late Clarence Mangan with the subject of the following poem:

"I walked entranced through a land of morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced over seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens aleft and right.
Even in the clime of resplendent Spain
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time, 'twas in the reign
Of Cahal *Mór* of the Wine-red hand.

"Anon stood nigh by my side a man
Of princely aspect, and port sublime.
Here queried I, 'Oh! my Lord and Khan,
What clime is this, and what golden time?'
When he—'The clime is a clime to praise,
The clime is Erin's, the green and bland;
And it is the time, these be the days,
Of Cahal *Mór* of the Wine-red hand!'

"Then I saw thrones, and circling fires,
And a dome rose near me, as by a spell,
Whence flowed the tones of silver lyres
And many voices in wreathed swell;
And their thrilling chime fell on mine ears
As the heavenly hymn of an angel band—
'It is now the time, these be the years,
Of Cahal *Mór* of the Wine-red hand!'

"I sought the hall, and, behold!—a change
From light to darkness, from joy to woe!
Kings, nobles, all, looked aghast and strange;
The minstrel group sate in dumbest show!
Had some great crime wrought this dread amaze,
This terror? None seemed to understand!
'Twas then the time, we were in the days,
Of Cahal *Mór* of the Wine-red hand.

"I again walked forth; but lo! the sky
Showed fleckt with blood, and an alien sun
Glared from the north, and there stood on high,
Amid his shorn beams—a skeleton!
It was by the stream of the castled Maine,
One autumn eve, in the Teuton's land,
That I dreamed this dream of the time and reign,
Of Cahal *Mór* of the Wine-red hand."

coeval exploits and synchronisms of the kings of Erin with the kings and emperors of the world, and of the kings of the provinces with the monarchs of Erin. In it was also written what the monarchs of Erin were entitled to receive from the provincial kings, and the rents and dues of the provincial kings from their subjects, from the noble to the subaltern. In it also were described the boundaries and meares of Erin, from shore to shore, from the province to the cantred, from the cantred to the townland, and from the townland to the smaller division of land."

Towards the middle of the third century, *Cairbré Riada*, an Ulster prince, led the colony into *Alba*, whence, after the conquest of the Picts, sprung the kingdom of Scotland. In those Irish chiefs of Argyleshire, historians, according to Sir Walter Scott, "must trace the original roots of the royal line of Scotland;" and the erudite Chalmers tells us, that, down to the eleventh century, "the whole people inhabiting every district of proper Scotland spoke the Irish tongue."

Criffan, the second of that name, monarch of Erin in 366, was one of the most distinguished of our Pagan kings. He established colonies of Munstermen at Glastonbury, and in different parts of Wales, where, according to a writer of the ninth century, several places were called after his people, who probably raised the buildings called by the Welsh, *Ceiter Guidelod*, or forts of the Gaels. *Criffan* ravaged the coasts of Gaul, and made descents upon England, in concert with the Picts. "So destructive had become their inroads at this period, that it required the presence of the son of Constantine to make head against and repel them; and a native historian describes the Britons as trembling with the fear of a new visitation, while still fainting from the dire effects of the tempest which had just swept over them." When Theodosius, the bravest of the Roman generals, assumed the command of Britain, he found that the men of Erin and their Pictish allies had advanced as far as London and Kent. The remains of the Roman walls still bear testimony of the intrepidity of those fierce invaders; and the great road extending from Dover, through London, to Anglesey in Wales, was long known by the Britons as the "way of the Irish." In 379 *Niall*, surnamed "of the nine hostages," became king. He not only ravaged

Britain, but likewise extended his predatory expeditions to the coasts of Britanny and the maritime districts of the north-west of Gaul, whence his troops carried with them, among other captives, the youth Patrick, who is honored as the Apostle of Ireland. *Niall* fell by a poisoned arrow, at a place not far from the present town of Boulogne. "It was against the incursions of this adventurous monarch that some of those successes were achieved by the Romans, which threw such lustre around the military administration of Stilicho, and inspired the muse of Claudian in his praise." To *Niall* the Great succeeded *Feradach*, surnamed *Dathi*, from his expertness in martial feats. "Not only, like Nial," says a learned writer, "did he venture to invade the coasts of Gaul, but, allured by the prospect of plunder, which the state of the province, then falling fast into dismemberment, held forth, forced his way to the foot of the Alps, and was there killed, it is said, by a flash of lightning; leaving the throne of Ireland to be filled henceforth by a line of Christian kings." Such is a short view of some of the affairs of Ireland, during the Pagan times. *Tiernach*, a writer of the eleventh century, who is entitled to our belief and credit from the modesty of his assertions, tells us that the true history of Ireland may be dated from the building of the palace of Emania, about three hundred years before the birth of Christ;* "and it is certain," says the sceptical Moore, "that this

* The accuracy of ancient dates being considered apocryphal, we are driven, says Dr. O'Donovan, "to regard the catalogue of kings, given by Gilla-Caemain and others, as a mere attempt at reducing to chronological order the accumulated traditions of the poets and seanachies of Ireland. But that a list of Irish monarchs was attempted to be made out, at a very early period, is now generally admitted by the best antiquarians. Mr. Pinkerton, who denies to the Irish the use of letters before their conversion to Christianity, still admits the antiquity of their list of kings." "Foreigners," he remarks, "may imagine that it is granting too much to the Irish to allow them lists of kings more ancient than those of any other country in modern Europe; but the singularly compact and remote situation of that island, and its freedom from Roman conquest, and from the concussions of the fall of the Roman empire, may infer this allowance not too much. But all contended for is the list of kings, so easily preserved by the repetition of bards at high solemnities, and some grand events of history; for, to expect a certain detail and regular order in the Pagan history of Ireland were extravagant."—*Inquiry into the History of Scotland.*

Dr. O'Donovan's opinion, that the Irish had the use of letters early . . the third century, throws the boundary between what must have been traditional and what may have been original written records, so far back as to remove all objection, on that ground, to the authority of our annals, from

event, by establishing an era, or fixed point of time, from whence chronology might begin to calculate, gives to the dates and accounts of succeeding reigns an appearance of accuracy not a little imposing." The venerable Charles O'Conor was of opinion, that the exactness in our heathen history commenced about the eighty-fifth year of the Christian era. The "Four Masters," it must be remembered, compiled their annals from ancient authorities; and until all the documents of our remote history have been rendered accessible and intelligible to the unprejudiced investigator, it is worse than nugatory to put forward historical hypotheses, which, however ingenious and apparently satisfactory, would probably be totally confuted by the facts registered in our obscure and still unpublished Celtic records.

Much as the credibility of the bardic legends may be impugned, it is certain that they alone afford explanation of the expressive ancient Celtic names of the various localities of the country—names which have withstood the revolutions of centuries, and which will, probably, never be entirely obliterated. The Pagan Irish have, however, left us material monuments which attest their ancient power and energy. Such are the forts in the islands of Aran, one of the most remarkable of which is *Dun Engus*, erected by the *Fir Bolgs* in the first century, and, perhaps, one of the most magnificent barbaric monuments remaining in Europe; and the cyclopean fortress of *Aileach*, near Derry, situated on the summit of a mountain, commanding one of the most extensive and beautifully varied panoramic prospects to

at least the second century of the Christian era. This conclusion is supported by Sir James Mackintosh's observations on the first portion of the "Annals of the Four Masters," originally published, with a Latin translation, by Dr. O'Conor. "The chronicles of Ireland," says he, "written in the Irish language, from the second century to the landing of Henry Plantagenet, have been recently published, with the fullest evidence of their genuineness and exactness. The Irish nation, though they are robbed of their legends by this authentic publication, are yet, by it, enabled to boast that they possess genuine history several centuries more ancient than any other European nation possesses, in its present spoken language. They have exchanged their legendary antiquity for historical fame. Indeed, no other nation possesses any monument of its literature, in its present spoken language, which goes back within several centuries of these chronicles." "The tribute," observes Moore, "paid by Sir James Mackintosh to the authenticity and historical importance of these documents, appears to me in the highest degree deserved; and comes with the more authority from a writer, whose command over the wide domain of history enabled him fully to appreciate any genuine addition to it."

be found in Ireland. The erection of this extraordinary fort, which, from the earliest times to the commencement of the twelfth century, was the residence of the kings of the north of Ireland, is attributed to the tribe of *Danaans;* and it is believed by our ablest antiquaries to be the locality indicated by the appropriate title of *Regia*, on Ptolemy's map of Ireland. The mounds of Dowth,* Knowth, and New Grange, are magnificent specimens of our Pagan sepulchral monuments; the characteristic feature of Irish buildings, previous to the Christian era, being the total absence of cement or mortar to bind together the loose stones of which they are constructed. "We find," says Dr. Petrie, "the stone carn and the green mound, with their sepulchral chambers within them, and their monumental character indicated by the upright stones, sometimes single—like the *stele* of the Greeks—and sometimes forming a circle, or concentric circles. We find the giants' graves—or beds, as they are called by the Irish—the cromlecs and Druids' altars of speculative antiquaries. And when we explore any of these monuments, we find, ac-

* "The carn of New Grange, in the county of Meath, lying at a distance of about four miles and a half from Drogheda, is, perhaps without exception, the most wonderful monument of its class now existing in any part of western Europe. In one point, at least, it may challenge comparison with any Celtic monument known to exist, inasmuch as the mighty stones of which its gallery and chambers are composed, exhibit a profusion of ornamental design, consisting of spiral, lozenge, and zig-zag work, such as is usually found upon the torques, urns, weapons, and other remains of Pagan times in Ireland. We shall here say nothing of its probable antiquity, as it is anterior to the age of alphabetic writing; and indeed it would be vain to speculate upon the age of a work situate upon the banks of the Boyne, which, if found upon the banks of the Nile, would be styled a pyramid, and perhaps be considered the oldest of all the pyramids of Egypt. The carn, which, even in its present ruinous condition, measures about seventy feet in height, from a little distance presents the appearance of a grassy hill, partially wooded; but, upon examination, the coating of earth is found to be altogether superficial, and in several places the stones, of which the hill is entirely composed, are laid bare. A circle of enormous stones, of which eight or ten remain above ground, anciently surrounded its base; and we are informed that upon the summit an obelisk, or enormous pillar-stone, formerly stood."—*Archæologia Hibernica, by W. F. Wakeman.* Dublin: 1848.

Mr. Wilson, in his recent profound work on the "Archæology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," tells us that "the two most remarkable examples of sculptured monolithic structures hitherto explored are, the celebrated chambered cairn of New Grange, in the county of Meath, and that of the small island of Gavr' Innis, in Britanny. These gigantic and complicated works appear, indeed, to pertain to the transition between the Primeval and Archaic periods, and partake at once of the earliest cyclopean characteristics and the latter ornamental decorations."

cording to their age, either the rude unglazed sepulchral urn of baked clay, and occasionally of stone, containing bones more or less calcined, or unburned skeletons, or occasionally both, in the same sepulchre. We also find very frequently weapons of stone or metal; and, in monuments of importance, indicating the distinguished rank of the persons interred, ornaments of silver and gold. And that such, and no other, were the varieties of sepulchral monuments in use in Ireland in Pagan times, a volume of historical evidence from our ancient manuscripts might be adduced to prove."

The most singular monuments, however, which have come down to us from the heathen Irish, are the *Brehon** laws, at length about to be rendered accessible to the learned of Europe; and which, although interpolated and modified in Christian times, exhibit incontestable internal evidence of their Pagan origin. "In the fifth century, the *Brehons* were found by St. Patrick dispensing their then ancient laws upon the hills; and, more than a thousand years after, the law-officers of Britain found in the still revered *Brehon* the most formidable obstacle to their plans."

There is ample documentary evidence to demonstrate that Christianity had made some progress, and that there were bishops in Ireland, before the coming of St. Patrick. The spread of the Christian religion effected a considerable change in the national character. It appears, however, that several tribes of the Irish not only refused to be converted, but attempted to murder the zealous missionary.

Thus, we find Patrick, before his fruitless attempt to convert King *Laoghaire*, or Leary, at Tara, praying to heaven for protection "against the black laws of Gentilism, against the false laws of heresy, against the treachery of idolatry, against the spells of women, smiths, and druids, against every knowledge which blinds the soul of man. May God to-day protect me against poison, against burning, against drowning, against wounding, until I deserve much reward."

* It is scarcely possible to estimate the vast amount of information which the publication of these laws will throw on the early history of western Europe. Some account of their contents will be found in the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. III., page 413; and we are happy to add, that considerable progress has been already made towards the completion of the Report to be presented to the Imperial Parliament, on those interesting documents, by the Rev. J. H. Todd, D.D., and the Rev. Charles Graves, F.T.C.D.

Patrick was evidently regarded with suspicion and envy by the clergy of the then national Pagan religion, who naturally did not desire to have their old privileges interfered with by teachers who had "come across the stormy seas, with their crooked-headed sticks, and their shorn heads." "Modern popular writers," says the editor, "have been guilty of great dishonesty in representing the labours of Patrick as not attended with much difficulty. Nothing is clearer than that Patrick engrafted Christianity on the Pagan superstitions with so much skill, that he won the people over to the Christian religion before they understood the exact difference between the two systems of belief; and much of this half-Pagan half-Christian religion will be found, not only in the Irish stories of the middle ages, but in the superstitions of the peasantry of the present day." Indeed, had Patrick not made considerable concessions to the prejudices of his converts, it is highly probable that he would have succeeded no better than previous missionaries in his attempts to withdraw the natives from the ancient religion of their country. We have, however, but one-sided accounts of these transactions; and as a great portion of our ancient historical records passed, in after times, through the hands of Christian ecclesiastics, just allowance must be made for the extent to which they might, in those ages, consider themselves justified in misrepresenting the Heathen opponents of the national apostle. After the partial establishment of Christianity in Ireland by Patrick, the foreign military expeditions of the natives appear to have been discontinued. In their subsequent visits to other countries, they are to be found carrying with them the lights of religion and philosophy, instead of the devastating powers of war. From the fifth to the eighth century, Ireland became the teacher of Europe, and sent forth those illustrious sages, whose names illuminate the dark night of ignorance and barbarism. It was at this period that the peculiar style of art* was cultivated in Ireland,

* "It has been the misfortune of ancient Irish literature," observes the Rev. William Reeves, "that its remains, through the subordinate condition of this country, have, both in England and abroad, been, almost without a dissentient voice, adjudged to the Anglo-Saxon school; whereby, not only has the merit of the teacher been transferred to the disciple, but a great obstruction has been placed in the way of an acquaintance with Irish manuscripts which are scattered through Europe—the Irish scholar neglecting to examine them, because they are called Saxon, and the English to consult

the still resplendent specimens of which have, of late years, awakened the enthusiasm and convinced the scepticism of English and Continental palæographers.

A strong argument in favour of the veracity of the contemporary Irish annalists is furnished by the accuracy with which they have recorded the eclipses of the sun. Not only do their accounts accord precisely with the minute and laborious calculations of modern astronomers, but they have also registered many of these phenomena which escaped the researches of the celebrated mathematicians, Struykius, Ricciolus, and Ferguson; and which eluded even the profound compilers of "L'art de vérifier les dates."

To such an eminence did this island attain during these early ages, for learning, and especially for profound knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, that her schools were thronged by foreign students, who received gratuitous entertainment and instruction. "So zealous and disinterested a love of learning is," says the prejudiced Ledwich, "unparalleled in the annals of the world." The principal Irish schools in those times were those of Armagh, Lismore, and Mayo; the latter, from the number of Anglo-Saxon scholars who studied there, long retained the name of *Magh eó na Saxon*—the *Yew plain of the Saxons*. Four eminent foreigners may be here mentioned as having, among a host of others, sojourned in Ireland at this period—Willibrord, archbishop of Utrecht, who introduced Christianity into Batavia, Friesland, and Westphalia; Agilbert, bishop of Paris; Aldfred, king of the Northumbrian Saxons, who wrote an Irish poem on the state of Ireland; and "le bon roy Dagobert," who quitted the monastery of Slane to govern Austrasia. The Anglo-Saxon king Oswald studied for a time in Ireland, under the learned Aidan, to whom he afterwards gave the "holy isle" of Lindisfarne. Immense numbers of Anglo-Saxons were instructed in the doctrines of Christianity by this Irish saint, under whose direction was founded the famous abbey of Melrose,* whose "ruins grey," form the theme of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

them, because unable." For a description of the magnificent Irish manuscript known as the "Book of Kells," the reader is referred to the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. III., page 441, where some further remarks on this subject will be found.

* "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ," published for the Bannatyne Club. Edinburgh: 1851.

Of the many learned natives of Ireland, in those ages, Columba, or *Colum Cille*—"the dove of the Church," claims our first notice. Descended from *Conall*, the common ancestor of all the clans of the territory named *Tir Conaill*, or the land of *Conall*, he went forth to convert the Pagans of Scotland and the Western Isles, and founded the famous monastery of Iona, "which," says Dr. Johnson, "was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion." No less eminent was St. Columbanus of Leinster, who, in the sixth century left the monastery of Bangor, in the county of Down, to recall the Gauls from the barbarism into which they were fast lapsing. After having established some of the most eminent monastic institutions, and introduced the peculiar forms of the early Irish Church into France, this undaunted reprover of the vices of kings, retired to the recesses of the Apennines, and ended his days in the monastery founded by himself at Bobbio. "The various countries and places with which the name of this great saint is connected, have multiplied," says a late writer, "his lasting titles to fame. While Ireland boasts of his birth, and of having sent forth, before the close of the sixth century, so accomplished a writer from her schools, France remembers him by her ancient abbeys of Luxeuil and Fontaines; and his fame in Italy still lives, not only in the cherished relics at Bobbio,—in the coffin, the chalice, the holly staff of the founder, and the strange sight of an Irish missal in a foreign land,—but in the yet fresher and more every-day remembrance bestowed upon his name by its association with the beautifully-situated town of San Colombano, in the territory of Lodi."

We can here but glance at the other numerous Irish scholars and divines of those ages. Gallus, founder of the monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland; Dichuill, the favorite of Clotaire; and Firghil, or Virgilius, the apostle of Carinthia, to whom the discovery of the sphericity of the globe is attributed. There are, indeed, but few European states* which do not venerate some Irish sage as having

* "That the Hibernians, who were called Scots in the eighth century, were lovers of learning, and distinguished themselves in these times of ignorance, by the culture of the sciences beyond all the other European nations, travelling through the most distant lands, both with a view to improve and communicate their knowledge, is a fact with which I have been long acquainted; and we see them, in the most authentic records of antiquity,

first introduced learning and civilization to their inhabitants. The discovery of ancient Irish manuscripts, bells, and croziers in Iceland, affords evidence that even that remote island was not overlooked by those adventurous missionaries; and to them should be given the merit of having first introduced letters into the "ultima Thule," long before the time of Isleif, bishop of Skalholt, to whom their introduction has been generally ascribed.

That intercourse and even intimate connection existed in very remote times between the inhabitants of the north of Europe and the men of Erin, is fully proved by our ancient historical documents. The Scandinavians first visited this island in a hostile manner, towards the close of the eighth century, and from that period their incursions were continued almost without cessation. Having effected settlements on the coasts, they ascended the rivers in their peculiarly constructed ships, and ravaged the surrounding country, carrying their spoil to the localities selected for the site of their *duns* or fortresses. In these predatory excursions they were generally joined by some of the native tribes, who, allured by the hope of plunder, availed themselves of the aid of the "black foreigners" to wreak their vengeance on clans with whom they were themselves at enmity. To this circumstance is mainly attributable the power which the Northmen acquired for a period in Ireland. From the time of their first hostile arrival, to the battle of Clontarf, their position may be characterized as a series of alternate confederation with, or resistance to, the natives. They appear never to have enjoyed any lengthened peace, and their perpetration of any act of unusual outrage generally aroused the clans to fiercer attacks, the result of which was usually disastrous to the foreigners. From the middle of the tenth century, when the Danes of Ireland partially embraced

discharging, with the highest reputation and applause, the function of doctor in France, Germany, and Italy, both during this and the following century. But that these Hibernians were the first teachers of the scholastic theology in Europe, and so early as the eighth century, illustrated the doctrines of religion by the principles of philosophy, I learned but lately from the testimony of Benedict, Abbot of Aniane, in the province of Languedoc."—*Mosheim*. Joannes Erigena, or John of Erin, is admitted by the most competent authorities to have been the founder of the mystic doctrines; it thus appears that the two great systems of theology originated in the early Irish schools.

Christianity, their power began to decline, and they met with many defeats from the natives. A considerable body of them, however, remained true to the religion of Odin, and continued to devastate the country and plunder the monasteries. They met with vigorous oppositions on those occasions from the ecclesiastics, who, during the Danish wars, had become adepts in the use of arms. When resistance was considered hopeless, the monks betook themselves with their valuables to the shelter of the neighbouring round towers, where they remained until the ravagers had retired. On many occasions the Danes and their Irish allies destroyed these towers by fire, although full of clerical refugees of the highest rank and sanctity. During all this period, no unanimous effort had been made by the natives to expel the foreigners. At length, a powerful usurper of the crown of Erin arose, in the person of Brian, surnamed *Boroimhe*,* or "of the tribute." Endowed with many great qualities, he combined a portion of the scattered elements of the national force, and the result of a partial union of the natives was the signal defeat of the collected forces of the North, at Clontarf, in 1014. A curious illustration of the fusion which had taken place between the two races, is furnished by the fact of Brian's wife having been a Danish princess; his daughter was also married to a Scandinavian chief; and it appears that, on many occasions, he had employed the forces of the foreigners in subjecting his native rivals. The victory of Clontarf was peculiarly glorious to the men of Erin, as, on that occasion, they alone overthrew the entire force brought against them by the northern nations, at a time when the Anglo-Saxons were groaning under the fearful tyranny of the Danes, a small body of whom had wrested one of the fairest provinces of France from the descendant of Charlemagne. The terror of their name had even reached Constanti-

* He acquired this appellation from having exacted the *Borumha* or cattle tribute, mentioned at page 599, and which was remitted in the seventh century, at the intercession of St. Moling of Ferns, contrary to the desire of St. Adamnan, the celebrated abbot of Iona, who wished that his own clan should perpetually enjoy the tax anciently imposed on Leinster. An original and very ancient Irish history of the wars which were caused by the exaction of the *Boromean* tribute, has been prepared for the press by Mr. Curry, and the extracts given from it, in the work before us, show that the publication of this important document would afford a vast amount of minute and interesting information on early Irish history.

nople, where a regular corps of Northern troops was maintained under the name of Væringer, as the body-guard of the Greek Emperor. The ferocity and contempt of life which characterized the Scandinavians, was engendered and promoted by their religious belief, which taught them that none but those who fell bravely on the field of battle would be allowed to participate of the joys of Odin's halls; one of the chief delights of which was believed to be that of daily hewing each other to pieces with sharp swords. Yet, in the history of those fierce Pagans, before whom all Europe trembled, the *Ira far*, or bravery of the men of Erin, and the defeat at Clontarf, form their most terrible recollections.

Signal as was the defeat at Clontarf, its results appear to have been but temporary. The "sons of Lochlin" still continued their predatory excursions, frequently in alliance with native tribes, and the Annals record many sanguinary engagements, fought by them, with alternate success, both on land and sea, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries; while several descents were made from the north of Europe, at the same period, on the coasts of Ireland. The Scandinavians continued, with occasional interruptions, to reign paramount in their various settlements on the sea coast, until they were subdued by the Irish and their Anglo-Norman allies, in the latter part of the twelfth century. Much, however, as a portion of Ireland must have been convulsed by the Danish* wars, she still maintained her character for learning; and although, according to a late learned writer, "history would be a mere chaos, were it to comprehend all the acts of violence, treachery, and outrage which disgraced the European nations at this period," the Irish schools, from the eighth to the eleventh century, sent forth many of the most eminent scholars of those ages.

Amongst these learned men stands pre-eminent Joannes Erigena, surnamed "doctor subtilis," the favorite of King Charles the Bald,

* The history of the wars of the Irish with the Danes, noticed in No. III. of the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, page 467, and announced for publication by our Archæological Society, under the editorship of Dr. Todd, will throw much light on our comparatively meagre knowledge of the social relations of the Irish with the Scandinavians. It was from this work that the "Four Masters" principally derived the account of the Danish affairs which they have embodied in their Annals.

and the founder of mystic theology; to him is also unquestionably due the credit of having originated the science of phrenology. Among the many distinguished Irishmen of these ages we find Dungal, one of the astronomers consulted by Charlemagne,* and by whom learning was revived in Italy. Dichuill, author of the celebrated treatise, "De mensurâ orbis Terræ;" Donogh, or Donatus, who presided as bishop over Dante's "ingrato popolo maligno," of Fiesole; and Marianus Scotus, compiler of the "Chronicon Universale." Of the various monastic institutions of the Irish on the Continent, that of Metz deserves notice, as it was specially bound by Otho III., to maintain a succession of ecclesiastics from Ireland. While such was the literary eminence in foreign countries of the inhabitants of the "Island of Saints," many distinguished men were to be found at home who cultivated the literature of their father-land, and whose writings have come down to us. In the ninth century, flourished *Cormac Mac Cullenan*, King of Munster and Bishop of Cashel, who has left us an invaluable glossary, in which the ancient language of Ireland is collated with the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Northern tongues. Among the other native authors of this time, were *Oengus*,† the hagiographer, *Cuan O'Lochain; Mac Liag; Cinaeth O'Hartigan; Eochaidh O'Flionn; Urard Mac Coisi; Flann Mainstreach; Gilla Caemain; Gilla Moduda*, or *Dall Clairineach;* and *Tighernach*, the annalist, to whom we are so much indebted. Of the state of the arts in Ireland, in the period preceding the Anglo-

* "There seems little doubt of Charlemagne's having encouraged the visits of distinguished foreigners, and made use of their services. Learned men from Ireland, where it would appear that most of the western erudition was then concentrated, were invited to aid in the improvement of France; and at the beginning of his reign, and when letters had little or no reputation there, two Benedictines, *Clement* and *Albinus*, arrived from the former country, both deeply versed in sacred and profane literature. These monks traversed all France, calling on the people to listen to the words of wisdom; Charlemagne summoned both to his presence, and being convinced of their talents and sincerity, engaged *Clement* to open a school for people of every rank who should be desirous of literary acquirements: a third, named *Dungal*, followed, who, after the year 774, is said to have visited Italy, and in a monastery of Augustine Friars at Pavia, under the auspices of this philosopher, learning was also revived in that country, and soon spread to the neighbouring states of Vicenza, Verona, Ivrea, Turin, and Fermo."—*Florentine History, by H. E. Napier, R.N., F.R.S.*

† For an account of *Oengus*, surnamed *Cele De*, and his works, see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. III., page 432.

Norman descent, we have abundant and satisfactory testimony in the magnificent ruins at Cashel, and in the specimens of brooches, croziers,* and various elaborate ornaments preserved in our national Museum. These unquestionable evidences, when coupled with the

* The state of the art manufactures in Ireland, in the twelfth century, may be learned from an inspection of the magnificent "Cross of Cong," in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, manufactured by a native artist in 1123; and from the following description by Dr. Petrie, of the only portion now remaining of the celebrated "Cashel crozier," assigned to the same period:

"The head is formed of copper, and measures twelve inches in length, and five in the diameter of the crook, or circular head. The crook, or upper portion of the crozier, represents a serpent, terminated by a double-faced head. Its surface is covered with a sunk lozenge carving, filled with a vitreous enamel of a blue color, and the intervening elevations of which are gilt,—a design obviously intended to represent the scales of the reptile. Within the curve is a human figure, standing, with one leg placed on the neck of the serpent, and the other on the back of a double-faced wingless dragon, which he has pierced in the back with a spear, which the dragon bites. This human figure is dressed in a simple tunic, tied round the waist; and the feet are covered with buskins, which extend above the ankles. This figure had wings fastened to the shoulders and to a central bar, which connects the figure with the circle; but these wings have been detached and lost. Both the figures were gilt, and their eyes, as well as those of the serpent, are formed of small gems; and the sides of the dragon are ornamented with a line of turquoises, placed at equal intervals from each other. The bowl, or middle portion, which is hollow, is encircled by a central belt, ornamented with nine turquoises and nine sapphires, placed alternately and at equal distances from each other, the intervening spaces being filled with sculptured beads. Above and below this belt there are figures of four dragons, gilt, and with eyes formed of gems. The tail of each of these animals is brought round the head of the other, so as to form a very symmetrical ornament; and the surrounding ground is filled with a blue enamel. Immediately above the bowl, and encircling the upper portion of the staff, is an ornament resembling the Irish crown, consisting of eight radii, ornamented above the fillet with the same number of gems. The lower portion of the head, or cylindrical socket, is ornamented with a very graceful pattern, composed of leaves, or flowers, in three vertical ranges. The ground in these ornaments is also of blue enamel, but the stems are gilt, and the flowers are filled with an enamel of white and red, now a good deal decayed. These ranges are separated from each other by three figures of a fish, the well-known mystical symbol of the early Christians; and these figures are each ornamented with a range of seven gems,—turquoises and sapphires alternately,—placed at equal distances along the back. Independently of any other consideration, this crozier is of the highest interest as a specimen of the jewellery art in Ireland before the arrival of the English; and, like the cotemporaneous archiepiscopal crozier of Tuam, it may, perhaps, as a work of art, challenge a comparison with any Christian monument of the same class and age now remaining in Europe."

To this, we are induced to subjoin the same learned author's description of the exquisite Celtic brooch, recently discovered in Ireland:

"Of its peculiarities, perhaps, the first that should be noticed is that of the metal of which the brooch is chiefly composed. This metal is apparently, and was for some time supposed to be, silver; but this supposition

exquisite specimens of caligraphy in the contemporary Celtic manuscripts, and with the enthusiastic encomiums of the Welsh writer on the Irish music, enable us to form an estimate of the social condition of at least a section of the people of this island, at a time when they have been generally represented as in a state of barbarism.

Irish history has hitherto, unfortunately, been treated of by writers of narrow views, unacquainted, in general, with the contemporary

has been found to be erroneous, and that it is in reality that harder metal formed by a combination of copper and tin, and usually known by the appellation of white bronze. Another peculiarity of this brooch, not hitherto found in any other specimen of the kind, is the attached chain, unfortunately broken, which was intended to keep the pin tight, and in its proper position. This chain, which is of silver, is of that peculiar construction usually known as the Trichinopoly work; but it is not the only example of the manufacture of such chains in Ireland which has fallen under my notice, and which I believe to be examples of art of a very considerable antiquity. It is scarcely necessary to call attention to the beautiful taste in design exhibited in the various ornamental patterns with which this work is overlaid, and which are not, as usual, confined to the front or exposed side, but almost equally enrich its reverse; nor is it necessary to call attention to the beauty of workmanship exhibited in the execution of these ornaments; but to appreciate fully the perfection of this beauty, the ornament must be studied through a lens of no moderate power. Of the designs or patterns, it has been found that there are no less than seventy-six varieties, all of which exhibit an admirable sense of ornamental beauty, and a happy fitness for their relative situations; and it should be observed, that in all the ornaments the only fastening used to keep them in their places is a delicate bur, not perceptible to the naked eye. In other places, however, and particularly in the circular insertions of amber, the gold rosettes placed upon them are fastened by pins, which pass through the brooch, and are rivetted also on the opposite side. It should be observed, that the insertions of amber and variegated glass are not of unusual occurrence in the remains preserved to us of the jewellery art in Ireland; nor is the example of Niello, upon the reverse of this brooch, a solitary instance, though we have seen none before of such delicate beauty; but of the carving or casting of glass into the forms of human faces, as seen in this brooch, no other example is, I believe, to be found. And further, should it be an object of inquiry what the probable rank of the owner of such a costly ornament had been, I would with as little hesitation express my opinion that the rank must have been a princely one; as we have the authority of a tract of our most ancient *Brehon* laws that the size and value of the *Aicdé argoit*, or silver brooch, should be in proportion to the rank of the wearer."

It is melancholy to reflect on the numbers of equally valuable Celtic remains which are known to have perished before the formation of the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. We have learned with much gratification that our great national Institution is about to be removed by Government to a locality where it will be free from many of the dangers to which it is at present exposed. For this important change, and for their continuous and zealous efforts to promote the preservation of our historic remains, and the cultivation of our Celtic literature, the country is indebted to his Excellency the Earl of Clarendon, and to the Rev. Thomas Romney Robinson, D.D., the illustrious President of the Royal Irish Academy.

events in foreign countries. They have thus given an undue prominence to, and dwelt with the greatest emphasis on, the unsettled state of society in Ireland in remote ages; and, ignorant of what was passing, at the same period, in other parts of Europe, they have represented the vices and crimes, peculiar to those times, as existing alone in this island.* A glance at the blood-stained pages of early European history will fully dispel this illusion. In the twelfth century, the era of the first Anglo-Norman invasion, we find the entire Continent in a state of anarchy and intestine war. Italy, torn by the dissensions between Popes and Anti-popes, saw her fairest towns sacked, and salt strewn on their smouldering ruins by Frederic Barbarossa; while the Germanic States were themselves distracted by the wars of the Welf and the Waiblinger. The condition of France may be estimated by the fact of Louis "le jeune" having, in 1143, burned thirteen hundred persons in the church of Vitri, where they had sought sanctuary. The disunion of the Spanish Christians left Arragon and Navarre a prey to the Moors, and permitted Alfonso, King of Castille, to usurp the crown of Spain. Poland groaned under the dissensions of the sons of Ladislaus. The civil wars of the successors of Vladimir II. induced the Tartars to devastate Russia; while Denmark, until the time of Waldemar, in 1157, was tyrannised over by Sweyn II. The Normans of England were

* "When they speak of Erin," says old Keating—himself an Englishman, by descent—"they seem to imitate the beetle, which, when it raises its head in summer, flies about without stooping to the fragrant flowers of the field or the pleasant blossoms of the garden, even to the rose or lily, but bustles about until at length it rolls and buries itself in loathsome odure. So, with the abovementioned writers, they never think of the good and virtuous deeds of the old English or Irish nobility, or speak of their piety and of their valour; what monasteries they founded—what lands and endowments they have given to the church—what immunities they granted to the *ollavs* or learned doctors of Erin—their bounty to ecclesiastics—the relief they afforded to the orphans and the poor—their munificence to men of learning—and their hospitality to strangers, insomuch that it might with truth be said, that at no time were they surpassed in generosity and hospitality, in proportion to their abilities, by any nation in Europe. Witness the meetings of the learned which they convened, (a custom unknown to other nations of Europe;) so that such was the force of generosity and liberality in the old *Gaels* and English of Erin, that they not only relieved those who made application to them, but gave public invitations, in order to find opportunities of rewarding merit. And yet nothing of all this is noticed by the English writers of the time; but they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility, and everything relating to the old *Gaels* who were the inhabitants of this island before the coming of the English."

divided into two factions by the wars of Matilda and Stephen of Blois, the land was laid waste by their dissensions; and the tortures which they inflicted on the Anglo-Saxons were so insupportable, that these unfortunate men, in their agonies, exclaimed openly "that Christ and his saints slept!" "The system of rapacious extortion from their subjects prevailed to a degree which," says Hallam, "we should rather expect to find among eastern slaves, than that high-spirited race of Normandy, whose renown then filled Europe and Asia." It was not, indeed, till after the Crusades that the burgher slaves of Europe were able, by their gold, to wrest even a semblance of liberty from the necessitous nobles.

It is unnecessary for us to enter here on an investigation of the causes which led to the first descent of the Anglo-Normans on Ireland. In 1155, the English Pope, Adrian II., who had received his education from an Irish monk, at Ratisbon, granted a Bull to Henry II. of England, authorising him to enter Ireland in a hostile manner; to subject the people there to the yoke of the English laws; to extirpate the seeds of vice; and also to enforce the payment to the blessed apostle, Peter, of the annual pension of one penny* for every house. This document was accompanied with an emerald ring, with which the Pope, in token of feudal supremacy, invested his vassal Henry with the Kingdom of Ireland. In the same year, a council was held in England to deliberate on the proposed invasion. The affairs of Anjou, Britanny, and Poitou demanding, however, the King's attention, the Bull and the "emerald gem" were deposited in the royal treasure chest. Eleven years after the Papal donation, Dermod Mac Murrogh, King of Leinster, having been expelled from Ireland for his crimes,† repaired

* The penny, or *denarius*—the consideration to be paid to the Pope—was equivalent to about five shillings of our present money. This revenue, if regularly remitted, would have been of the greatest service to the Court of Rome, in suppressing the factious Italians, who, in the twelfth century, did not scruple to treat their Popes and clergy with the greatest indignities, and even to murder them while performing their most sacred functions.

† Dermod, styled "le riche reis" by the Norman writer, was in his sixty-second year when he took the wife of O'Ruarc under his protection, in 1152. *Dearbhforgaill*, or *Dervorgilla*, herself, whom Moore poetically styled "the young false one," was in her forty-fourth year at the time; and documents exist to prove that she was by no means so guilty as has been represented. It has hitherto been usual with our "historians" to represent the expulsion of Mac Murrogh from Ireland, as caused by this affair, which took place fourteen years before he was driven out.

The disunion among the native princes of Ireland at this era, does not ap-

to Wales, and engaged the services of certain Norman and Flemish adventurers, who, although conquerors of that country, and in the possession of high titles, had, by their extravagance, become reduced to necessitous circumstances. Encouraged by promises of considerable rewards, they drew together a number of knights, esquires, and soldiers; and, having sailed for Ireland, cast anchor, after a short voyage, in the bay of Bannow. On their landing, they were received by Mac Murrogh and the men of Leinster; the latter considering themselves as acting under the command of their lawful Prince, regarded the foreigners merely as mercenaries in his pay. Having achieved some successes, they were joined by a reinforcement under Richard Fitz Gislebert, surnamed "Strongbow," son of the Earl of Pembroke; and the Danish towns of Wexford, Waterford, and Dublin, soon fell into their hands. "Dermod Mac Murrogh, King of Leinster, by whom," say the annalists, "a trembling sod was made of all Erin—after having brought over the Saxons—after having done considerable injuries to the *Gaels*—after plundering and burning many churches, as Kells, Clonard, &c., died before the end of a year after this plundering, of an insufferable and unknown disease; for he became putrid while living, through the miracle of God, *Colum-Cille*, and *Finnen*, and the other saints of Erin, whose churches he had profaned and burned some time before; and he died at Ferns, without making a will, without penance, without the body of Christ, without unction, as his evil deeds deserved." After Dermod's death, in 1171, Richard Fitz Gislebert claimed the Kingdom of Leinster, in virtue of his marriage with Eva, the late King's daughter. Exaggerated accounts of these events reached England,

pear to have been more wide-spread than among other European nations. Thus, Sismondi tells us, that, about the same period, France was divided among three foreign dominations. There was on the west, an English France; on the east, a German France; and on the south, a Spanish France. For instances of domestic dissensions we have to travel no further than the family of the first of the Plantagenets, whose son Geoffroy, Count of Britanny, when supplicated, by the most sacred things, to spare the effusion of blood, and to relinquish the crime of Absalom, replied—"Il est dans la destinée de notre famille que nous ne nous aimions pas l'un l'autre. C'est là notre héritage, et aucun de nous n'y renoncera jamais." King Henry II. died cursing himself and his rebellious children. All the entreaties of the bishops and ecclesiastics, by whom he was surrounded on his death-bed, could not induce him to revoke his fearful maledictions. "Honte," s'ecriait-il, "honte à un roy vaincu! Maudit soit le jour où je suis né, et maudits de Dieu soient les fils que je laisse!"

and alarmed Henry Fitz-Empress. He recollected that Rolf "Gangr" had fortified himself in Normandy, by marriage with Gisla, daughter of King Carl; that the grandson of a tanner of Falaise had, with an army of needy adventurers, wrested the kingdom of England from the sensual Anglo-Saxons; and he feared that the allies of Richard Fitz Gislebert might become as powerful as the family of the poor gentleman of Cotentin, by whom the conquest of Southern Italy had been effected. He therefore determined to visit Ireland in person, and to oblige his subjects to swear fealty to him, before they had become strong enough, by alliance with the natives, to contemn his authority.

Proclamation was accordingly made through the realm of England, whereby every man, holding under the crown, was obliged to join in the expedition, or furnish an equivalent in money; and King Henry sailed for Ireland, in the year 1172, with a fleet of four hundred large ships, laden with men-at-arms, horses, and provisions. On his arrival, some of the minor toparchs, anxious to obtain the aid of a new power, in their contests with hostile tribes, entered into terms with him; and the Irish hierarchy, in their Synod at Cashel, formally ratified the Pope's grant, which excommunicated all the natives who attempted to defend their own lands and possessions against the strangers. King Henry then divided the entire island among ten of the principal Anglo-Norman adventurers;* "and though," says the old writer, "they had not gained possession of one third part of the whole kingdom, yet in title they were owners and lords of all, so as nothing was left to be granted to the natives."

* "First," says an old English author, "the Earl Strongbow was entituled to the whole kingdom of Leinster; partly by invasion, and partly by marriage; albeit, hee surrendered the same entirely to King Henrie the Second his Soveraigne; for that with his licence hee came over; and with the ayde of his subiects, hee had gayned that great inheritance; yet did the King re-grant backe againe to him and his heyres all that Province, reserving onely the Citty of Dublin, and the Cantreds next adioyning, with the Maritime Townes and principal Forts and Castles. Next, the same King granted to Robert Fitz-Stephen, and Miles Cogan, the whole Kingdome of Corke, from Lismore to the Sea. To Phillip le Bruce, hee gave the whole Kingdome of Limericke, with the Donation, and Byshoprickes, and Abbeys (except the Citie and one Cantred of Land adioyning). To Sir Hugh de Lacy, all Meth. To Sir John de Courcy, all Ulster. To William Burke Fitz-Adelm, the greatest part of Conaght. In like manner, Sir Thomas de Clare obtained a graunt of all Thomond; and Otho de Grandison of all Tipperary; and Robert le Poer, of the territory of Waterford, the Citie itselfe, and the Cantred of the Ost-men only excepted."

Vigorous efforts were now made by the foreigners to obtain possession of the lands allotted to them. Engaging large numbers of natives in their service, they sallied from the towns which they had wrested from the Danish settlers; and, having driven some of the tribes from the plains, they tore down the Irish monasteries, and erected castles with the materials thus obtained. Strong garrisons were then placed in these edifices, whence they issued, under the command of their Constables, and ravaged the surrounding country. Mounted on barbed war-horses, and clad cap-a-piè in suits of mascled or tegulated armour, the only aperture in which was that which admitted light through the "avantaille," the Anglo-Normans at first considered themselves invincible. The deadly shafts of their cross-bow-men soon thinned the troops of the impetuous natives, who regarded defensive armour in the light of an incumbrance. This advantage was but temporary: orders were given by the Chiefs to their men to close at once with the strangers. Instead of casting spears, the natives, wrapping their mantles round the left arm, and wielding their sharp, white-handled axes, swept down upon the mailed Anglo-Normans, and, uttering the usual war-shout of *fairé! fairé!** they clove through the foreign shields, hauberks, gambesons, and plastrons. An eye witness tells us that "they make use of but one hand to the axe when they strike, and extend their thumb along the handle to guide the blow, from which neither the crested helmet can defend the head, nor the iron folds of the armour, the body; whence it has happened, in our time, that the whole thigh of a man-at-arms, though cased in well-tempered armour, hath been lopped off by a single blow of the axe, the whole limb falling on one side of the horse, and the expiring body on the other."

In 1174, the Earl Strongbow, according to the Annals, "led an army to plunder Munster; Roderic O'Conor marched with another army to defend it against them. When the strangers had heard of Roderic's arrival in Munster, for the purpose of giving them battle, they solicited to their assistance the Ost-men of Dublin; and these made no delay till they came to *Durlas* (Thurles). Thither came Donall O'Brien and the Dalcassians, the great battalion of West Con-

* Nearly equivalent to the French interjection, *gare!*

nacht, the great battalion of the race of Murray, besides numerous other good troops, left there by the King Roderic. A brave battle was fought between the strangers and the *Gaels*, at this place, in which the strangers were finally defeated by dint of fighting. Seventeen hundred of the strangers were slain in this battle, and only a few of them survived, with the Earl, who proceeded in sorrow to his house at *Port-Lairge* (Waterford). O'Brien returned home in triumph." The principal strength of the strangers lay, however, in the dissensions of the native Princes, whom on many occasions they served as mercenaries. Thus, in 1185, we find a Chief of the O'Conors paying the Anglo-Normans three thousand cows, for having aided him in an expedition against Thomond; and the De Burghs were engaged in similar services by the men of Connacht. On their predatory excursions, the foreigners were frequently encountered by the natives, and many of their bravest leaders slain. Nor were their fortified strongholds free from these incursions; numbers of them were razed, and their armed tenants expelled by the Irishry, who "carried away their accoutrements, arms, shields, coats of mail, and horses, and slew their knights."

In 1176, Richard de Fleming's castle at Slane was sacked, and the Anglo-Norman Chevalier, with five hundred of his retainers, killed by the chieftain whose lands he had ravaged. So great was the terror inspired by this daring act, that three castles in Meath were deserted on the following day. The native bards, at this period, delighted to characterise their Chieftains as the "destroyers of the castles of the strangers, and the founders of churches and fair sanctuaries."

We here see two races placed on the Irish soil, and, for the proper comprehension of our subject, it is necessary that we should take a view of their distinct peculiarities. Each native clan* was

* Un autre système de famille se présente, le *clan*, petite société dont il faut chercher le type en Ecosse, en Irlande, et par laquelle probablement un grande portion du monde Européen a passé. Ceci n'est plus la famille patriarcale. Il y a une grande diversité de situation entre le chef et le reste de la population; il ne mène point la même vie: la plupart cultivent et servent: lui, il est oisif et guerrier. Mais leur origine est commune; ils portent tous le même nom; des rapports de parenté, d'anciennes traditions, le mêmes souvenirs, des affections pareilles établissent entre tous les membres du clan un lien moral, une sorte d'egalité."—*Guizot.*

The *Brehon* Laws, now about to be published, are the only documents in existence whence a correct and just idea of the social regulations and inter-

governed by its own Chief, selected from the family of the original possessor or conqueror of the district, and whose eligibility depended on his prowess, skill in warfare, and perfect freedom from all personal defects. The election was held in the open air, at a place appointed of old for the purpose. Standing erect and unarmed on the ancient inauguration stone, the Chief, in the presence of the clansmen, took a solemn oath to preserve inviolate the laws, privileges, and possessions of the tribe. As a counterbalance to the powers of the Chief, a *Tanaisté*, or successor, was elected at the same period; and, in case of maladministration, the clan possessed the power of deposing the Chief, and substituting the *Tanaisté*. This total disregard of the law of primogeniture, confining, however, the

nal institutions of the old clans of Ireland can be obtained. One of the many extraordinary features of these laws is, the minute and precise manner in which they provide for even the most remote contingencies.

We obtain a glimpse of the manners of the northern clans in the following narrative, given by the Annalists. Godfrey O'Donnell, Prince of Tir Connell, had signally defeated the Anglo-Normans, in 1257, at Creadran, near Sligo, and slain their gallant leader, Maurice Fitz Gerald, in single combat, not, however, without being himself mortally wounded:—

"Godfrey O'Donnell had now (1258) for the space of a year, after having fought the battle of Creadran, been lying on his death-bed in an island in the Birch Lake. When Brian O'Neill obtained intelligence of this, he collected his forces together for the purpose of marching into Tir Connell, and sent messengers to O'Donnell, to demand hostages, pledges, and submission from the tribe of Conall, as they had no capable chieftain since the disabling of Godfrey. When the messengers delivered their message to O'Donnell, they returned back with all the speed they could exert. O'Donnell ordered the tribe of Conall to assemble from all quarters, and come to him; and after they had assembled at the summons of their lord, he ordered them, as he was not able to march with them, to make for him the bier wherein his body would finally be borne, and to place him in it, and carry him in the midst of his people. He told them to exert their bravery, as he himself was among them, and not to suffer the might of their enemies to prevail over them. They then, by order of their lord, proceeded on their march against O'Neill's army; and the two armies met, face to face, at the river called *Suileach* (Swilly). They attacked each other without regard, or friendship, or kindred, until the army of Tir Owen was discomfited and driven back, leaving behind them many men, horses, and a great quantity of valuable property. On the return of the army of Tir Connell from this victory, the bier on which O'Donnell was carried was laid down in the street of Conwal, and here his soul departed, from the venom of the scars and wounds which he had received in the battle of Creadran. This was not death in cowardice, but the death of a hero, who had at all times triumphed over his enemies. When O'Neill heard of the death of O'Donnell, he again sent messengers to the tribe of Conall, to demand hostages and submission from them. Hereupon the tribe of Conall held a council, to deliberate on what they should do, and as to which of their own petty chiefs they would

Chiefry to one ruling family, was rendered imperative under the clan government, as it was necessary that the sept should be always ruled by a Chieftain ready to vindicate its rights, and able to preserve its territory from the incursions of surrounding tribes. The same solemn engagement, given by the Chief to his own tribe, was also exacted by the various toparchs from the Prince whom they selected to rule the whole country as *Ard Righ*, or Chief King. Under the *Flaith*, or Chief, the potent families of his territory held certain hereditary appointments, and the exact nature and duties of the office of each were carefully defined. The principal of these functionaries were the *Brehons*, or Judges; the *Ollavs*, or Poet Historians, the *Filigh*, or Bards,* the

yield submission and obedience, as they had no certain lord since Godfrey died. Whilst they were engaged in such speeches, they saw approaching Donall *óg*, the son of Donall O'Donnell the Great, a valiant youth, then eighteen years of age, who had arrived from Alba; and the tribe of Conall immediately conferred the chieftainship upon him. This they lawfully did, as he was their own legitimate and worthy lord. When the tribe of Conall told him of the message which the emissaries of O'Neill had brought them, he deemed it extravagant and exorbitant. It was on this occasion he repeated the celebrated proverb, in the Albanian Gaelic, in which he conferred with the emissaries, namely, 'That every man should have his own world.' Similar to the coming of Tuathal, the acceptable, over the sea from Alba, after the extirpation of the royal race of Erin by the Attacots, was this coming of Donall, the Young, to consolidate the monarchy, to cement territories, and to defend his own country against foreigners, from the day on which he was installed in the lordship to the day of his death."

* The bards were most important personages, as appears from the following extract from the "Four Masters," in 1213:—

"Finn O'Brollaghan, steward of O'Donnell, went to Connacht to collect O'Donnell's tribute. He first went to Carbury of Drumcliff, where, with his attendants, he visited the house of the poet Murray O'Daly, of Lissadill; and, being a plebeian representative of a hero, he began to wrangle with the poet very much (although his lord had given him no instructions to do so). The poet, being enraged at his conduct, seized a very sharp axe, and dealt him a blow which killed him on the spot; and then, to avoid O'Donnell, he fled into Clan Rickard. When O'Donnell received intelligence of this, he collected a large body of his forces, and pursued him to the oak wood of O'Donnell in Clan Rickard, a place which was named from him, because he encamped there for a night; and he proceeded to plunder and burn the country, until at last Mac William submitted to him, having previously sent Murray to seek for refuge in Thomond. O'Donnell pursued him, and proceeded to plunder and ravage that country also, until Donogh Cairbré O'Brien sent Murray away to the people of Limerick. O'Donnell followed him to the gate of Limerick, and, pitching his tent at the morass of O'Donnell (which is named from him), laid siege to that town; upon which the people of Limerick, at O'Donnell's command, expelled Murray, who found no asylum anywhere, but was sent from hand to hand, until he arrived in Dublin. O'Donnell returned home on this occasion, having first traversed and completed the visitation of all Connacht. He mustered another army, without much de-

Standard Bearer, or Marshal, the keepers of arms and dresses, the champions, heralds, or "proclaimers of battles," the guardians of hostages and treasures, the master of the banquets, physicians, romancers, keepers of the chess-tables, cups, rings, gold, and silver; masters of the hounds; supervisors of the rivers and of the flocks; keepers of the steeds, and many other employments of a subordinate nature. The Chief also maintained musicians, who were held in the highest estimation. In an Irish historic tale of the seventh century, we read of the Prince of Ulster "being lulled to rest by the soft sounds of the musical pipes, and by the warbling vibrations and melancholy notes of the stringed instruments struck by the tops, sides, and nails

lay, in the same year, and, marching to Dublin, compelled the people of Dublin to banish Murray into Scotland; and here he remained until he composed three poems in praise of O'Donnell, imploring peace and forgiveness from him. The third of these poems is the one beginning, 'Oh! Donnell, kind hand for granting peace," &c. He obtained peace for his panegyrics, and O'Donnell afterwards received him into his friendship, and gave him lands and possessions, as was pleasing to him."

Mr. Curry, in his recent visit to the Bodleian Library, discovered one of the poems here referred to. Its first line signifies in English, "Deep is the draught I have drunk of forgetfulness." The poet states, that, during his exile, which lasted for fifteen years, he had travelled to the Holy Land, and many distant countries.

From the most remote times the bards were believed by the Irish to possess miraculous powers. We read of a poet, who, before the introduction of Christianity, to revenge the death of his only son, continued, for a full year after, to satirize the men of Leinster, and bring fatalities on them; so that neither corn, grass, nor foliage grew for them that year. The Annals tell us, that in 1414, "John Stanley, the Deputy of the King of the Saxons, arrived in Erin, a man who gave neither mercy nor protection to clergy, laity, or men of science, but subjected as many of them as he came upon to cold, hardship, and famine. It was he who plundered *Niall*, the son of Hugh O'Higgin, at Usnagh, in Meath. Henry D'Alton, however, plundered James Tuite and the King's people, and gave the O'Higgins out of the preys then acquired a cow for each and every cow taken from them, and afterwards escorted them to Connacht. The O'Higgins, with *Niall*, then satirized John Stanley, who lived after this satire but five weeks, for he died of the virulence of the lampoons. This was the second poetical miracle performed by this *Niall* O'Higgin, the first being the discomfiture of the Clann-Conway, the night they plundered *Niall* at Cladann; and the second the death of John Stanley." In the address of the bard, *Teige Mac Daire*, to his Princes, the O'Briens of Thomond, in the sixteenth century, he states that he has "a deadly weapon, a poisonous satire, to cast, which would cause shortness of life, and against which neither the solitudes of valleys, the density of woods, nor the strength of castles, would protect his enemies." He adduces examples from Irish history of the destruction caused by the satires of ancient bards, among which he enumerates the satire composed by *Crithmbheal*, the satirist, for *Breas Mac Ealathan*; the one composed by *Neidhe* for *Caicher*, king of Connacht, which at first, by supernatural

of the fingers of the minstrels, who so exquisitely performed on them." The Chief was only governor for life, and no act of his, without the general consent, could in any degree prejudice the property or rights of the clan. When cases of litigation arose, the parties assembled on a hill in their own territory; the evidence on both sides was minutely investigated by the *Brehons*, who delivered judgment according to their ideas of justice, as regulated by the ancient law books. Offenders were punished by the infliction of a fine deemed commensurate with the amount of damage sustained by the injured party. Of this mulct, styled a *Cáin*, or, in case of homicide, an *Eiric*, a certain proportion was allocated to the *Brehon*, while the remainder became the property of the complainant or his relatives. The

means, disfigured his face, and finally caused his death; and the one composed by *Dallan Forguill*, which wounded and withered King *Aodh*, the son of *Ainmiré*. The bard then warns O'Brien not to force him to fling this ominous weapon at him—a weapon which, from its miraculous nature, would extinguish all his good deeds, raise a disgraceful blush in his cheek, check his prosperity, and shorten his life."

The "Statute of Kilkenny," in 1367, forbade "any Irish agents, that is to say, pipers, story-tellers, babblers, rhimers, mowers, nor any other Irish agent, to come amongst the English; and that no English shall receive or make gift to such; and he that shall do so, and be attainted, shall be taken and imprisoned, as well the Irish agents, as the English who receive or give them anything; and after that they shall make a fine at the king's will; and the instruments of their agency shall forfeit to our lord the king."

"Greedie of praise they be," says an old English writer, "and fearefull of dishonor, and to this end they esteeme their poets, who write Irish learnedlie, and pen their sonets heroicall, for the which they are bountifullie rewarded; if not, they send out libels in dispraise, whereof the lords and gentlemen stand in great awe."

The rewards given to the bards were considerable. In the sixteenth century, Teige O'Coffey, superintendent of the schools of Alba and Erin, received from the O'Donnell a gift of a fleet mare for each stanza of a poem of twenty quatrains, which he composed for him; and, in addition to these, he was presented with a gallon of silver on the same occasion. The "Book of Ballymote," now in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, was purchased, in 1522, from the Mac Donoghs of Ballymote, by Hugh O'Donnell *dubh*, or the black-haired, for one hundred and forty milch cows The founder of the family of Fox, or *Sionagh*, was believed to have acquired that soubriquet from the evil odour with which he was miraculously affected, for having slain the learned bard, *Cuan O'Lochain*, in the eleventh century. Reginald Scot, in his work on witchcraft, and Sir Philip Sydney, in the "Defence of Poesy," allude to the powers ascribed to the Irish rhymers. An Act of Parliament, passed at Dublin, in the tenth year of Charles I., denounces penalties against "those who shall exact meat, or drink, or money from the inhabitants of the country, or shall crave any helps in such sort, as the poor people dare not deny the same for fear of some scandalous rhime or song, or some worse inconvenience."

Chief of the tribe lived on terms of intimacy and friendship with his *Urrigh*, or sub-chiefs, and was, with his train, entertained by them with profuse hospitality, in his periodical visitations to their dwellings. The troops of the natives were divided into two classes—the *Kern*, or light infantry, and the *Gall-oglach*, or heavy-armed soldiers. The command of the various battalions was hereditary in certain families. Each clan had its own war-cry, and marched to the battle-field under the standard of its Chieftain.

"The Anglo-Normans," according to their own chronicler, "were verie fine in their apparell, and delicate in their diets. They could not feed but upon deinties, neither could their meat digest without wine at each meale; yet would they not serve in the marches, or anie remote place against the enimie, neither would they lie in garrison to keep anie remote castell or fort, but would be still about their lord's side, to serve and gard his person; they would be where they might be full and have plentie. They could talke and brag, sweare and stare; and standing in their own reputation, disdain alle others." These Anglo-Norman lords dwelt in the towns, or on the plains, in strong castles, surrounded by triple walls, and ruling those in their power according to the feudal institutions of their nation. They "made barons and knights, did exercise high justice in all points within their territories, erected courts for criminal and civil causes, and for their own revenues, in the same form as the King's courts were established at Dublin; made their own Judges, Seneschals, Sheriffs, Coroners, and Escheators; so as the King's writ did not run in those counties (which took up more than two parts of the English colonies), but only in the church lands lying within the same, which were called the Crosse, wherein the King made a Sheriff." They claimed the privilege of making peace or war whenever they desired, and usurped a kingly authority over all subject to them. "Feudal despotism," observes Guizot, "has always been repulsive and odious. It has oppressed the destinies, but never reigned over the souls of men. If we consult history upon the social influence of feudalism, it will reply, that the feudal system has been as much opposed to the establishment of general order as to the extension of general liberty. Under whatever point of view you consider the progress of society, you find the feudal system acting as an obstacle."

The Anglo Norman serfdom* and vassalage were diametrically opposed to the love of freedom implanted in the breasts of the men of Erin. The dreadful cruelties perpetrated in the castles of the foreigners, and their shameless breaches of the most solemn engagements, totally estranged the natives from them. "For," say the Irish Princes, in their celebrated manifesto, "the English who inhabit our country, who style themselves of the middle nation, are so widely different in their principles of morality from the English of England, and from all other nations, that they may with the utmost propriety be denominated a nation, not of any middling, but of the most extreme degree of perfidiousness." The great strength of their armies consisted in the number of natives whom they induced, for pay or personal motives, to join in their excursions. These expeditions were seldom attended with success. In 1253, "a great hosting," say the Annals, "was made by the English of Erin, under the command of Mac Maurice Fitz Gerald, and they marched into the land of Owen (Tir Owen) against O'Neill; but far from obtaining either hostages or pledges from him, they were cut off with great slaughter on that occasion." In 1262, we find the Lord Justice, Sir Richard de Capella, Sir John de Verdun, and the De Burghs, leading a large army into Connacht, where, instead of carrying out their designs of plundering the country, they were fain to enter into a treaty with Hugh O'Conor, "and Hugh came to a conference with them at the ford of Derry Cuirc, where they made peace with each other, without giving hostages or pledges on either side. After they had concluded this peace, Hugh O'Conor, and the son of William De Burgh slept together in one bed cheerfully and happily; and the English left the country the next day, after bidding farewell to

* "From the time of Henry II, as we learn from Glanvil, the villein so called was absolutely dependent upon his lord's will, compelled to unlimited services, and destitute of property, not only in the land he held for his maintenance, but in his own acquisitions. If a villein purchased or inherited land, the lord might seize it; if he accumulated stock, its possession was equally precarious. Against his lord he had no right of action; because his indemnity in damages, if he could have recovered any, might have been immediately taken away. If he fled from his lord's service, or from the land which he held, a writ issued *de nativitate probanda*, and the master recovered his fugitive by law. His children were born to the same state of servitude; and, contrary to the rule of the civil law, where one parent was free and the other in villenage, the offspring followed their father's condition."—*Hallam.*

O'Conor." This King, who died in 1274, is described as "a King who had desolated and devastated that part of Connacht possessed by his foreign or native enemies; a King who had given the strangers frequent overthrows, prostrated their manor houses and castles, and cut off their heroes and warriors." The Fitz Geralds and their adherents suffered a signal defeat at Callan in 1261, where the tribe of Mac Carthy, says the English writer, "became so strong, and prevailed so mightily, that for the space of twelve years the Geraldines durst not put a plow in the ground in Desmond."

In 1275, we read of a victory gained over the Anglo-Normans in Ulster, where so many of their chief men were slain "that there were counted two hundred horses, and two hundred heads, besides all who fell of their plebeians." The incursions on the English territories were perpetually maintained with a most vigorous pertinacity. The "Marches" or borders were devastated and their inhabitants reduced to subjection by the natives, who swept away their cattle and goods. So dreadful had these depredations become, that every liege subject dwelling in the "Marches," and holding twenty plough-lands, was obliged, by law, to keep a horse standing caparisoned in his stable, day and night, ready to pursue the despoilers; the smaller land-holders were likewise obliged, under heavy penalties, to have hobbies ever ready for the same purpose.

"The Irish also," says the statute of an Anglo-Norman parliament," relying on the density of the woods, and the depth of the adjacent morasses, openly attack us even on the King's highway, chiefly in places so overgrown with wood,* so dense and impervious,

* It was to the wood of Clar that the youth retired, who had slain Sir Hugh de Lacy in the midst of his armed retainers. Henry Castyde assured Froissart that—"a man of armes beyng never so well horsed, and ron as fast as he can, the Irishe man wyll ryn a fote as faste as he, and overtake hym, yea, and leape up upon his horse behind him, and drawe hym from his horse, for they are stronge men in the armes, and have sharpe weapons with large blades with two edges, after the manner of darteheades, wherewyth the will slee their enemy." The Annals contain the following curious entry, at the year 1249:—"Donogh O'Gilla Patrick, one of the men of Ossory, was killed by the strangers. This was a retaliation due to the strangers; for, up to that time, he had killed, burned, and destroyed many of them. This Donogh was, of the Gaels, the third greatest plunderer of the strangers: the three plunderers were Conor O'Melaghlin, Conor Mac Coghlan, surnamed of the Castles, and the son of *Anmchadh*, namely, this Donogh Fitz Patrick. He was in the habit of going about

that even a man on foot is scarce able to make his way through them; by which the Irish retreat into some morass or wood, which they can pass, although the men of our nation not being able to pursue them, they often escape unhurt; or, if they suffer themselves to be approached, are able to evade their pursuers."

Such was what the Anglo-Norman lawyers styled, by a legal fiction, "la conquest de la terre d'Irland." Fierce contests broke out among the Anglo-Normans themselves; they became divided into parties and waged bloody war against each other. "There reigned more dissentions, strife, warrs, and debates between the Englishmen themselves in the beginning of the conquest of this kingdom, than between the Irishmen, as by perusing the warrs between the Lacies of Meath, John Courcey, Earle of Ulster, William Marshall, and the English of Meath and Munster, Mac Gerald, the Burks, Butler, and Cogan, may appear." Early in the fourteenth century, a portion of the natives determined to make an effort to expel the foreigners, whom they charged with the blackest crimes, and, above all, with asserting, on the authority of the Pope's Bull, that the men of Erin had no right to their own country, and should

to reconnoitre their market towns, in the guise of a pauper, or a carpenter, or a turner, or poet, or of one carrying on the trade of a merchant, as was said in the following quatrain:—

"He is a carpenter, he is a turner,
My nurseling is a bookman,
He is selling wine and hides,
Where he sees a gathering."

There was a peculiar and distinct law called "Marche lawe" observed in the borders, which we are told "should not be styled law, but a lewde custome." So late as the seventeenth century, some Irish gentlemen, when dispossessed of their lands, retired with a number of friends to secret fastnesses, where they lived by levying contributions on the surrounding country. The system of guerilla warfare appears to have been brought to a degree of perfection by the Irish Rapparees, during the wars of the Revolution. The learned Dean of Clonmacnois has justly remarked that:—"The doings of the Scotch mosstroopers and borderers have been made famous through the world, and genius has lavished upon them the riches of romance and poetry; but we have had no Walter Scott to foster a spirit of comprehensive patriotism, by making us proud of our country, by ennobling whatever was praiseworthy in the national character or history, and by shewing how much of the misconduct of all parties was the result of their unhappy circumstances, and how it was mixed with spontaneous and independent good, and often corrected by it." It may be added, that, so great was the renown of those Irish borderers, that "Little John" is said to have left "Merrie Scherewode" and repaired to Ireland, after the death of Robin Hood.

be exterminated. Many of the Anglo-Normans were, however, at this period united with the natives. In 1204, Sir John De Courcy had fled from the perfidy of his own countrymen, and sought protection from the O'Neills of Ulster, and now, the descendants of the De Lacies joined the natives in their attempt to destroy the power of the King of England in Ireland. To carry out this design, Edward Bruce was invited over to take the command, which he gladly accepted, not only from the ancient bond which united the men of Erin and *Alba*, but grateful for the assistance received from the *Gaels* who had flocked to King Robert, when he raised his standard in the isle of Rachlin, before commencing the campaign which has been rendered famous by the battle of Bannockburn. Besides, the English of Erin had inflicted many injuries on Scotland; for King Edward, surnamed "Longshanks," before marching against the craven John Baliol, whom he styled "le fol felon," summoned his liege subjects of Ireland to accompany him. "In 1296," say the Annals, "an army was led by the King of the Saxons into *Alba*, and he acquired great power in that country. The chiefs of the English of Erin—namely, Richard de Burgh, Earl of Ulster, Gerald Fitz Gerald, and John Fitz Thomas—were on this expedition. They commenced ravaging *Alba*, both territories and churches. A monastery of friars in that country was plundered by them, and they prostrated it to the ground, so that they left not one stone of it above another on its site—and this after they had killed many of its ecclesiastics, besides women and persons not able to bear arms." The inhabitants of the conquered portion of Scotland, according to Thierry, suffered to the utmost extent the evils that follow upon a conquest: they had foreign governors, bailiffs, and sheriffs. "These English," says a contemporary Scotch poet, "were all avaricious and debauched, haughty and contemptuous. They insulted our wives and our daughters; good, worthy, and honored knights were put to death by the cord. Ah! freedom is a noble thing!" The success of the English in Scotland contrasts strangely with their condition in Ireland at the same period. The men of Erin, not content with harassing them at home, pursued them to Scotland, and contributed to the victory of King Robert at Bannockburn. Although the Bruces were eventually unsuccessful in Ireland, the natives still continued

their inroads on the territories of the foreigners, who, fearing their power, and attracted by their customs, began to form alliances with them. The great Anglo-Norman nobles assumed Irish names,* married Irish wives, wore the Irish costume, and governed themselves according to the *Brehon* law.

Having expelled their English tenants, they sent out their own children to be fostered among the mountaineers, by whom they were "perfected in each manly exercise," and taught to stem the foaming torrents—to cast the "yellow-knotted spear-shaft"—to wield the *tuagh-catha*, or battle-axe—to draw the tough yew bow—to play the *fithcheall*, or chess—to beard the wolf in his lair—to transfix the deer upon the hill—and to ride, in the Irish fashion, without saddle or stirrup.

"They love tenderlie their foster children," says an English writer, "and bequeath to them a childe's portion, whereby they nourish sure friendship: so beneficiall everie waie, that commonlie five hundred cowes and better, are given in reward to win a noble

* "For, as they did not only forget the English language, and scorne the vse thereof, but grew to be ashamed of their very English names, though they were noble and of great antiquity; and tooke Irish surnames and nicke-names. Namely, the two most potent families of the Bourks in Conaght (after the house of the Red Earle failed in Heyres-Males) called their Chiefes, Mac William Eighter and Mac William Oughter. In the same province, Bremingham, Baron of Athenrie, called himself Mac Yorris. Dexcester, or De'exon, was called Mac Jordan. Nangle, or de Angulo, took the name of Mac Costelo. Of the inferior families of the Bourkes, one was called Mac Hubbard, another, Mac Dauid. In Munster, of the great families of the Geraldines planted there, one was called Mac Morice, Chiefe of the house of Lixnaw; and another, Mac Gibbon, who was also called the White Knight. The Chiefe of the Baron of Dunboyne's house, who is a branch of the house of Ormond, took the surnames of Mac Pheris. Condon, of the Countie of Waterford, was called Mac Maioge: and the Arch-Deacon of the County of Kilkenny, Mac Odo. And this they did in contempt and hatred of the English name and nation; whereof these degenerate families became more mortal enemies than the mere Irish." Not only did the Anglo-Norman nobles assume Irish surnames, but they also desired to be known by the same characteristic epithets as those by which the natives distinguished their own Chiefs. Thus, Thomas Fitz Gerald was named *n-apa*, because, in infancy, his life had been saved by a domesticated ape, whence the Kildare family is said to derive their crest. Another gallant member of the same house was, from the caparisons of his retainers, known as *Tomas an t-sioda*, or Thomas of the silk, while a third was called *Gearoid an dana*, or Gerald of the poems. The Earl of Ormond, in the reign of Elizabeth, was named by the Irish *Tomas dubh*, or black Thmoas, and the great Duke of the same family was, from his complexion, styled *Séamus bán*, or fair James. Among the De Burghs were

man's child to foster; they love and trust their foster brethren more than their owne.—You cannot find one instance of perfidy, deceit, or treachery among them; nay, they are ready to expose themselves to all manner of dangers for the safety of those who sucked their mother's milk; you may beat them to a mummy, you may put them upon the rack, you may burn them on a gridiron, you may expose them to the most exquisite tortures that the cruellest tyrant can invent—yet, you will never remove them from that innate fidelity which is grafted in them; you will never induce them to betray their duty."

"Alas!" exclaims an Irish bard, in the thirteenth century, "my love for O'Cane was not the fickle affection of a woman for a man; it was the love for him who was my foster brother since the days of our childhood."

In the Celtic language the Anglo-Normans found a copious and fascinating literature, and they rivalled the native Chiefs in the guerdons which they bestowed on the Irish bards, romancers, and musicians. They even forgot the tongue of their fathers; and in the civil contentions between the great Palatines, instead of the Norman war-shouts of "Dieu ayde!" or "Boutez en avant!" the cries of

Risdeard an iarain, or Richard of the Iron, Redmond *na sguab*, or of the devastations; *Deamhan an chorrain*, or the demon of the sickle; and *Seaan na seamar*, or Shane of the shamrocks. The great Leinster family of Le Gras, or Grace, was also distinguished by its attachment to Irish soubriquets. Among them were Oliver *feasogach*, the bearded; John *crios iarain*, or the iron belted; Gerald *marcach*, or the cavalier; Oliver *filé*, or the poet; Robert *beul-bhin*, or the orator; and Gerald *rianiré*, or the traveller. We find the following stanzas in a poem of the late Mr. T. Davis, of Dublin, in commemoration of the Desmond branch of the Fitz Geralds, which became more intensely Irish than any of the other Anglo-Normans, with the exception of the De Burghs:—

"These Geraldines! these Geraldines! not long our air they breathed;
Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water seethed:
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers nursed,
When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling burst!
The English monarchs strove in vain, by law, and force, and bribe,
To win from Irish thoughts and ways this 'more than Irish tribe:'
For still they clung to fosterage, to *Brehon*, cloak, and Bard:
What king dare say to Geraldine, 'your Irish wife discard?'

"Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines! how royally ye reigned
O'er Desmond broad, and rich Kildare, and English arts disdained:
Your sword made knights, your banner waved, free was your bugle call
By Glyn's green slopes, and Dingle's tide, from Barra's banks to Youghal.
What gorgeous shrines, what *Brehon* lore, what minstrel feasts there were
In and around Maynooth's keep, and palace-filled Adare!
But not for rite or feast ye stayed, when friend or kin were pressed;
And foemen fled, when '*Crom abú*' bespoke your lance in rest."

Crom abú! Butler abú! and *Gall riagh abú* distinguished the parties of Fitz Gerald, Le Botiller, and De Burgh. To check this growing union, so dangerous to the English colony, the "Statute of Kilkenny" was enacted, in 1367. The natives were thereby declared excommunicate, and inadmissible to any office in church or state, and all who followed their customs or held intercourse with them, were proclaimed traitors and enemies to the King of England. Indignant at this conduct, the Irishry took up arms,* and they coursed the

* The following minute though pleonastic description of Donogh Mac Namara, chief of *Clan Cuilen*, in North Munster, harnessing himself for battle, in the year 1309, occurs in an unpublished Irish manuscript written in 1459, by Shane, son of Rory Mac Rath, chief historian of Thomond. This work, generally known as *Cath-reim Thoirdhealbhaigh*, or the "Wars of Torlogh O'Brien," relates "the renowned events which took place in Thomond (North Munster), from the coming of the stranger, to the death of Robert De Clare, in 1318."

"After that harangue of Donogh to his brave people he arose on the spot with courage and activity to clothe himself in shining armour. His noble garment was first brought to him, namely, a strong, well-formed, close-ridged, defensively-furrowed, terrific, neat-bordered, new-made, and scarlet-red cassock of fidelity; he expertly put on that gold-bordered garment which covered him as far as from the lower part of his soft, fine, red-white neck, to the upper part of his expert, snow-white, round-knotted knee. Over that mantle he put on a full-strong, white-topped, wide-round, gold-bordered, straight, and parti-coloured coat of mail, well-fitting, and ornamented with many curious devices of exquisite workmanship. He put on a beautiful, narrow, thick, and saffron-coloured belt of war, embellished with clasps and buckles, set with precious stones, and hung with golden tassels; to this belt was hung his active and trusty lance, regularly cased in a tubic sheath, but that it was somewhat greater in height than the height of the sheath; he squeezed the brilliant, gilt, and starry belt about the coat of mail; and a long, blue-edged, bright-steeled, sharp-pointed, broad-sided, active, white-backed, half-polished, monstrous, smooth-bladed, small-thick, and well-fashioned dagger was fixed in the tie of that embroidered and parti-coloured belt; a white embroidered, full-wide, strong, and well-wove hood was put on him over his golden mail; he himself laid on his head a strong-cased, spherical-towering, polished-shining, branch-engraved, long-enduring helmet; he took his edged, smooth-bladed, letter-graved, destructive, sharp-pointed, fight-taming, sheathed, gold-guarded, and girded sword which he tied fast in haste to his side; he took his expert, keen-pointed, blue-coloured, and neat-engraved dart in his active right hand, in order to cast it at the valiant troops, his enemies; and last, he took his vast-clubbed, strong-eyed, straight-lanced, fierce-smoking, and usual spear in his left, pushing and smiting therewith. Great was the tumult of the army then, seeking for their purple-branched cassocks, brilliant mails, blazing swords, and spears of ample circumference, restraining their steeds backwards by the reins, as not obedient to the guidance of their riders, choosing their arms, the young adhering, for their beauty, to their golden arms, and the old aiming at the ancient weapons with which they often before acted great deeds in battle,—the soldiers closely sewing their ensigns to their vast poles, and fastening their colours by the borders to the lofty poles of their spears."

liege subjects "into a narrow circuite of certaine shires in Leinster, which the English did choose, as the fattest soyle, most defensible, their proper right, and most open to receive helpe from England. Hereupon it was termed their Pale, as whereout they durst not peepe."

In 1399, King Richard II. came to subdue Ireland, in revenge for the death of his cousin and heir, Prince Roger Mortimer, who had fallen in an engagement with the clans. "A squyre of Englande, called Henry Castyde, an honest man and a wyse," who accompanied Richard on this expedition, told Sir John Froissart, "the maker of hystories," that, "it is not in memorie, that ever any kyng of Englande made such appareyle and provision for any iourney to make warre agaynst the yrrishmen, nor suche a nomber of men of armes nor archers. The nomber that he had thyther, gentlemen and archers, were four thousande knyghts and thirty thousande archers, well payde wekely, that every man was well pleased."

Yet, he was unable to procure the submission of Art Mac Murrogh, King of Leinster, who replied to his messages, "that for all the gold in the world he would not yield, but would continue to war and endamage the King all that he might." "He styled himself," says a French eye witness, "King of Ireland by right, and professed to maintain the war, and to defend the land unto his death, saying that the conquest thereof was wrongful. He remayned in the woods, guarded with three thousand stout men, such, as it seemed to me, the Englishmen marvelled to behold."

From the time of Henry VI., the powerful families of the Geraldines and Butlers, having increased much in power and wealth, paid but little regard to the laws enacted by needy and rapacious English Deputies,*

* It is unnecessary here to multiply instances of the unjustifiable conduct of the English Deputies, even to their own party. The famous soldier, Sir John Talbot, Lord Furnival, "so much fear'd abroad, that with his name, the mothers still their babes," quitted his vicegerency in Ireland, in 1419, and went over to England, "carrying along with him the curses of many, because hee being runne much in debt for victuall and divers other things, would pay little or nothing at all." While the men of the Pale agreed with the "Bastard of Orleans," in thinking "this Talbot a fiend of hell;" "the terror of the French, the scarecrow that frighted our children so," appears to have been equally hated by the natives for his rapacity. The Irish Annals tell us, that "Leix, O'More's territory, was devastated by him, and he took the castle of the son of *Faghtna* O'More. He

whom they contemned; "for the people of this land," says an old writer, "both English and Irish, out of a natural pride, did ever love and desire to be governed by great persons." The Commons of Ireland, moreover, "have ever been more devoted to their immediate lords here, whom they saw every day, than unto their sovereign lord and King, whom they never saw." Thus, when in the sixteenth century, the castle of a Connacht Chief was beleaguered and summoned by the Lord Deputy to surrender, the garrison scornfully replied, "that if

carried off great prizes of cows, horses, and small cattle, from the people of Oriel; and he spoiled and plundered the sons of the Welshmen, in Kilkenny, and hanged Garrett, the son of Thomas the blind, of the Geraldine blood. He also plundered a great number of the poets of Erin—namely, O'Daly, of Meath; Hugh Magrath, the younger; Mac Keogh, the learned; and Maurice O'Daly. In the ensuing summer, he plundered O'Daly of Corcumroe; he plundered Brinemor; and not only this, but he gave no protection to either saint or sanctuary while he abode in Erin." Although we are told, that with the French "the cry of Talbot served like a sword," this great warrior was not allowed by the Irishry to plunder with impunity. The "Four Masters" relate, that in 1418, "Great depredations were committed by Lord Furnival upon Hugh Magennis, Lord of Iveagh, in Ulster. Magennis and the son of O'Neill, 'the swarthy,' set out in pursuit of the strangers and the preys, and defeated them, after they had left the preys behind. Countless numbers of the strangers were slain and taken prisoners on this occasion by Magennis." "The sword of the Lord Justice," observes the Very Rev. Richard Butler, "if put into the hands of any of the native lords, of the Ormondes or of the Kildares, was used as an instrument to avenge their own wrongs, or to promote their own interests, rather than to execute impartial justice, and to promote the welfare of the whole country. Such also, was the case during the lieutenancy of any of the great English lords, who had estates or claims on Ireland, such as the great Mortimers; and perhaps nothing brought the royal authority into greater disrepute than the use of it by these men as a cover for private revenge or for private gain. Nor were the evils fewer, if the administration of the Government was intrusted to Englishmen unconnected with this country. Men of eminence, so situated, would scarcely accept the office; we know that Pembridge altogether refused it; and men of inferior rank and reputation, when invested with deputed and transient authority, were scorned by the haughty Irish lords, and were freely charged by them, and perhaps justly charged, with the grossest peculation and malversation. The castles of Athlone, Roscommon, Rinduin, and Bunratty,—say the Irish lords to Edward, in 1343,—were lost, because his treasurers did not pay the constables the wages charged in their accounts, and they continued to charge for castles and constables, after the castles had been destroyed. Officials liable to such imputations could have no moral influence; and when some sturdy and honest man, like Sir Thomas Rokeby, who sold his plate to pay his soldiers, saying, that he would eat off wooden platters and pay in gold and silver,—or when some bold and vigorous soldiers, like Sir Robert Ufford, or Sir Anthony Lucy, held the king's commission,—they were hampered by the narrowness of their allowances, and were thwarted by the old peers and ancient officials."

all that came in his lordship's company were Lord Deputies, they would not yield."

During the fifteenth century, the natives recovered all their territories, "only that little canton of land, called the English Pale, containing four small shires, which did maintain a bordering war with the Irish, and retained the form of English government." The whole country was now subject and tributary to the Irish, who still retained their old customs and laws. Towards the middle of the fifteenth century, some of our most valuable historic documents were collected and transcribed at the expense of the native Princes, whose chief glory was to issue general invitations to the poets of the four provinces, whom they entertained with profuse hospitality, and liberally rewarded for their productions. Thus, we are told, that in 1351, William O'Kelly, Prince of Hy Many, in Connacht, "invited all the Irish poets, brehons, bardes, harpers, gamesters, or common kearroghs, jesters, and others of their kind, of Erin, to his house, upon Christmas, this year, where every one of them was well used during Christmas holy days, and gave contentment to each of them at the time of their departure, so as every one was well pleased, and extolled William for his bounty; one of which assembly composed certain verses in commendation of William and his house, which begin thus: Filiḋ Eṙeann ɣo h-aoin ṫeaċ, *i. e.* 'The Poets of Erin to one house came.'"

Nor were the chieftains' wives* less distinguished for their gene-

* The Irish Annals contain notices of many of these distinguished dames. Among them stands pre-eminent, Margaret, wife of Calvagh O'Carroll, and daughter of the King of Ely, who visited Spain in the fifteenth century, and died in 1451. "It is she," says the annalist, "that twice in one year proclaimed to, and commonly invited, in the dark dayes of the yeare, to witt, on the feast day of St. Sinell, in Killaichy, all persons, both Irish and Scottish, or rather Albaines, to two generall feasts of bestowing both meate and moneyes with all other manner of gifts, whereunto gathered to receive gifts, the matter of two thousand and seaven hundred persons, besides gamesters and poore men, as it was recorded in a roll to that purpose, and that accompt was made thus, as we have seen, the chief of each family of the Learned Irish, was by Gilla-na-naomh Mac Ægan's hand, the chief judge to O'Conner, written in that roll, and his adherents and kinsmen, so that the aforesaid number of 2,700 was listed in that roll with the arts of *Dan* or poetry, musick and antiquitie. And Mælin O'Mælconry, one of the chiefe learned of Connacht, was the first written in that roll, and first payed and dieted, or sett to supper, and those of his name after him, and soforth every one as he was payed, he was written in that roll, for feare of

rosity to the learned, who, it was supposed, possessed the power of producing, by their satires, blushes on the cheeks of those females who incensed them. Many ancient manuscripts are still preserved bearing inscriptions setting forth the names of the Princesses of

mistake, and set downe to eate afterwards, and Margerett on the garrotts of the greate church of St. Sinell, clad in cloath of gold, her deerest friends about her, her clergy and judges too, Calvagh himself being on horseback by the church's outward side, to the end that all things might be done orderly, and each one served successively. And first of all she gave two chalices of gold as offerings that day on the altar to God Almighty, and she also caused to nurse or foster two young orphans. But so it was we never saw, nor heard neither the like of that day, nor comparable to its glory and solace. And she gave the second inviting proclamation (to every one that came not that day) on the feaste day of the Assumption of our blessed Lady Mary in harvest, at or in Rath-Imayu (Rathangan), and so we have been informed that that second day in Rath-Imayn was nothing inferior to the first day. And she was the only woman that has made most of preparing high-wayes and erecting bridges, churches, and mass-books, and of all manner of things profittable to serve God, and her soule, and not that only, but while the world stands, her very many gifts to the Irish and Scottish nations shall never be numbered. God's blessing, the blessing of all saints, and every our blessing from Jerusalam to Inis Gluair be on her going to heaven, and blessed be he that will reade and heare this, for blessing her soule. Cursed be that sore in her breast, that killed Margrett."

Mr. Shirley has shown, from documents in the State Paper Office, that Queen Elizabeth used to send gowns of the newest London fashions to the wives of the more powerful Irish Chiefs, and thus endeavoured to secure their interest with their husbands, as appears from the following letter from Lord Chancellor Gerrard to Burghley, in 1579:—

"I sent my man with her Majesty's gowne to Turlaghe (O'Neill) his wyfe, who is a continuall good instrument to contynewe him in quyett. I made a forepart which wanted to yt, his lettres to me acknowledginge the receipt, I send your honours to be made knowne to her Majesty her highnesse never bestowed a gowne better. The other I have not as yett delivered to the Countesse of Desmonde, ffor I wold upon the delaye make her do some good office for Doctor Hector his cause, which you recommended to me, which (if I fynd anie ease of this paine) I will deliver myselfe." Many of these dames did not, however, serve to carry out the machinations of the minions of the virgin Queen. Thus, we are told that Edmond Bourke, of Castle Barry, was "a most badd affected member to the State, and his wyfe as badd as himselfe." Ioan, or *Siubhan*, the daughter of Maguire and the mother of Hugh O'Neill, is described by the Annalists as "a woman who was the pillar of support and maintenance of the indigent and the mighty, of the poets and exiled, of widows and orphans, of the clergy and men of science, of the poor and the needy; a woman who was the head of counsel and advice to the gentlemen and Chiefs of the province of Conor Mac Nessa (Ulster); a demure, womanly, devout, charitable, meek, benignant woman, with pure piety, and the love of God, and her neighbours." Niall O'Donnell, who, induced by delusive promises to betray the cause of his countrymen, and after having done important services to their opponents, was, by them, confined for life in the tower of London, was deserted by his wife *Nuala*, or 'the fair shoulder'd,' on his first connection with the enemies

Erin for whom they were compiled; and in the fifteenth century, some of these dames, not content with visiting the shrines of Clonmacnois, Iona, Armagh, or Trim, accompanied their husbands on the then fashionable pilgrimage to Santiago, at Compostella.

of her kinsmen. She accompanied Hugh O'Neill and Roderic O'Donnell to the Continent, as elsewhere mentioned.

The old bards delighted to describe a Chieftain's wife, as "sufficiently distinguished from every side by her checking of plunder, her hatred of injustice; by her tranquil mind, and by her serene countenance, which caused the trees to bend with fruit."

There is extant a very interesting French account of the adventures of Mary, daughter of Roderic O'Donnell, Earl of Tir Connell, who, after her father's flight to the Continent, was adopted by her relative the Countess of Kildare, and brought up in great magnificence at the Court of James I. "La protection du prince," says the French writer, "une naissance illustre et une fortune brillante, la firent rechercher pour le mariage par des seigneurs de la premiere distinction en Angleterre; il y eut entr'autres un seigneur de bonne maison et puissamment riche, qui fut une cour assidue à cette jeune Princesse." To escape this importunate suitor, and to avoid the suspicions with which she was regarded on the declaration of war in Ulster by Cahir O'Docharty, Prince of Inishowen, her fears for her own liberty being also excited by the arrest of her kinsmen, Conn O'Donnell and Hugh O'Ruarc, she resolved to fly from England. Disguised as a cavalier, and assuming the name of Rodolph Huntly, accompanied by her faithful maid, she travelled, by a long and perilous voyage, to Rochelle, and thence through Paris to Brussells, where she joined her brother, Don Hugh O'Donnell, page to the Infanta of Spain. "Cette princesse la reçut avec toute la tendresse et toute la distinction imaginable. Le bruit de la résolution courageuse de Marie se répandit bientôt par toute l'Europe. On la comparoit à Eufrosine d' Alexandrie, à Aldegonde et autres vierges chrétiennes de l' antiquité." A further account of this "jeune princesse" will be found in Dr. O'Donovan's invaluable Appendix to the "Annals of the Four Masters."

Many Irish poems were written in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and early part of the eighteenth century, on females remarkable for their hospitality and encouragement of the poets. In a poem on the wife of Mac Gennis, Viscount Iveagh, who retired to Hungary with a body of Irish to fight against the Turks, in 1692, we find the bard exclaiming:—

"O God! I beseech thee to send her
Home here to the land of her birth!
We shall then have rejoicing and splendour,
And revel in plenty and mirth.
And our land shall be highly exalted;
And till the dread dawn of that day,
When the race of old Time shall have halted,
It shall flourish in glory alway!"

And in an Irish song on the marriage of Viscount Kenmare, in 1720, the minstrels express their feelings of joy and satisfaction at his union with "the fair niece of the Duke of Kilkenny":—

"The Lords of Killarney, who know what the wrongful
Effects of misrule are, quaff healths to the pair—
And the minstrels, delighted, breathe out their deep songful
Emotions each hour in some ever-new air.
The sun and the moon day and night keep a-shining;
New hopes appear born in the bosoms of men,
And the ancient despair and the olden repining
Are gone, to return to us never agen."

In return for their munificence, the Chieftains were highly lauded by the bards. "He is a man with the courage of a true lion," says a poet, eulogising one of the O'Maddens, at this period, the "lion of Birra, with the venom of a serpent—the hawk of the Shannon—a tower which defends the frontiers—a griffin of the race of Conn of the hundred battles—a large man of slender body, with a skin like the blossom of the apple trees, with brown eyebrows, black curling hair, long fingers, and a cheek like the cherries." The description was considered imperfect unless the Chief could be characterised as "the sheltering tree of the learned of Erin," the giver of gold, horses, kine, venison, and broad-cloth to the poets, one whose hand had been "early in seeking the heavy weapons," and who was wont to return heavily laden with spoil from the districts of the armed strangers.

Contentions frequently arose among the Chiefs, as to who was entitled to be styled the most bounteous and hospitable; and these questions were always decided by the poets. In the fourteenth century, "great comparisons," says an old writer, "were made between Donn Maguire, prince of Fermanagh—the best of all Erin for hospitality, liberality, and prowess—and Donnell Mac Carthy, 'the Swarthy,' for their bountys and hospitalities, which Donn Maguire,

Among our Irish manuscripts may be noticed a work of the sixteenth century, in the autograph of Gabrielle, wife of one of the *Brehons* of Ormond.

In Pagan times, many princesses of Erin were highly distinguished by their feats of arms and contempt of life; and we are told that a Queen surnamed *Mong fionn*, or the fair-haired, in order to obtain the sovereignty of the country for her son, administered poison to the reigning monarch, having first, to remove suspicion, suicidally quaffed of the fatal bowl herself. *Morrigu*, one of the *Danaan* Queens, was the goddess of war, and *Brighit* the goddess of poetry, among the Pagan Irish. We have elsewhere remarked that the names of three other of these princesses—*Erin*, *Banba*, and *Fola*—were usually applied by the bards to Ireland. In our collection of ancient Celtic manuscripts are extant two interesting treatises, one on the "Lives of the mothers of Irish saints;" the other entitled *Ban-Seanchus*, or History of the illustrious women of Erin; and until these have been published, we must be content to agree with Ariosto, who sung:—

"Cortesi donne ebbe l'antiqua etade,
Che le virtù, non le richezze amaro.
Al tempo nostro si ritrovan rade
A cui, più del guadagno, altro sia caro.
Ma quelle che per lor vera bontade
Non seguon delle più lo stile avaro,
Vivendo, degno son d'esser contente,
Gloriose e immortal, poi che fian spente."

by the judgment of a certain learned Irish poet (which remained for a long space in the houses of the said Donn and Donnell covertly, and in the habit of a karrogh, or common gamester, to know which of them surpassed the other) was counted to excell Donnell in all good parts, as by an Irish verse, made by the said poet, you may know; which says in English, as notwithstanding Desmond, and the lands of Donnell Mac Carthy, be far greater than the lands of Donn Maguire, yet Donn retaineth in his house twice as many as Donnell doth."

The men of the learned professions also gloried to excel in hospitality; and we are told of many a wise historian, sage *Brehon*, and chief poet, who lived "without contention or reproach, kept houses of general hospitality for all comers, and who had never refused to receive any one." The numbers of these classes referred to in the Annals, and the contents of the productions which they have transmitted to posterity, give us an idea of their high importance in their own day.

Truly, had Ariosto, Tasso, or the ill-starred author of "Os Lusiadas" sprung into existence among the "fair hills of Erin," instead of the contempt of proud Italian churchmen, the subterraneous dungeons of Sant' Anna, or the loathsome lazar-house of Lisboa, they would have enjoyed as stately castles as those conferred upon the learned Mac Firbis, in the fertile fields of Tireragh, or on the wise O'Clerys, by the pleasant shore of the Atlantic. Their goodly bawns would have been thronged with gifts of fleet horses and lowing kine, much gold and rich raiment, many a "gallon of white silver," and more than one "purple-crowned wine cup of beautiful gold" would have been their guerdon in "Erin of the poets." Such munificence would he likewise have found, who so sweetly sung "the heroicke knights of faëry-land," instead of having been forced "to feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;" and, unable to obtain "reason for his rhyme," was first sent to usurp the lands of men whose tongue he did not understand; and, on being expelled from his unlawful possessions, was, "to the gall of all good hearts," suffered by the worthless English nobles, whom he has immortalized, to die in the streets of London from "lack of bread." It cannot be denied, that, as long as they possessed the land of their fathers, the Irish Chiefs continued,

to the last, encouragers, as far as in them lay, of the literature, not only of their own country, but of other lands; and they set a high value upon the translations made into Irish of the works, both literary and scientific, of foreign authors.* In the sixteenth century, the State Papers tell us of many Irish noblemen who did not understand the English tongue, but could converse fluently in Latin, which, says a quaint author, "they speake like a vulgar language, learned in their common schooles of leachcraft and law, whereat they begin children, and hold on sixteene or twentie yeares, conning by rote the aphorismes of Hippocrates, and the ciuill institutes, with a few other parings of those faculties." Instead of denying the ancient Chiefs of Erin their just deserts, let us rather regard them in the spirit of that old writer, who exclaims—"because they were not themselves steady to each other, they were crushed by lawless power, and the usurpation of foreigners. May God forgive them their sins!"

During the reign of Henry VIII., some of the native Chiefs† were induced to accept patents of nobility, and to agree to be subject to the King of England. Thus, one of the O'Neills became Baron of Dun Gannon, O'Brien received the title of Earl of Thomond; and it was boasted in the Pale, that as long as O'Brien, O'Donnell, Mac William, and the Earl of Desmond were true to the King, there was nothing to be feared from all the rest of Ireland. The clansmen, however, did not recognise these proceedings on the part of their

* For an account of some of the early translations of Continental literature into Irish, the reader is referred to the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. III., pp. 445—448. To the works there enumerated, may be added a very ancient and classical version of the History of Cambrensis, a fragment of which has been lately discovered by Mr. Curry.

† The following formidable description of the independent state of the country in 1515, is given in a contemporary document:

"There byn more than 60 countries called Regyons in Ireland, inhabytyd with the King's Irishe enymyes, some region as bygge as a shyre, some more, some lesse unto a lyttyll; some as bygge as half a shyre, and some a lytyll lesse, where reygneith more than 60 chyef capytaynes, whereof some callyeth themselffes Kynges, some Kyng's peyres in their langage, some Prynceis, some Dukes, some Arche-dukes, that lyueth onely by the swerde, and obeyeth to no other temperall person but onely to himselfe that is stronge; and every of the said capytaynes makeyth warr and and peace for hymself, and holdeith it by swerde, and hath imperyall jurisdyction within his rome, and obeyeth to noo other person, Englyshe ne Iryshe, except onely to suche persones as may subdue hym by the swerde."

Chieftains, as, by the *Brehon* law, the ruler's acts could not prejudice the ancient freedoms of the sept.

The two most powerful Irish clans, for many ages, had been those of O'Neill and O'Donnell, in Ulster. The former were Chieftains of the territory known as *Tir Eoghain*, or the land of Owen, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, by whom it was conquered in the fifth century. Their ancient palace was at *Aileach*,* "a rath of beauteous circles, the best in Erin;" and, after its destruction, in the eleventh century, they fixed their residence at Dun Gannon. Many of them had filled the throne of Erin; they were named, from their founder, *Cineal Eoghain*, or the tribe of Owen, and were known on the battle-field by the war-cry of *Lamh dearg abú!* or "the red-hand for ever!" The other great northern clan was that of O'Donnell, styled the *Cineal Conaill*, or tribe of Conall, for they sprung from Conall, brother of the founder of the clan of O'Neill. It was of this family that the celebrated St. Columba or *Collum Cille*, came; and his autograph copy of the Psalms, now in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, was long looked upon as the palladium of the clan. "I will give you a description of the tribe of Conall," says a poet of the seventh century: "they are a bold, black host, mighty, furious, sea-rover like; grim, agile, tall, and terrific; with tufted beards covering and surrounding their cheeks, mouths, and chins, and reaching to their waists. The prominent eyebrows of these warriors grow beyond their eyelashes; their garments, valuable and embroidered, are folded over their shoulders; and every part of their costume resembles the skin of a black-woolled sheep. They will yield supremacy or tribute to no man, save a little to a King of their own blood. Wo to those who seek them! for they stand as a rampart round the heart of their lord." A foreign writer of the same period tells us, that he found in the land Conall, "brave, victorious heroes, fierce men of fair complexion—the high stars of Erin." Although the two royal progenitors of these tribes are said to have been so passionately attached to each other, that Owen died of grief for the loss of his beloved Conall, proximity of territories, and the desire of supremacy, induced frequent conten-

* See page 603.

tions between their descendants; and in the seventh century the tribe of Conall is represented as "half hating the race of Owen." Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, a powerful Chief arose in Tyrone, in the person of Shane O'Neill, surnamed *an diomuis*, or "the proud." Setting but little by the peerage accepted by his predecessor, and paying no regard to the acts passed by the men of the Pale, in their assemblies at Dublin; refusing the name of a subject, and assuming, as it were, the office of a prince, "he usurped and took upon him the name of Oneyle, with the whole superioritie, rule, and governance of all the lords and captaines of Ulster, according to the Irish custome, in scorn of the English creation."

No means were left untried to reduce this formidable Chieftain. Plots were laid by the Lord Deputy to take him off by assassination: and, when other resources failed, his neighbour, O'Donnell, was stirred up to wage war against him; so that the object of the stranger —the weakening of both—was expected to be thus attained. The Annals supply us with the following picture of the proceedings of these northern Chiefs, in 1557:—

"Shane O'Neill assembled and mustered a very numerous army to proceed into Tir-Connell, namely, all the people of Oriel, and all the foreigners and *Gaels* from Dundalk to the river Finn. All these came to join his muster and army, and marched without halting until they had, in the first place, pitched their spacious and hero-thronged camp at the Grey Rock, between the two rivers Finn and Mourne. The time was spent very happily in the camp of the son of O'Neill, for they carried on the buying and selling of mead, wine, rich clothing, and all other necessaries. News came to the son of O'Neill that the tribe of Connell had sent off all their cows and herds into the wilds and fastnesses of the country, for protection; but he declared that not one cow of them was inaccessible, for that, even though they should pass with their cattle into Leinster or Munster, he would pursue them until he should compel them to submit to his authority, so that there should be but one king in Ulster for the future. As for the tribe of Connell, they were thus circumstanced: Manus O'Donnell was in bad health and infirmity, and had now been, for two years, incarcerated by his son Calvagh, who had assumed the government of the country. Moreover, his brother Hugh, with his adherents, was in opposition to

him, and was at this time along with Shane O'Neill, his kinsman. When Calvagh heard that Shane O'Neill and his forces were encamped on the frontiers of the territory, he pondered in his mind what he should do in this great danger which now threatened him; and he advised with his father, Manus, upon the military movement he ought to adopt in opposing his enemies, whensoever they should come into the territory. The advice which O'Donnell, his father, gave him was, as he had not an army equal to that of the son of O'Neill, not to go forth to meet him in battle, but to remain protecting his own people until O'Neill should come into the territory, and then, if he were able, to make an attack upon his camp, and throw them into confusion. He thought that victory could thus be gained, and they agreed upon adopting this movement. As for Shane O'Neill and his forces, they marched, without halting, from the Grey Rock across the Finn, close to Raphoe, through the Lagan; and they halted and encamped alongside of Balleeghan,* near the stream that flows from the well of Coragh, where the army constructed booths and tents. Calvagh and his son, Con, were on that day at a meeting on the summit of Beinnin, with a small party, namely, only thirty horsemen, and two companies of Gallowglasses of the Mac Sweenys of Fanad, under Walter, the son of Murrogh, and the descendants of Donnell, under Donnell Gorm Mac Sweeny. And when Calvagh heard that Shane had arrived at that place with his army, he sent two of his trusty friends to reconnoitre the forces; their names were Donogh the young, the son of Donogh Maguire, the red, and Maurice the son of Ailin. These two proceeded to the enemy's camp, and mingled with the troops, without being noticed; for, in consequence of the number and variety of troops who were there, it was not easy for them to discriminate between one another, even if it were day, except by recognising their chieftains alone. The two persons aforesaid proceeded from one fire to another, until they came to the great central fire, which was at the entrance of the son of O'Neill's tent; and a huge torch, thicker than a man's body, was constantly flaming at a short distance from the

* *Baile-aighidh-chaoin*, the town of the fair surface, contains the ruins of a beautiful old church, situated on an arm of Lough Swilly, in the barony of Raphoe. Beinnin is a hill in the same barony.

fire, and sixty grim and redoubtable galloglasses,* with sharp, keen axes, terrible and ready for action, and sixty stern and terrific Scots, with massive, broad, and heavy-striking swords in their hands, ready to strike and parry, were watching and guarding the son of O'Neill. When the time came for the troops to dine, and food was divided and distributed among them, the two spies whom we have mentioned stretched out their hands to the distributors, like the rest; and that which fell to their share was a helmet filled with meal, and a suitable complement of butter. With this testimony of their adventure they returned to their own people; and, upon the exhibition of it, their entire narrative was believed. Calvagh commanded his people to arm directly, which they did without delay; the two battalions formed into one; and Con O'Donnell proceeded on foot, between Walter and Donnell, having given his horse to his father. They advanced towards the camp, and did not halt until they had reached the central troops that were guarding the son of O'Neill. They made a furious and fierce attack upon the men in the camp, and both parties then proceeded to kill, destroy, slaughter, hack, mangle, and mutilate

* The *Galloglass* were "picked and selected men, of great and mighty bodies, cruel without compassion; the greatest force of the battle consisteth in their choosing rather to die than to yeld, so that when it cometh to handy blows, they are quickly slain or win the field. They are armed with a shirt of mail, a skull, and a skein. The weapon they most use, is a battle-axe, or halberd, six foot long, the blade whereof is somewhat like a shoemaker's knife, and without pike, the stroke whereof is deadly where it lighteth; and being thus armed, reckoning to him a man for his harness-bearer, and a boy to carry his provision, he is named a *spar*, of his weapon so called, eighty of which *spars* maketh a *battell* of *Galloglasses*."

"These men," says another writer, "are commonlie weieward rather by profession than by nature, grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of lim, burlie of bodie, well and stronglie timbered, chieflie feeding on beefe, porke, and butter."

"These sorte of men," writes the Lord Deputy to Henry VIII., in 1543, "be those that doo not lightly abandon the field, but byde the brunte to the deathe."

The *Kerne* is described, in the sixteenth century, as "a kind of footman, slightly armed with a sword, a target of wood, or a bow and sheaf of arrows with barbed heads, or else three darts, which they cast with a wonderful facility and nearness, a weapon more noisome to the enemy, especially horsemen, than it is deadly: within these few years they have practised the musket and calliver, and are grown good and ready shot."

"I have heard some great warriors say," observes the prejudiced Spenser, "that in all the services which they have seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than the Irish man, nor that cometh on more bravely in his charge."

one another with their polished, sharp axes, and with their well-tempered, keen-edged, hero-befitting swords; so that men were wounded, and warriors disabled, by this body of men who had come into the camp. When Shane O'Neill heard the noise of the heavy troops, and the clamour of the bands, he was convinced that they were enemies who had entered the camp, and he passed through the western end of his tent unobserved. The night was rainy, very heavy showers being followed by silent dripping, so that the rivers and streams of the country were flooded. At last the army of the tribe of Owen were defeated, with dreadful havoc, by dint of conflict and fighting. As for Shane O'Neill, not one of his own party followed him, but two only of the people of Hugh, the son of Manus O'Donnell, with Donogh, the son of Felim O'Gallagher the fair. He proceeded on by the shortest ways and the most lonesome passages, until he had crossed the Deel, the Finn, and the Derg; and it was by swimming that he, with his two companions, crossed these three rivers. Thence he proceeded to the Termon of O'Moain, where he purchased a horse that night from O'Maoin, and at length arrived by break of day at Errigal Keeroge. Calvagh remained with his small army for the rest of the night in the camp in which O'Neill and his army had passed the beginning of the night, in merriment and high spirits; and they remained until morning drinking the wines of the party whom they had defeated. On the following day they took with them, and displayed with pride, many spoils, consisting of arms, dresses, coats of mail, and horses, so that Con, the son of Calvagh, had for his share of the booty eighty horses, besides the celebrated steed of O'Neill's son, called the Son of the Eagle. Scarcely had so much booty been obtained at the battle of the hill of *Budhbh* the Red, which was gained by Hugh O'Donnell the young over Neill, as the tribe of Connell obtained on that occasion."

The attempts of the government officials to effect the ruin* of

* A man named Nele Gray was hired by the Lord Deputy Sussex to assassinate Shane O'Neill; his cowardice, however, prevented the execution of the plot. "In fine," writes Sussex, "I brake with him to kill Shane, and bound myself by my oath to see him have a hundred marks of land to him and his heirs for reward. He seemed desirous to serve your Highness, and to have the land, but fearful to do it, doubting his own escape after. I told him the ways he might do it, and how to escape after with safety, which he offered and promised to do. I assure your Highness he may do it without danger, if he will, and if he will not do what he may in your service,

Shane were ineffectual. He reduced the other Chiefs of Ulster by the strong hand; and, "with banners displayed, entered into the English Pale, and with fire and sword wasted part of the country." Towards the close of his career he met with some reverses; and on his death, in 1567, it was declared treason, at Dublin, for any man to style himself "the O'Neill." Forasmuch, says the Statute, "as the name of O'Neyle, in the judgments of the uncivil people of this realme, doeth carry in itself so great a soverainty, as they suppose that all the lords and people of Ulster should rather live in servitude to that name, than in subjection to the crown of England." The desire of the English Monarchs appears to have been, that the Irish Chieftains should accept peerages, and be placed on the same footing as the English nobles. This feasible project would certainly have succeeded, and been attended with salutary consequences, but for the interested cupidity of the officials by whom the government of Ireland was conducted. These designing men insidiously inculcated the maxim, that until all the powerful nobles of Irish or Anglo-Norman extraction had been extirpated, and their estates confiscated, the English power in the island would continue in a position of fatal insecurity. The great revolution in the religious opinions of Europe, at the Reformation, afforded a specious pretext for the prosecution of these dark designs. Acts of uniformity were passed, and the natives obliged, under penalties, to embrace a form of belief of which they were totally ignorant. Instead of appealing to the acute intellect of the Irish Celt, through the medium to which he has been ever attached, no attempt was made to expound the doctrines of the Reformed Church; and as in former ages the Anglo-Normans, to maintain their own importance, had excluded the natives from the benefit of the English law, so, now, in order to deprive them of acquiring a knowledge of the religion of the state, their language was proscribed. No Ussher or Bedell had yet arisen all; the ecclesiastical dignities were filled by minions of the English officials, who embezzled the Church

there will be done to him what others may." In Sir Henry Sidney's "Book of Charges," there are several payments entered to O'Neill's deans and others, for their good offices in bringing the Irish chiefs to conformity: as, "To two preystes, espialls, xiiil. viiis. xob." "To a man of Mac Mahons for ye like, iiiiil." "To one that drewe a draught for the killing of Shane Sallaughe liiis. iiiid." "To one that brought the heades, liiis. iiiid."

property, and brought the Reformed religion into disrepute by their flagitious practices. Clearly perceiving, that under the pretence of religious reformation, and zeal for the English government, the real object sought was the possession of their lands, the Irishry now determined to stand on the defensive. The Earl of Desmond was one of the first marked out for extirpation. "His possessions to be forfeited," says Dr. Leland, "were of too princely an extent to admit of pardon or submission." Having been, as he forcibly expressed it, "wrung into undutifulness," he was, after a gallant struggle, defeated and slain, in 1583, and his vast territory, covering nearly one hundred and fifty miles, parcelled out to adventurers. "It was no wonder," observe the Annalists, with their accustomed impartiality, "that the vengeance of God should exterminate the Geraldines, for their opposition to their sovereign, whose predecessors had granted to their ancestors, as patrimonial lands, that tract of country extending from Dun-caoin, in Kerry, to the Meeting of the Three Waters, and from the great island of Nemidh's Hill to Limerick."

Shane "the proud" had been succeeded in his possessions by Torlogh Luineach O'Neill, who came into terms with the government, which, however, with a view of sowing dissensions, conferred the title of Baron of Dungannon, and subsequently that of Earl of Tyrone, on his youthful kinsman, *Aodh*, or Hugh O'Neill. Symptoms of union began to appear, about this time, among the northern Chiefs, one of the first evidences of which was the close alliance cemented between the two most powerful clans, by the marriage of Hugh O'Neill to the daughter of O'Donnell. On the history of these clans the Annals before us supply us with much interesting and minute information; the more valuable, as the authors were contemporary with the facts they relate; and, as chroniclers to the Chiefs of Tir Connell, they dwell affectionately on the affairs of their liberal patrons.

The following circumstantial narrative of the measures adopted, in 1587, by the government, at Dublin, to obtain possession of the youthful son of O'Donnell, Prince of Tir Connell, and the details of his subsequent adventures, will serve to illustrate the peculiar style of the "Four Masters":—

"Red Hugh, the son of O'Donnell, was taken by the English. His capture was first effected thus: The English, with the Justice and the Council in general, had contracted a great dislike to the Earl O'Neill, Hugh, the son of Ferdoragh (although he was obedient to them), in consequence of the accusations and complaints of Turlough Luineach, the son of Niall Conallagh O'Neill, who was always in opposition to him, and because Joan, the daughter of O'Donnell, was married to the Earl of Tir Owen. Moreover, the name and renown of the above-named youth, Red Hugh, the son of Hugh, had spread throughout the five provinces of Erin, even before he had arrived at the age of manhood, for his wisdom, sagacity, goodly growth, and noble deeds; and the people in general were used to say that he was really the prophesied one; and the English feared that if he should be permitted to arrive at the age of maturity, that the disturbance of all the island of Erin would result through him and the Earl of Tir Owen; and that, should they unite in their exertions, they would win the goal, as they were allied to each other, as we have before mentioned. To deliberate on premises, a council was held by the Lord Justice and the English of Dublin, and to consider what manœuvre they might adopt to prevent this thing which they feared; and the resolution which they came to was, to prepare a ship at Dublin, and send it, with its crew, laden with wine and beer, north-eastwards, keeping Erin to the left, until it should put into some harbour of the harbours of Tir Connell, as if it had gone for the purpose of traffic. The vessel sailed northward to Benmór, in the Route,* and then turned westwards, with a favourable breeze of wind, without stopping or delaying, until it put in at the old harbour of Swilly, opposite Rathmullan, a castle erected on the margin of the sea, some time before, by Mac Sweeny Fanad, a family, the chief of which had been one of the generals of the lords of Tir Connell from a remote period. The ship being there stationed at anchor, a party of the crew came on shore in a small boat, under the guise of merchants, in the semblance of peace and friendship; and they began to spy and explore the country, and to sell and bargain with those who came to them; and they told them that they had wine and ale in their ship. When Mac Sweeny and his people heard of this, they began to buy the wine, and continued to drink of it until they were intoxicated. When the inhabitants of the neighbouring district heard the news of the arrival of this ship, they flocked to it from every quarter. The Red Hugh before mentioned happened at this time to be in the neighbourhood, on an excursion of thoughtless recreation, and youthful play and sports; and the vehement and fool-hardy people who were along with him requested of him to go to the place. It was easy for them to prevail on him to do so, for at this time he was not quite fifteen years of age; and there were none of his ad-

* This is still the name of a territory forming the northern portion of the County of Antrim. It is supposed to be a corruption of *Dal Riada*.

visers, tutors, or *ollavs*, along with him, to direct him or give him counsel. When the spies heard of his arrival in the town, they immediately went back to the ship. He was welcomed by Mac Sweeny and the other chieftains; and they sent their waiters and cup-bearers to the ship for wine for the guest who had arrived. The merchants said that they had no more wine remaining unsold, excepting what the crew required for their own use, and that they were unwilling to give any more of it out for any one; but they added, that if a small party of gentlemen would come to them into the ship, they should get all the wine and ale that was in their possession. When Mac Sweeny received this message, he felt ashamed at the circumstance, and accordingly he decided upon inviting Hugh to the ship. This being agreed upon, they went into a small boat which was on the margin of the strand, and rowed it over to the ship. They were welcomed, and conducted without delay or loitering into an apartment in the lower centre of the ship; and they were waited on, and attentively served, until they were jolly and cheerful. When they were here making merry, the door of the hatch was closed after them, and their arms were stolen from them; and thus was the young son, Red Hugh, taken. The rumour of this capture spread throughout the country in general; and the inhabitants flocked from all quarters to the harbour, to see if they could bring any danger upon the machinators of the treachery. This was of no avail, for they were in the depth of the harbour, after having hauled in their anchor; and the natives had no ships or boats to pursue or take revenge of them. Mac Sweeny of the Battle-axes, who was the foster-father of that Hugh, came, among the rest, to the harbour, and offered hostages and other pledges for him; but this was of no avail to him, because there was not in the province of Ulster a hostage that they would accept in his stead. As for the ship, and the crew which were in it, having secured the most desirable of the hostages of the territory, they sailed with the current of the tide until they reached the sea, and retraced their former course back again, until they landed in the harbour of Dublin. It was soon heard all over the city that he had thus arrived; and the Lord Justice and the Council were rejoiced at the arrival of Hugh, though indeed not for love of him; and they ordered him to be brought before them, and he was brought accordingly; and they continued for a long time to converse with him, and to ask questions of him, to examine and criticise him, that they might explore his natural endowments. At last, however, they ordered him to be put into a strong stone castle which was in the city, where a great number of Milesian nobles were in chains and captivity, and also some of the old English. The only amusement and conversation by which these beguiled the time by day and night was lamenting to each other their sufferings and troubles, and listening to the cruel sentences passed on the high-born nobles of Erin in general."

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"Red Hugh O'Donnell had now (1590) been in captivity in Dublin for the space of three years and three months. It was a cause of great distress of mind

to him to be thus imprisoned; yet it was not for his own sake that he grieved, but for the sake of his country, his land, his friends, and kinsmen, who were in bondage throughout Erin. He was constantly revolving in his mind the manner in which he might make his escape. This was not an easy matter for him, for he was confined in a closely-secured apartment every night in the castle until sunrise the next day. This castle was surrounded by a wide and very deep ditch, full of water, across which was a wooden bridge, directly opposite the door of the fortress; and within and without the door were stationed a stern party of Englishmen, closely guarding it, so that none might pass in or out without examination. There is, however, no guard whose vigilance may not some time or other be baffled. At the very end of winter, as Hugh and a party of his companions were together, in the beginning of the night, before they were put in the close cells in which they used to be every night, they took with them a very long rope, to a window which was near them, and by means of the rope they let themselves down, and alighted upon the bridge that was outside the door of the fortress. There was a thick iron chain fastened to this door, by which one closed it when required; through this chain they drove a strong handful of a piece of timber, and thus fastened the door on the outside, so that they could not be immediately pursued from the fortress. There was a youth of Hugh's faithful people outside awaiting their escape, and he met them on coming out, with two well-tempered swords concealed under his garments; these he gave into the hands of Hugh, who presented one of them to a certain renowned warrior of Leinster, Art Cavanagh by name, who was a champion in battle, and a commander in conflict. As for the guards, they did not perceive the escape for some time; but when they took notice of it they advanced immediately to the door of the castle, for they thought that they should instantly catch them. Upon coming to the gate, they could not open it; whereupon they called over to them those who happened to be in houses on the other side of the street, opposite the door of the castle. When these came at the call, and took the piece of timber out of the chain, and threw open the door for the people in the castle, who then set out, with a great number of the citizens, in pursuit of the youths who had escaped from them; but this was fruitless, for the fugitives had passed beyond the walls of the city before they were missed, for the gates of the regal city had been wide open at the time; and they pursued their way across the face of the mountain which lay before them, namely, the Red Mountain,* being afraid to venture at all upon the public road, and never halted in their course until, after a fatiguing journey and travelling, until they had crossed the Red Mountain aforesaid. When, weary and fatigued, they entered a thick

* *Sliabh ruadh.* This name is still applied to the Three-rock Mountain, near Dublin, by those who speak Irish in Meath, and by the Connacht men, though forgotten in the County of Dublin.

wood which lay in their way, where they remained until morning. They then attempted to depart, for they did not deem it safe to remain in the wood, from fear of being pursued; but Hugh was not able to keep pace with his companions, for his white-skinned and thin feet had been pierced by the furze of the mountain, for his shoes had fallen off, their seams having been loosened by the wet, which they did not till then receive. It was a great grief to his companions that they could not bring him any further; and so they bade him farewell, and left him their blessing. He sent his servant to a certain gentleman of the noble tribes of the province of Leinster, who lived in a castle in the neighbourhood, to know whether he could afford them shelter or protection. His name was Felim O'Tuathal, and he was previously a friend to Hugh, as he thought, for he had gone to visit him on one occasion in his prison in Dublin, when they formed a mutual friendship with each other. The messenger proceeded to the place where Felim was, and stated to him the embassy on which he came. Felim was glad at his arrival, and promised that he would do all the good he could for Hugh; but his friends and kindred did not allow him to conceal him, from fear of the English government. These learned that he was in the wood, as we have said, and the people who had heard that he was in the wood went in search of him, and dispersed with their troops to track him. When it was clear to Felim that Hugh would be discovered, he and his kinsmen resolved to seize upon him themselves, and bring him back to the Council in the city. This was accordingly done. When Hugh arrived in Dublin, the Council was rejoiced at his return to them; for they made nothing or light of all the other prisoners and hostages that had escaped from them. He was again put into the same prison, and iron fetters were put on him as tightly as possible; and they watched and guarded him as well as they could. His escape, thus attempted, and his recapture, became known throughout the land of Erin, at which tidings a great gloom came over the *Gaels*."*

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"Red Hugh O'Donnell remained in Dublin, in prison and chains, after his first escape, to the winter of this year (1592). One evening he and his companions, Henry and Art, the sons of Shane O'Neill, before they had been brought into the refection house, took an advantage of the keepers, and knocked off their fetters. They afterwards went to the back-house, having with them a very long rope, by the loops of which they let themselves down through the back-house, until they reached the deep trench that was around the castle. They climbed the outer side, until they were on the margin of the trench. A certain faithful youth who was in the habit of visiting them, and to whom they had communicated their secret, came to them at this time, and guided them. They then proceeded through the streets of the city, mixing with the people; and no one took more notice of them than

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* *Gaedhil*, or Gaels, is the name applied by old writers to the native Irish.

of any one else, for they did not delay at that time to become acquainted with the people of the town; and the gates of the city were wide open. They afterwards proceeded by every intricate and difficult place, until they arrived upon the surface of the Red Mountain, over which Hugh had passed in his former escape. The darkness of the night, and the hurry of their flight (from dread of pursuit), separated the eldest of them from the rest, namely, Henri O'Neill. Hugh was the greenest of them with respect to years, but not with respect to prowess. They were grieved at the separation of Henri from them; but, however, they proceeded onwards, their servant guiding them along. That night was snowing, so that it was not easy for them to walk, for they were without sufficient clothes or coverings, having left their outer garments behind them in the back-house, through which they had escaped. Art was more exhausted by this rapid journey than Hugh, for he had been a long time in captivity, and had become very corpulent from long confinement in the prison. It was not so with Hugh; he had not yet passed the age of boyhood, and had not yet done growing and increasing at this period, and his pace and motion were quick and rapid When he perceived Art had become feeble, and that his step was becoming inactive and slow, he requested him to place one arm upon his own shoulder, and the other upon that of the servant. In this manner they proceeded on their way, until they had crossed the Red Mountain, after which they were weary and fatigued, and unable to help Art on any further; and as they were not able to take him with them, they stopped to rest under the shelter of a high rocky precipice which lay before them. On halting here, they sent the servant to bring the news to Glenmalúr,* where dwelt Fiagh, the son of

* *Gleann Maoilughra*, or the Glen of *Maolughra*, now Glenmalur, in the County of Wicklow. Many Irish poems were written in commemoration of this great fortress, and its lord, Fiagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne, whose assumption of the Chieftainship was declared by the bards, to be the signal for the assemblage of the tribe of *Brann*, and he is described with his brothers and relatives as *Moirseisior laoch lingeas troid*, "seven heroes who fiercely rush to battle." An English contemporary tells us, that "he hath, through his own hardiness, lifted himself up to that height, that he dare now front princes, and make terms with great potentates—now, all the parts about him being up in a madding mood, as the Moores, in Leix, the Cavanaghes in the County of Wexford, and some of the Butlers in the County of Kilkenny, they all flock unto him, and draw into his country, as to a stronghold where they think to be safe from all that prosecute them. And from thence they do at their pleasures, break out into all the borders adjoining, which are well-peopled countreys, as the counties of Dublin, of Kildare, of Catherlagh, of Kilkenny, of Wexford, with all the spoils hereof they victual and strengthen themselves, which otherwise should in short time be starved, and sore pined." In 1580, James Eustace, the descendant of the noble family of l'Eustache, Lords of Portlester, broke down his castles and joined the national party of the Irishry. "The Cavanaghs, Cinsellaghs, Byrnes, Tuathals (Tooles), the clan of Ranelagh, and the surviving part of the inhabitants of Offaly and Leix, flocked to his assistance; so that the entire extent of country from the Slany to the Shannon, and

Hugh O'Byrne, who was then at war with the strangers. This is a secure and impregnable valley; and many prisoners who escaped from Dublin were wont to resort to that valley, for they considered themselves secure there, until they could return to their own country. When the servant came into the presence of Fiagh, he delivered his message, and how he had left the youths who had escaped from the city, and stated that they would not be overtaken alive unless he sent them relief instantly. Fiagh immediately ordered some of his servants of trust (those in whom he had most confidence) to go to them, taking with them a man to carry food, and another ale and beer. This was accordingly done, and they arrived at the place where the men were. Alas! unhappy and miserable was their condition on their arrival. Their bodies were covered with white-bordered shrouds of hail-stones freezing around them on every side, and their light clothes and fine-threaded shirts too adhered to their skin; and their large shoes and leather thongs to their shins and feet; so that, covered as they were with the snow, it did not appear to the men who had arrived that they were human beings at all, for they found no life in their members, but just as if they were dead. They were raised by them from their bed, and they requested of them to take some of the meat and drink; but this they were not able to avail themselves of, for every drink they took they rejected again on the instant; so that Art at length died, and was buried in that place. As to Hugh, after some time, he retained the beer; and after drinking it, his energies were restored, except the use of his two feet, for they were dead

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from the Boyne to the meeting of the Three Waters, became one scene of strife and dissension. These plunderers pitched a camp on the confines of the Red Mountain and Glenmalúr." "A hosting," continue the "Four Masters," "was made by the Lord Justice (Arthur, Lord Gray, of Wilton), and Captain Malby, to scatter and disperse these warlike plunderers. When the insurgents had heard of the approach of such an overwhelming force, they retreated into their fortresses, in the rough and rugged recesses of Glenmalúr. The Lord Justice then selected the most trustworthy and best-tried captains of his army, and dispatched them, at the head of eight or nine companies of soldiers, to search and explore Glenmalúr; but they were responded to without delay by the parties that guarded the valley, so that very few of those returned without being cut off and dreadfully slaughtered by the party of Gaels. On this occasion were slain Peter Carew, Colonel John Moor, and Master Francis Cosby, with many other gentlemen who had come from England on the return of the Lord Justice. When this news reached the Lord Justice, he left his camp." As a further illustration of the untiring vigour of the men of Erin at this time, and of the character of the brave outlawed Chiefs who found refuge in the celebrated glen, the following is added from the "Four Masters," in 1580—"Shane, the son of the Earl of Desmond, was at this time a roving and wandering plunderer; and, through Shane, the son of Conn O'Neill, and Séamus, the son of Maurice, son of the Earl of Desmond, were illustrious for their wars and conflicts with the English; this Shane was at this time a worthy heir to either of them. One day in the month of July, this Shane went to the woods of Aharlagh, attended by so small a body of troops, as it was impru-

members, without feeling, swollen and blistered by the frost and snow. The men carried him to the valley which we have mentioned, and he was placed in a sequestered house, in a solitary part of a dense wood, where he remained under cure until a messenger came privately from his brother-in-law, the Earl O'Neill, to inquire after him. When the messenger arrived, Hugh prepared to depart. It was difficult for him to undertake that jour-

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dent to go forth on a long journey, for the number of his foot soldiers was less than one hundred shields, and he had only thirteen horsemen. He marched in the evening by the limpid-waved Shannon, and by Moyaliff; and early next morning he seized on a prey in Dovea, and proceeded with his prey directly eastwards, through Templemore and Ikerrin. The forces of each territory through which he passed assembled to pursue him, namely, of Eliogarty, of Drum, and of the territory of the Purcells. These tribes, thinking it very fortunate for them to find Shane thus attended by only a few troops, attacked him boldly and fiercely; but the pursuers were defeated, and eighteen of their gentlemen, heads of tribes and towns, were slain in the conflict; and Shane, after his victory, carried off his prey in triumph, to the fast and solitary woods of the great road of the plain of the meeting. There he was joined by the sons of Mac Gilla Patrick, the son of O'Carroll, and a great number or evil-doers and plunderers; and they all set out for the mountain of Bladhma (Sliav Bloom), and thither all the men of Offaly and Leix, who were able to bear arms, came to join them. The manner in which Shane, the son of Séamus, lived on this mountain, was worthy of a true plunderer; for he slept but upon couches of stone or earth; he drank but of the pure, cold streams, and that from the palms of his hands or his shoes; and his only cooking utensils were the long twigs of the forest, for dressing the flesh meat carried away from his enemies. From this abode he proceeded to plunder the Butlers and Ossory. He afterwards went to Leix, and burned and plundered Abbey Leix, upon the son of the Earl of Ormond, namely, upon Pierce, the son of Séamus, son of Pierce the red. He also plundered the fortress of Leix, after having slain some of the guards of the town. He carried away from them accoutrements, armour, horses, weapons, and various wealth. In short, he plundered seven castles in Leix in the course of that day. He then proceeded from one territory to another, until he reached Glenmalúr, where James Eustace and the sons of Aodh, son of Shane O'Byrne, were stationed, where he was welcomed by these men; and here the Cavanaghs, Cinsellaghs, Byrnes, and Tuathals, and the plunderers of the country in general, came to join him. It would be tedious to mention all the property they destroyed and injured upon the strangers of Leinster and Meath." The brave Fiagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne, Chief of Glenmalúr, was slain in 1597, by an assassin hired by Sir William Russell, the Lord Deputy. There are several poems on his battles and victories preserved in the *Leabhar Branach*, or Book of the O'Byrnes. According to Dr. O'Donovan, the clan took its name from one of their ancient Chiefs styled *Brann*, or the raven. We are likewise told that the name of the Wicklow tribe of O'Toole, or *Tuathal*, signifies "princely or lordly." Of the latter clan came St. *Lorcan*, miscalled Laurence, O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, who assisted at the solemn confirmation, in the private assembly of the Irish divines at Cashel, of the illegal transfer of Ireland to Henry II., by which the native Irish were deprived of their lands, and excommunicated for resisting the aggression of the English.

ney, for his feet could not have been healed within the time, so that another person had to raise him on his horse, and to lift him from his horse, whenever he wished to alight. Fiagh dispatched a troop of horse with him, who accompanied him until he crossed the river Life, to protect him against the snares that were laid for him; for the English of Dublin had heard that Hugh was at Glenmalúr, and had therefore posted guards on the shallow fords of the river, to prevent him and the prisoners who had escaped along with him from passing into Ulster. The youths who were along with Hugh were obliged to cross a difficult deep ford on the river Life, near the city of Dublin; and they proceeded on their way until they came to the green of the fortress unperceived by the English. The people by whom he had been abandoned some time before, after his first escape, namely, Felim O'Tuathal and his brother, were amongst the troop who escorted him to this place; and they made friendship and amity with each other. They bade him farewell, and having given him their blessing, departed from him. As for Hugh O'Donnell, he had now no one along with him but the one young man who had been sent for him to the famous Glenmalúr; he was of the people of Hugh O'Neill, and spoke the language of foreign countries, and had always accompanied the Earl (Hugh O'Neil) when he went among the English; so that he was acquainted with and confident in every road by which they had to pass. They proceeded forwards on their noble, swift steeds, by the straight-lined roads of Meath, until they arrived before morning on the banks of the Boyne, a short distance to the west of Drogheda; and they were afraid of going to that town, so that what they did was this, to proceed along the bank of the river to a place where a poor little fisherman used to wait with a little boat, for ferrying people across the river. Hugh went into this little boat, and the ferryman conveyed him to the other bank, having received a full remuneration; and his servant returned with the horses through the town, and brought them to Hugh on the other side of the river. They then mounted their steeds, and proceeded onwards until they were two miles from the river, when they observed a dense bushy grove, surrounded with a rampart, looking like an enclosed garden, at some distance on the way before them. On one side of this grove stood a fine mansion house, belonging to a distinguished English youth, who was a particular friend of Hugh O'Neill. On reaching the enclosure, they unharnessed their steeds, and entered the grove which was inside the rampart, for Hugh's companion was well acquainted with the place. Having left Hugh in the grove, he went into the fortress, where he was kindly received. He procured a private apartment for Hugh O'Donnell, and conveyed him thither, where he was attended and entertained to his satisfaction. Here they remained until the evening of the following day; their horses were got ready for them in the beginning of the night, and they proceeded across Sliabh Breagh,* and through the territory of the

* Now Slieve Brey, a chain of hills, extending from Clogher head, in the east of the County of Louth, to Rathkenny in the County of Meath.

plain of Connell; and before morning they had arrived at the strand of the town of the son of Buan.* As the gates of the town were opened in the morning early, they resolved to pass through it on their horses. This they did, and advanced until they were at the other side; and they were cheerful and rejoiced for having escaped every danger which lay before them thus far. They then proceeded to the Wood,† where dwelt Turlogh, the son of Henri, son of Felim O'Neill, the red, to recruit themselves. They were here secure, for Turlogh was his friend and companion, and he and the Earl O'Neill had been born of the one mother. They remained here until the next day, and then proceeded across the mountain of Fuad,‡ and arrived at Armagh, where they remained in disguise for that night. On the following day they proceeded to Dun Gannon, where the Earl, Hugh O'Neill, was. He was rejoiced at their arrival, and Hugh was conducted into a private apartment, without the knowledge of any except a few of his faithful people who attended him; and here Hugh remained for the space of four nights, to shake off the fatigue of his journey and anxiety. He then prepared to depart, and took his leave of the Earl, who sent a troop of horse with him till he arrived at Loch Erne. The Lord of this country, namely, Hugh Maguire, was his friend and kinsman, by the mother's side; for Nuala, daughter of Manus O'Donnell, was Maguire's mother. Maguire was rejoiced at his arrival. A boat was afterwards provided for Hugh, into which he entered; and they rowed him thence until they arrived at the narrow neck of the lake, where they landed. Here a party of his faithful friends came to meet him, and they conveyed him to the castle of Ballyshannon, where the warders of O'Donnell, his father, were stationed. He remained here until all those in the neighbourhood came to him, to welcome him; and his faithful people were rejoiced at the return of the heir to the Chieftainship; and though they owed him real affection on account of his family, they had an additional cause of joy at this period; for until his return the country had been one scene of devastation between the English and the Gaels."

The affairs of Ireland, during the reign of Elizabeth, constitute so large a portion of our printed histories, that it is unnecessary to enter here on a minute review of them. We shall therefore confine ourselves to a notice of the chief events, as related by the "Four Masters," whose Annals, on this period, possess all the high value of a contemporary and circumstantial narrative, supplying us

* This was the original name of the strand at Dundalk, but it was afterwards applied to the town.

† The wood or *Fiodh*. This is still the Irish name of the Fews, in the south of the County of Armagh.

‡ Or *Sliabh Fuaid*, so called from the son of *Breogan*, one of the Chieftains who came over with the Milesians. This name is yet preserved, and applied to the highest of the Fews mountains.

with information on many most important points, not to be found in any other work. The seizure of the lands, and judicial murders of O'Neill, Chief of Clannabuy, O'Ruarc, Prince of Breffny, and Mac Mahon, Chief of Farney, the open and flagrant breaches of the most sacred engagements—even of hospitality—the marked discouragement which many high-minded English officers encountered, when they nobly refused to join in base plots, and required even-handed justice for the natives, and the entire conduct of the rapacious officials, all tended to convince the northern clans that their only safety lay in their own strength. "Such relations," observes the Rev. Dr. Leland, "would be more suspicious, if these Annals in general expressed virulence against the English and their government. But they do not appear to differ essentially from the printed histories, except in the minuteness with which they record the local transactions and adventures of the Irish; and sometimes they expressly condemn their countrymen for their revolts against their Prince." The statements of the Annals, it may be further observed, are borne out by their general conformity with other unquestionable authorities, to which their compilers never could have had access, and they are also fully confirmed by the official documents.

Nothing contributed more to arouse the Chieftains from their dangerous inactivity than the reproaches of the bards. These men, conscious that their own welfare was inseparable from that of their patrons, continually bewailed the altered condition of the country.*

* One of the most celebrated of these compositions is the lament of *Fearflatha O'Gnimh*, Bard to the O'Neills of Clannabuy—which is a corruption of *Clann Aodha buidhe*, or the Clan of Hugh the Swarthy—whose Chief, Brian O'Neill, mentioned above, was treacherously seized in 1574, while sitting at table with Walter D'Evereux, Earl of Essex. A portion of this poem, commencing, *Mo thruaidh mar ataid Gaoidhil*, has been versified as follows by Callanan. In the fourth and fifth stanzas, the author refers to *Golamh*, or Milesius, *Niall* of the nine hostages, and *Conn* "of the hundred battles," mentioned at the commencement of the present paper.

"How dimm'd is the glory that circled the Gael,
And fall'n the high people of green *Inis Fail*,
The sword of the Saxon is red with their gore,
And the mighty of nations is mighty no more.

"Like a bark on the ocean long shattered and tost,
On the land of your fathers at length you are lost,
The hand of the spoiler is stretched on your plains,
And you're doom'd from your cradles to bondage and chains.

"The strangers," they exclaimed, "have disfigured our pleasant fields and hemmed in our sportive lawns with their unsightly fortresses. Many beautiful shamrock-flowering plains, many noble bright-shining courts are lost to us, and in the hands of the armed strangers; so that it would be a sufficient cause of fury to hear them numbered. It is wonderful how long the tribes of the land of round-nutted woods have forborne to rise up in warlike alliance against the despoilers. Their own danger, and the fear for their lands, not excessive ambition or injustice, will drive the noble tribes of sharp-spears to declare war, therefore they must be victorious. Much of the blood of the Gaels have the strangers shed, many noble heroes have they slain, for a long time past, throughout this land of ripe fields. Reflect on the perfidy of these strange hordes. We know full well that there is treachery in their friendship. It is fearful to think of their enormous slaughters!" Aroused by these too true representations, and desparing of obtaining any cessation of the injuries inflicted on them by the garrisons placed in their territories, the

"O where is the beauty that beam'd on thy brow?
Strong in the battle, how weak art thou now!
That heart is now broken that never would quail,
And thy high songs are turned into weeping and wail.

"Bright shades of our sires! from your home in the skies
O blast not your sons with the scorn of your eyes!
Proud spirit of *Golamh* how red is thy cheek,
For thy freemen are slaves, and thy mighty are weak!

"*O'Neill* of the Hostages—*Conn* whose high name
On a hundred red battles has floated to fame,
Let the long grass still sigh undisturbed o'er thy sleep,
Arise not to shame us, awake not to weep!

"In thy broad wing of darkness enfold us, O night;
Withhold, O bright sun, the reproach of thy light,
For freedom or valor no more canst thou see,
In the home of the Brave, in the isle of the Free.

"Affliction's dark waters your spirits have bow'd,
And oppression hath wrapp'd all your land in its shroud,
Since first from the *Brehons'* pure justice you stray'd,
And bent to those laws the proud Saxon has made.

"We know not our country, so strange is her face;
Her sons once her glory are now her disgrace,
Gone, gone is the beauty of fair *Inis Fail*,
For the stranger now rules in the land of the Gael.

"Where, where are the woods that oft rung to your cheer,
Where you waked the wild chase of the wolf and the deer?
Can those dark heights, with ramparts all frowning and riven,
Be the hills where your forests wav'd brightly in heaven?

"O bondsmen of Egypt, no Moses appears,
To light your dark steps thro' this desert of tears,
Degraded and lost ones, no Hector is nigh,
To lead you to freedom, or teach you to die!"

vigorous Chiefs of Ulster combined for their own defence. The chief strength of the English army lay in the vast number of short-sighted natives who thronged its ranks, deluded—as in every land, from ancient Greece to modern India—by a shadowy prospect of aggrandizement, consequent on the ruin of their fellow-countrymen; yet a strong sense of mutual danger, and the fatal experience of the futility of entering into treaties with the then ruling English officials, drew together some of the most powerful of the ancient clans. Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Tir Owen; Red Hugh O'Donnell, of Tir Connell; Hugh Maguire, Lord of Fermanagh; Magennis, of Down; O'Hanlon, of Orior; together with the clans of O'Byrne, and O'Cavanagh, in Leinster, now confederated to defend their possessions and ancient institutions. The laments of the bards were soon changed into exultation, they sung that a "soul had come into Erin," and thanked Providence that "fire still existed on the hearths of the *Gaels*," after all the attempts made to exterminate them and their adherents.

"When the Lord Justice and the Council of Erin saw the bravery and power of the Gaels against them, and that all those who had previously been obedient to themselves were now (1596) joining the aforesaid Gaels against them, they came to the resolution of sending ambassadors to O'Neill and O'Donnell, to request peace and tranquillity from them. The persons selected for negociating between them were Thomas Butler, Earl of Ormond, and Mulmurry Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel. The Earl of Ormond repaired to Dundalk, and there halted; and he sent his messengers to O'Neill, to inform him of the purport of his coming; upon which O'Neill sent the same intelligence to O'Donnell; and O'Donnell came to the place where O'Neill was, with a body of cavalry, and both set out for Faughard. Here the Earl and the Archbishop came to meet them. They stated to the chiefs the object of their embassy, namely, to request a peace; and they stated the rewards promised by the Lord Justice, namely, the appropriation to them of the province of Conor (Ulster), except the tract of country extending from Dundalk to the river Boyne, in which the English had dwelt long before that time. They promised, moreover, that the English should not encroach upon them beyond the boundary, excepting those who were in Carrickfergus, Carlingford, and Newry, who were at all times permitted to deal and traffic; that no stewards or collectors of rents or tributes should be sent among them, but that the rents which had been some time before upon their ancestors should be forwarded by them to Dublin; that beyond this no hostages or pledges would be required; and that the Gaels in the province of Connacht,

who had risen up in alliance with O'Donnell, should have privileges similar to these. O'Neill, O'Domnell, and all the chiefs of the province who were then along with them, went into council upon those conditions which were brought to them; and, having reflected for a long time upon the many that had been ruined by the English, since their arrival in Erin, by specious promises, which they had not performed,* and the number of the high-born princes, gentlemen, and chieftains of the Gaels, who came to premature deaths without any reason at all, except to rob them of their patrimonies, they feared very much that what was then promised would not be fulfilled to them; so that they finally resolved upon rejecting the peace. They communicated their decision to the Earl, who proceeded to Dublin to the Lord Justice and the Council, and related to them his having been refused the peace, and the answer he had received from the Gaels. The Lord Justice and Council sent messengers to England to the Queen, to tell her the news; so that she then sent a great number of men to Erin, with the necessary arms. Their number was no less than twenty thousand; and they were composed of mercenaries and native soldiers."

These troops were chiefly commanded by the English officers of Elizabeth, who, expelled from the Netherlands for their insufferable arrogance, and for having, by their treacherous surrender of the towns committed to their charge, assisted the King of Spain in his attempts to crush the freedom of the United Provinces, were now despatched to serve against the Irish clans who were in arms for their ancient liberties. Many brilliant successes were

* That there was good foundation for this reproach might be proved from the whole body of our history. So strong was this feeling, more than a century after the event above narrated, that many brave Jacobites strongly opposed the ratification of the Treaty of Limerick, which they asserted would be violated as soon as they laid down their arms; and the results verified their anticipations. In a work published in 1838, entitled "Vindiciæ Hibernicæ," by a clergyman of the Church of England, and dedicated by permission to the Duke of Sussex, we are told, "The English had been, though a superior people, yet not sufficiently so, to warrant the attempt at dominion by mere force; they had been obliged, therefore, to affect an unity of interests and equality of rights with their victims, which their illiberality forbade them really to intend, and their insufficient reinforcement incapacitated them to effect. They had, in consequence, continually violated the most solemn compacts, to which their want of brute power obliged them to have recourse." It should, however, be stated, that there were some high-minded Williamites, both lay and clerical, who opposed the violation of the Treaty of Limerick. There was always to be found, even among the government officers, here, "a little world of good men," who condemned such unjustifiable proceedings. Further information on these points will be found in Colonel O'Kelly's "Macariæ Excidium," edited by J. C. O'Callaghan, Esq., for the Irish Archæological Society.

achieved over them by the confederate Chiefs. In 1597, Lord Borrough, Commander-in-chief of the English, and a most experienced veteran, fell in a contest with O'Neill, who gained possession of all Ulster, with the exception of seven castles. The allies of the confederates ravaged Leinster up to the walls of Dublin, and Richard Tyrrell, an Anglo-Irishman, cut off one thousand of the Irish of Meath, marching against the men of the north, at the defile still known as "Tyrrell's Pass."

The decisive victory at *Béal-an-atha-buidhe*, or "the mouth of the yellow ford," in 1598, of which we have the following account, completed the success of the confederate clans:—

"The New Fort (on the bank of the Black-Water) was defended during the time of peace and war by the Queen's people; but when the English and Gaels did not make peace as had been expected in the beginning of summer, O'Neill laid siege to the fort, so that the warders were in want of provisions in the last month of summer. After this news arrived in Dublin, the Council resolved to assemble together the most loyal and best tried in war of the Queen's soldiers in Erin, who were those in the neighbourhood of Dublin and Athlone; and when these soldiers were assembled together, four thousand foot and six hundred horse were selected from among them, and these were sent to convey provisions to the new fort. A sufficient supply of meat and drink, beef, lead, powder, and all other necessaries, were sent with them. They marched to Drogheda, from thence to Dundalk, from thence to Newry, and from thence to Armagh, where they remained at night. Sir Henry Bagnal, Marshal of Newry, was their general. When O'Neill had received intelligence that this great army was approaching him, he sent his messengers to O'Donnell, requesting of him to come to his assistance against this overwhelming force of foreigners who were coming to his country. O'Donnell proceeded immediately, with all his warriors, both infantry and cavalry, and a strong body of forces from Connacht, to assist his ally against those who were marching upon him. The Gaels of all the province of Ulster also joined the same army, so that they were all prepared to meet the English before they arrived at Armagh. They then dug deep trenches against the English in the common road, by which they thought they would come to them. As for the English, after remaining a night at Armagh, they rose next morning early; and the resolution they adopted was, to leave their victuals, drink, their women and young persons, their horses, baggage, servants, and rabble, in that town of Armagh. Orders were then given that every one able to bear arms, both horse and foot, should proceed wherever the Marshal and other officers of the army should order them to march against their

enemies. They then formed into order and array, as well as they were able, and proceeded straightforward through each road before them, in close and solid bodies, and in compact, impenetrable squadrons, till they came to the hill which overlooks the ford of *Beal-an-atha-buidhe*. After arriving there they perceived O'Neill and O'Donnell, the Mac Gennis of Down, and the men of Oriel, having, together with the chieftains, warriors, heroes, and champions of the North, drawn up one terrible mass before them, placed and arranged on the particular passages where they thought the others would march on them.

"When the chiefs of the North observed the very great danger that now threatened them, they began to harangue and incite their people to acts of valour, saying that unless the victory was their's on that day, no prospect remained for them after it but that of some being killed and slaughtered without mercy, and others cast into prisons and wrapped in chains, as the Gaels had been often before, and that such as should escape from that battle would be expelled and banished into distant foreign countries; and they told them, moreover, that it was easier for them to defend their patrimony against this foreign people now than to take the patrimony of others by force, after having been expelled from their own native country. This exciting exhortation of the chiefs made the desired impression upon their people; and the soldiers declared that they were ready to suffer death sooner than submit to what they feared would happen to them. As for the Marshal and his English forces, when they saw the Gaels awaiting them, they did not show any symptom whatever of fear, but advanced vigorously forwards, until they sallied across the first broad and deep trench that lay in their way; and some of them were killed in crossing it. The army of the Gaels then poured upon them, vehemently and boldly, furiously and impetuously, shouting in the rear and in the van, and on either side of them. The van was obliged to await the onset, bide the brunt of the conflict, and withstand the firing, so that their close lines were thinned, their gentlemen gapped, and their heroes subdued. But, to sum up in brief, the General, *i.e.*, the Marshal of Newry, was slain; and as an army, deprived of its leader and adviser, does not usually maintain the battle-field,* the General's people were finally routed, by dint of conflict and fighting, across the earthen pits, and broad, deep trenches, over which they had previously passed. They were being slaughtered, mangled, mutilated, and cut to pieces by those who pursued them bravely and vigorously.

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* "'The site of this battle is shown on an old 'Map of the country lying between Lough Erne and Dundalk,' preserved in the State Papers Office, London, as on the banks of the River Callen, to the north-east of the city of Armagh. The place is called Ballymackilloune, and the following words are written across the spot: 'Here Sir H. Bagnal, Marshal of Newry, was slaine.' The name *Béal-an-atha-buidhe*, anglice, Bellanaboy, is now applied to a small marsh or cut-out bog, situated in the townland of

"At this time God allowed, and the Lord permitted, that one of the Queen's soldiers, who had exhausted all the powder he had about him, by the great number of shots he had discharged, should go to the nearest barrel of powder to quickly replenish his measure and his pouch; and when he began to fill it a spark fell from his match into the powder in the barrel, which exploded aloft overhead into the air, as did every barrel nearest, and also a great gun which they had with them. A great number of the men who were around the powder were blown up in like manner. The surrounding hilly ground was enveloped in a dense, black, gloomy mass of smoke for a considerable part of the day afterwards. That part of the Queen's army which escaped from being slaughtered by the Gaels, or burned or destroyed by the explosion, went back to Armagh, and were eagerly pursued by the Gaels, who continued to subdue, surround, slay, and slaughter them, by pairs, threes, scores, and thirties, until they passed inside the walls of Armagh. The Gaels then proceeded to besiege the town, and surrounded it on every side; and they of both parties continued to shoot and fire at each other for three days and three nights, at the expiration of which time the English ceased, and sent messengers to the Gaels to tell them that they would surrender the fort at the Blackwater, if the warders who were stationed in it were suffered to come to them unmolested to Armagh, and to add that, on arriving there, they would leave Armagh itself, if they should be granted quarter and protection, and escorted in safety out of that country into a secure territory. When these messages were communicated to the Gaels, their Chiefs held a council, to consider what they should do respecting this treaty. Some of them said that the English should not be permitted to come out of their straitened position until they should all be killed or starved together; but they finally agreed to give them liberty to pass out of the places in which they were, on condition, however, that they should not carry out of the fort meat or drink, armour, arms, or ordnance, powder or lead or, in fine, anything, excepting only the captain's trunk and arms, which he was at liberty to take with him. They consented on both sides to abide by those conditions; and they sent some of their gentlemen of both sides to the fort, to converse with the warders; and when these were told how the case stood, they surrendered the fort to O'Neill, as they were ordered. The captain and the warders came to Armagh, to join that part of his people who had survived. They were all then escorted from Armagh to Newry, and from thence to the

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Cabragh, about one mile and three-quarters to the north of the city of Armagh. A short distance to the north of this bog stands a white-thorn bush, locally called the 'Great Man's Thorn,' which is said to have been planted near the grave of Marshal Bagnal. Captain Tucker, R.E., who surveyed this part of Ireland for the Ordnance Survey, has marked the site of this battle on the Ordnance map by two swords in saltier, and the date 1598."

English territory. After their departure from Tyrone, O'Neill gave orders to certain persons to reckon and bury the gentlemen and common people slain. After they had been reckoned, there were found to be two thousand five hundred slain, among whom was the General, with eighteen captains, and a great number of gentlemen whose names are not given. The Queen's people were dispirited and depressed, and the Gaels joyous and exulting, after this conflict. This battle of *Ath-buidhe* was fought on the tenth day of August. The Chiefs of Ulster returned to their respective homes in joyous triumph and exultation, although they had lost many men."

Dr. O'Donovan tells us, "that, from this time to the defeat at Kinsale, O'Neill was as much monarch of all Ireland, and more universally talked of throughout Europe, than any of his ancestors since the time of Niall of the Nine Hostages;" and Dr. Leland observes, that "the illustrious O'Neill was every where extolled as the deliverer of his country; and the disaffected, in all quarters, condemned their own weak and passive conduct, which had deprived them of the like glory."

Hugh O'Neill, as we have seen, was created Earl of Tir Owen, with the view of sowing dissensions among his own kinsmen. Much of his early life had been passed at the court of England; and until driven to despair of redress, he had remained faithful to the Queen, and more than once received wounds in her service. Instead of entertaining ill feelings against the English, he had frequently rescued many of them from imminent danger; and we find, that when he came into intimate connexion with men of noble minds—as Essex, Sir Thomas Norris, Captain Lee, and Sir John Harrington—they could not avoid being captivated by his open and gallant bearing, and were obliged to admit the justice of his complaints against the English officials. Even his enemy, the Earl of Ormonde, apprized him of the plot laid for his destruction, when he appeared at Dublin, before the Lord Deputy Russell. For when the Queen was prevailed on, in 1583, to order the gallant head of the noble house of Butler to seize the persons to whom he had given protection, scorning to win favor by the then usual course, he wrote to Lord Treasurer Burleigh—"My Lord, I will never use treachery to any man; for it will both touch her Highness's honor, and my own credit too much: and whosoever gave the Queen advice thus to write, is fitter to execute such base service than I am. Sav-

ing my duty to her Majesty, I would I were to have revenge by my sword of any man that thus persuadeth the Queen to write to me." "Black Thomas" was well recompensed for this conduct, so unusual among the Queen's adherents in Ireland. In the year 1600, when he fell, by fortune of war, into the hands of Owny O'More, "a bloody and bold young man," one of O'Neill's adherents, Hugh wrote to the Countess of Ormonde, telling her "it was reported contrary to his inclinations, that he would receive no pledge for her husband but his daughter; that he would not insist on a thing so much to her and the Earl's prejudice; and had wrote that the young Lady should not be demanded, but had left them at discretion to take other pledges; and that, if it appeared that the Earl had been taken by treachery, he would never favor Owny, unless he immediately enlarged him without any kind of condition; and though all Ireland were to be destroyed by his release, yet if taken treacherously, he would procure his enlargement to the utmost of his power; for while ever he lived, he would never maintain an act so dishonorable." "He wrote," says an English historian, "to the like effect to the Earl of Ormonde himself, to whom he took notice of his excess in doing, what he called, his duty, though no man could be bound to such extreme rigour as he used in execution."

O'Neill's courage was wild and daring. He had not hesitated to close in a death-struggle, hand-to-hand, with James Sedgrave, a colossal cavalry officer of Meath, who fell by his hand; and when Bagnal, Marshal of the Queen's forces, to avoid paying the portion of his sister, who had eloped with O'Neill, charged him with disloyalty, Hugh dared him to mortal combat, and offered "to allow his adversary to come armed against him naked, to encourage him the rather to accept of his challenge." The character drawn of O'Neill by the secretary of Sir Charles Blount, his opponent, when compared with the description of him by the Annalists, given in another page, serves to exhibit him as he appeared to both parties—by one of whom he was styled a Rebel, for not allowing his possessions to be confiscated, and himself "done to death," as was intended;* while by the

* See the original State Letters, in which the officials assert, that they had left no subdolous stratagems untried "utterly to ruin and cut him off;" and express their dissatisfaction at the extraordinary art with which he "kept on his head," despite all the rewards offered for him, alive or dead.

other he was regarded as the brave champion of the civil and religious liberties of an ancient nation, from whose greatest monarchs he lineally descended. "This Hugh," says old Fynes Moryson, "was of a meane stature, but a strong body; able to endure labors, watching, and hard fare; being, withal, industrious, and active, valliant, affable, and apt to mannage great affaires; and of a high dissembling subtile and profound wit. So as many deemed him born either for the great good or ill of his countrey."

About May, in the year 1599, Robert D'Evereux, the celebrated Earl of Essex, came to Ireland, say the Annalists, "with much wealth, arms, munition, powder, lead, food, and drink; and the beholders said that so great an army* had never till that time come to Erin since the Earl Strongbow and Robert Fitz Stephen came, in former times, with Dermod Mac Murrogh, king of Leinster."

"Garrisons of soldiers, with all necessaries, were sent by this Earl to Carrickfergus, to Newry, to Dundalk, to Drogheda, to Wicklow, to Naas of Leinster, and to other towns besides. He then selected seven thousand soldiers of the best of his army, and marched from directly south westwards; for he had been informed that there were not of the plunderers of the Queen in Erin a tribe that could be more easily invaded than the Geraldines, as they were then circumstanced. The Earl and his troops never halted until they arrived in the middle of the province of Leinster; and surely his approach to the Gaels of Leinster was not the visit to friends from afar! These were Donall Cavanagh of Spain, Owny, the son of Rory O'More, the young; the O'Conors of Faly, the clan O'Byrne of Ranelagh, and many other gentlemen not enumerated. These people made fierce and desperate assaults, and furious, irresistible onsets on him, in intricate ways and narrow passes, in which both parties came in collision with each other, so that great numbers of the Earl's people were cut off by them."

* "His army," says the Government historian, "was as great and as well furnished as his heart could desire for that service, being at first 1,300 horse, and 16,000 foot, which were afterwards increased to twenty thousand men complete." Many of the Irish, we are told by the same writer, had sworn at a public cross to be steadfast to their colors. According to the most exaggerated return, the total number of the natives at this period in arms for their independence was twenty thousand seven hundred and fourteen. Although these men were but miserably provided, and had to contend with soldiers well disciplined in the wars of the Low Countries, the English expenses of this year's campaign, according to Government documents, were within a fraction of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This sum was but one hundred thousand pounds less than the total annual revenue of England at the time.

After considerable difficulties and losses, the Earl and his army reached Munster; not, however, before the gallant President, Sir Thomas Norris,* had been slain in single combat by Thomas Burke. Having taken the castle of Cahir, Essex, accompanied by the Earls of Ormonde and of Thomond, proceeded into Munster, to invade the Geraldines:—

"On the first night after they had left Limerick, in the month of June, they encamped upon the banks of the river of Adare; and as they advanced westwards on the next day, Saturday, through the bog of *Robhar*, the soldiers and warriors of the Earl of Desmond and the Geraldine host shewed them their faces. Fierce and morose was the salute and welcome which they gave to the representative of their Sovereign on his first visit to them and to his army; for they discharged into their eyes the fire and smoke of their black powder, and showers of balls from straightly-aimed guns; and be heard the uproar, clamour, and exulting shouts of their champions and common soldiers, instead of the submission, honor that should have been shewn to him, and of the mild and courteous words that should have been spoken to him. Howbeit, the result of this conflict was, that great numbers of the Earl of Essex's men were cut off, and that he was not suffered to make any remarkable progress on that day; so that he pitched his camp a short distance to the east of Askeaton. On the next day, Sunday, he and the Earls of Ormond and Thomond resolved to send a body of cavalry to lay up ammunition in Askeaton, and not to proceed any further westward into Munster themselves on this occasion. On their return eastwards the next day, Monday, when they arrived near Ferriter's town, they received a stout and resolute conflict, and a furious and formidable battle, from the Geraldines; and many of the Earl of Essex's people were slain on that day, and, among the rest, a noble knight of great name and honor, Sir Henry Norris. The Earl of Essex then proceeded to Kilmallock; and, having remained three nights in that town, he directed his course southwards, towards *Ceann Feabhrat*, † a part of the mountain of *Caoin*, the son of *Dearg dualach*, with the intention of passing into Roche's country; and, instead

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* Sir John Norris also died from wounds received in these Irish wars. He had been President of Munster, and appears to have patronised Edmund Spenser, who described him as—

"Most noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that armes ensue;
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Tempred with reason and advizement sage,
Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile;
In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage;
And lately shakt the Lusitanian soil."

† A portion of the mountain of *Sliabh Reagh*, lying to the left of the road from Kilmallock to Cork.

of proceeding to Cork, as it was thought he would have done, he directed his course across the ford at the monastery of Fermoy, and from thence he marched with his forces to Conna of the Plain of *Ilé* (Moygeely), and Lismore of St. *Mochuda*. During all this time the Geraldines continued to follow, pursue, and press upon them, to shoot at, wound, and slaughter them. When the Earl had arrived in the Deaies, the Geraldines returned in exultation and high spirits to their territories and houses. On the arrival of the same Earl in Dungarvan, the Earl of Thomond parted from him there, and proceeded along the seaside to Youghall, and from thence to Cork, and afterwards to Limerick. The Earl of Essex proceeded from Dungarvan to Waterford, thence into the country of the Butlers, and into Leinster. They marched not by a prosperous progress by the roads along which they passed from Waterford to Dublin, for the Gaels of Leinster were following and pursuing, surrounding and environing them, so that they slew and slaughtered great numbers of them in every road and way by which they passed. The Gaels of Erin were wont to say that it would have been better for him that he had not gone on this expedition from Dublin to *Hy Connell Gaura*,* as he returned back after the first conflict that was maintained against him, without having received submission or respect from the Geraldines, and without having achieved in his progress any exploit worth boasting of, excepting only the taking of Cahir."

Sir Conyers Clifford, Governor of Connacht, a veteran soldier, was now despatched against the northern clans, and having marched with a large force from Athlone, took up his position at Boyle, where he was joined by the garrison of that town. The troops of O'Donnell being dispersed through the country, and engaged in reducing his Irish enemies, "the chief of his army and his advisers remarked to him that they had not battle engines fit to oppose the English, and that they should not risk an engagement because they had not their forces together. But O'Donnell made little or no account of the words of those gentlemen, and said that it was not by numbers of men that a battle is gained, but that whoever trusts in the power of the Lord, and is on the side of justice, is always triumphant, and gains the victory over his enemies."

"When the Governor was at the abbey of Boyle, he was daily in the habit of menacing and threatening, reviling and reproaching, the northerns, and boasting that he would pass northwards across the mountain in despite of

* The present Baronies of Connilo, in the County of Limerick.

them; and on this day (the 15th of August) he undertook to perform what he had promised. When O'Donnell received intelligence of this, he ordered his forces to be assembled together, to be reviewed and marshalled; and after they had been reviewed, he then divided them into two parts. In one division he placed his swift and energetic youths, and his nimble and athletic men, and his shooting parties, with their high-sounding, straight-shooting guns, with their strong, smooth-surfaced bows, and with their bloody, venomous javelins, and other missile weapons. Over these soldiers he appointed a fight-directing leader, and a battle-sustaining champion, with command to press, urge, and close them to the battle, and to hew down and wound after them, when they should have their missile weapons ready. In the second division he placed his nobles, chiefs, and veteran soldiers, with strong, keen-edged swords, with polished, thin-edged battle-axes, and with large-headed lances, to maintain the fight and battle. He then converted his cavalry into pedestrians among his infantry, in consequence of the difficulty of the way that lay before them. When O'Donnell had thus arranged his people, he commanded his shooting party to advance before the other division, to meet and engage the foreign army before they should pass the difficult part of the mountain, and he told them that he himself and the other division would come in contact with them at a place where he was sure of vanquishing them, for he knew that they could be more easily defeated in the end, should they be first wounded by his first division. O'Donnell had kept watchmen every successive day on the summit of the mountain, that the army of the foreigners might not cross it unnoticed. On this day, the party of them who were there began to reconnoitre the monastery, and the troops that were in it. While they were thus reconnoitring, they perceived the army taking their weapons, raising their standards, and sounding their trumpet and other martial instruments. They sent the news speedily to O'Donnell. When he heard it, he commanded the troops whom he had appointed to take the van in the pass to march rapidly, to engage the English before they could pass the rugged parts of the flat mountain. They marched as they were commanded, each with the magnanimity and high spirit of a hero; and they quickly reached the summit of the mountain, before the English. O'Donnell set out after them, steadily and with a slow pace, with the steady troops and faithful heroes whom he had selected to accompany him; and they marched until they arrived at the place by which they were certain the English would pass; and there they awaited their coming up. As for the advanced division, which was commanded to take the van, they proceeded on their way towards the battalions of the foreigners until they met them breast to breast. As they approached each other the Gaels discharged at the enemy terrible showers of beautiful ash-handled javelins, and swarms of sharp arrows, from long and strong elastic bows, and volleys of red flashing flames, and of hot leaden balls, from perfectly straight and straight-shooting guns. These volleys were re-

sponded to by the soldiers of England, so that their reports, responses, and thundering noise were heard throughout the woods, the forests, the castles, and the stone buildings of the neighbouring territories. It was a great wonder that the timid and the servants did not run panic-stricken and mad by listening to the blasts of the martial music, the loud report of the mighty firing, and the responses of the echoes. Champions were wounded and heroes were hacked between them on the one side and the other. Their battle-leaders and captains commanded O'Donnell's people not to stand fronting the foreigners, but to surround and encircle them round about. Upon which they closed around them on every side, as they were commanded, and they proceeded to fire on them vehemently, rapidly, and unsparingly, so that they drove the wings of their army into their centre by the pressure and vehemence of the conflict. Howbeit, the English at last turned their backs to the mighty men of the north, and the few routed the many! The English were furiously driven back to the fortified place from which they had set out; and such was the precipitateness of their flight, after they had once turned their backs to their enemies, that no one of them looked behind for relative or friend, and that they did not know whether any of those left behind were living or dead. Not one of the fugitives could have escaped, were it not that their pursuers and slayers were so few in number, for they were not able to cut down those in their power, so numerous and vast was the number of them who were flying before them. They did not, however, desist from pursuing them until the English got inside the walls of the monastery from which they had previously set out. O'Ruarc was at this time in a separate camp on the eastern side of the Curlieu Mountains.* He had promised O'Donnell that he would be ready to attack the English like the rest, whenever it would be necessary; and when he heard the sound of the trumpets and tabors, and the loud and earth-shaking reports of the mighty firing, he rose up from his camp with his heroes, who put on their arms; and they made no delay, till they arrived at the place where O'Donnell's people were engaged in the conflict. They proceeded, like the others, to cut down champions with their swords, and fire on them with their guns, arrows, and javelins, until the soldiers left behind many heads and weapons. The Governor, Sir Conyers Clifford, was slain, together with a countless number of English and Gaels about him. He was left feebly stretched on the mountain, mortally wounded in the commencement of the conflict. It was not known to the soldiers who first wounded him (nothing was known about his death, except only that it was a ball that passed through him), and the soldiers did not recognise him, until O'Ruarc at last came up to the place where he was, and recognised that it was the Governor that was there. He ordered him to be beheaded, which being done, his body was left a mu-

*A corruption of the Irish *Corr-shliabh-na Seaghsa*, literally, the Mountain of the Well of Science.

tilated trunk. The death of the person here slain was much lamented. It was grievous that he came to this tragic end. The Gaels of the province of *Mave** were not pleased at his death; for he had been a bestower of jewels and riches upon them; and he had never told them a falsehood. The Governor passed not in one direction from this battle; for his body was conveyed to be interred in the Island of the Blessed Trinity in Loch Ke, in the barony of Moylurg, in the County of Roscommon, and his head was carried to Cul Maoile, in the Barony of Tirerril, in the County of Sligo."

About a month after this event, the Earl of Essex returned to England, and was given into the custody of the Lord Keeper. The lively Sir John Harrington, who served in these Irish wars, tells us, that when he came into the Queen's presence, "she chafed much, walked fastly to and fro, looked with discomposure in her visage, and, I remember, catched at my girdle when I kneeled to her, and swore, 'By God's Son, I am no Queen! that man is above me! Who gave him command to come here so soon? I did send him on other business.' She bid me go home. I did not stay to be bidden twice. If all the Irish Rebels had been at my heels, I should not have made better speed." "In this year," say the native writers, "the province of Ulster was a still pool, a gentle spring, and a reposing wave, without the fear of battle or incursion, injury or attack, from any other part of Erin; while every other territory was in awe of the men of Ulster." O'Neill, in the year 1600, made a hosting to the south of Ireland, "to confirm his friendship with his allies in the war, and to wreak his vengeance on his enemies." Despite the Earls of Ormonde and Kildare, and Lord Barry, he continued his royal progress, and "did not injure or waste any in these territories through which he passed, excepting those whom he found always opposed to him in inveterate enmity."

It was during this expedition that the confederacy of the Northern Chieftains received the first blow, by the death of Hugh Maguire, the valiant Prince of Fermanagh:—

"O'Neill proceeded southward, across the river Lee, and pitched his camp between the rivers Lee and Bandon, on the confines of Muskerry and Carbery. To this camp all the Mac Carthys, both southern and northern, came into the house of O'Neill in this camp. Thither re-

* Connacht. See page 597.

paired two who were at strife with each other concerning the Lordship of Desmond, namely, the son of Mac Carthy *Reagh*, and Mac Carthy *Mór*. Thither repaired the sons of the Chiefs of Allo. Thither repaired the O'Donoboes, O'Donovans, and O'Mahonys, and the greater number of the English and Gaels of the two provinces of Munster, except those in the great towns, to submit and pay their homage to O'Neill; and such of them as were not able to come to him sent him tokens of submission and presents, except Barry, before mentoned, and the Lord of Muskerry, and O'Sullivan of Beare. O'Neill obtained eighteen hostages of the Chieftains of Munster at that camp; and he remained twenty days examining the disputes and covenants of the men of Munster, and reconciling them to each other in their contentions. Hugh Maguire was along with O'Neill at this time. One day in the month of March of this year, a short time before the festival of Saint Patrick, he sent out a troop of cavalry, and another of infantry, to scour the districts in the neighbourhood of the camp; and he did not halt till he arrived at the gates of Kinsale, and from thence he went to Rincorran, the castle of Barry *óg*, in Kinelea. He afterwards returned back with preys and spoils, with a great deal of accoutrements and flesh meat. As Maguire's people were fatigued at the end of the day, after a long journey, on account of the vastness of their plunders and spoils, they halted and encamped at the nearest convenient place, to protect their preys and spoils; but Maguire set out, resolved to make no stay or delay until he should arrive at O'Neill's camp. When Maguire had left the camp in the morning of that day, a message was sent to Cork, to Sir Warham St. Leger, Deputy of the Governor of the two provinces of Munster, acquainting him that Maguire had gone forth from the camp with a small force, as indeed he had, and mentioning the direction in which he had passed. Sir Warham did not neglect this thing, but immediately assembled a body of vigorous, well-armed, mail-clad horsemen, and marched with them from Cork to a narrow defile, by which he was sure Maguire would pass on his return back. He had not been long in this ambush when he saw Maguire coming on with a small party of cavalry; and after perceiving each other, the person who had arrived thither did not retreat back, or exhibit a desire to shun, or an inclination to fly; but, rousing up his courage, as was his wont, he advanced forwards to kill his enemies, as he did on this occasion, for he and Sir Warham attacked each other fiercely and angrily, boldly and resolutely, and mutually wounded each other severely. But, however, Sir Warham was immediately slain by Maguire, and five of the horsemen who were along with Sir Warham were also slain by Maguire; but he was himself so deeply and severely wounded in that conflict, that he was not able to contend with an overwhelming force on that occasion, so that he passed through them without waiting for further contest; but he had not passed far from the scene of battle when he was overtaken by the langour of death, so that he was obliged to alight from his horse, and expired immediately after. The

death of Maguire caused a giddiness of spirits, and depression of mind in O'Neill and the Chiefs of the Gaels in general; and this was no wonder, for he was the bulwark of valour and prowess, the shield of protection and shelter, the tower of support and defence, and the pillar of the hospitality and achievements of the men of Oriel, and of almost all the Gaels of his time."

New commanders were now despatched from England: Charles Blount, Lord Deputy; Sir George Carew, President of Munster; and Sir Henry Docwra* was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the troops destined for service in the north. Although lavishly supplied with men, money, and munition, these cautious leaders determined, instead of venturing, like their predecessors, into "the gap of danger," to reduce the confederate clans by tortuous chicane and stratagem. Shortly after their arrival, we find a Queen's O'Reilly, a Queen's O'Donnell, a Queen's Maguire, a Queen's O'Neill, and a Queen's Earl of Desmond, set up in opposition to the hostile Chieftains. By the intrigues of Sir George Carew, dissensions were sown among the national party in Munster. With the aid of the Anglo-Norman Peers of the south, and by alternate bribery, delusive promises, and treachery, the confederacy there was broken up, and the whole province devastated. Considerable progress had also been made in promoting disunion in Ulster, when news reached the Northern Chiefs that certain Spanish ships of war, having cast anchor in the harbour of Kinsale, had taken possession of that town, and were beleagured there by the Queen's troops, two-thirds of whom were Irish in the pay of England. O'Donnell, having dismantled his stately castle at Donegal, † that it might not become a stronghold for the enemy, collected

* For an account of Sir Henry Docwra and his services in Ulster, see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. II., page 209.

† An elegant Irish poem was written on this event by *Maolmuire Mac an Bhaird*, or Ward, one of the bards of O'Donnell. Its first line in the original is:—

"Ⓐ ᵭúm ᵭíꝛ aᵭá aᵭ aenaꝛ!"

And the bard tells us that the castle of Donegal was destroyed by Red Hugh, lest it might truly become a *Dun na Gall*, or fort of the strangers. The following stanzas are from Clarence Mangan's faithful version of this poem:—

"O, mournful, O, forsaken pile,
What desolation dost thou dree!
How tarnished is the beauty that was thine erewhile,
Thou mansion of chaste melody!

his forces, and with O'Neill marched for Munster. Although the English considered the roads impassable from the severity of the winter, the Chiefs, by almost superhuman exertions, arrived at Kinsale in a space of time which appeared incredible to their opponents.

"Demolished lie thy towers and halls;
A dark, unsightly, earthen mound
Defaces the pure whiteness of thy shining walls,
And solitude doth gird thee round.

"Where now, O rival of the gold
Emania, be thy wine-cups all?
Alas! for these thou now hast nothing but the cold,
Cold stream that from the heavens doth fall!

"Above thy shattered window sills
The music that to-day breaks forth
Is but the music of the wild winds from the hills,
The wild winds of the stormy North!

"What spell o'ercame thee, mighty fort,
What fatal fit of slumber strange,
O palace of the wine!—O many-gated court!
That thou shouldst undergo this change?

"Thou wert, O bright-walled, beaming one,
Thou cradle of high deeds and bold,
The Tara of Assemblies to the sons of Conn,
Clan Connell's Council-hall of old!

"In thee were Ulster's tributes stored,
And lavished like the flowers in May;
And into thee were Connacht's thousand treasures poured,
Deserted though thou art to-day!

"How often from thy turret's high,
Thy purple turrets, have we seen
Long lines of glittering ships, when summer time drew nigh,
With masts and sails of snow-white sheen!

"How often seen, when gazing round,
From thy tall towers, the hunting trains,
The blood-enlivening chase, the horseman and the hound,
Thou fastness of a hundred plains!

"How often to thy banquets bright
We've seen the strong-armed Gaels repair,
And when the feast was over, once again unite
For battle, in thy base-court fair!

"It is a drear, a dismal sight,
This of thy ruin and decay,
Now that our Kings, and bards, and men of mark and might
Are nameless exiles far away!

"From Hugh O'Donnell, thine own brave
And far-famed sovereign, came the blow!
By him, thou lonesome castle o'er the Eaky's wave,
By him was wrought thine overthrow!

"But he, thus fated to destroy
Thy shining walls, will yet restore
And raise thee up anew in beauty and in joy,
So that thou shalt not sorrow more.

"By God's help, he who wrought thy fall
Will reinstate thee yet in pride;
Thy variegated halls shall be rebuilded all,
Thy lofty courts, thy chambers wide.

"Yes! thou shalt live again, and see
Thine youth renewed! Thou shalt outshine
Thy former self by far, and Hugh shall reign in thee,
The Tir Connellian's King and thine."

From the period of their first union, victory had hitherto uninterruptedly attended the Irish allies; their triumphant course was now destined to receive a check, from the incompetency of Don Juan d'Aguila, whose conduct had before tarnished the renown of Spain. O'Neill, recollecting that the famous Duke of Parma had obliged King Henri of Navarre to raise the sieges of Paris and Rouen, and had also, despite all the arts of his enemy, avoided coming to a battle, resolved to cut off the supplies of the Queen's army, and thus oblige them to abandon their position before Kinsale. In opposition to this design, the arrogant Spaniard prevailed on the other Chiefs to consent to make a descent with their jaded troops on the camp of the besiegers. Treachery was actively at work: the whole plan was revealed to the crafty Mountjoy, and the attack proved unsuccessful. The coming of the Spaniards to Kinsale was most injudicious. The Irish Chiefs, in their communications with King Philip,* had stated that it would be impossible for them to penetrate into Munster, through a country every where beset with armed enemies. Scorning, however, to leave their ally in the power of their opponents, on receiving intelligence of his arrival they had marched, in the depth of the winter, through the entire length of the island, to carry aid to a handful of Spanish troops, under the command of a general of whose fidelity there is every reason to entertain suspicions. This expedition was nearly fatal to their cause, as it drew them from defending their own principalities, and by dispelling the prestige of victory which had hitherto attended their arms, drove many of their adherents into the ranks of the enemy. The great strength of the Queen's Irish army lay in the number of natives who served under her banners. After the battle of the "Yellow Ford," the remnant of the British forces had been saved by the courage of the "Queen's O'Reilly," and the principal service was done at Kinsale by native troops in the English pay. Still

* O'Neill, in his letters to the King of Spain, praying "aides to subsist the warre, according to the promise made by the old King," stated, "that if the aides were sent to Ulster, then would he require but four or five thousand men: if the King did purpose to send an army into Munster, then he should send strongly; because neither Tyrone nor O'Donnell could come to helpe him." Sir John Davies tells us, that O'Neill, after his submission, stated that "the King of Spayne had made plaine demonstration

the two northern clans held out against all, in defence of their lands and ancient institutions; and although the Queen possessed an army which in numbers, as described by Spenser, was "able to tread down all that stood before them on foot, and lay on the ground all the stiff-necked people of that land," the expenses of the war continued to drain Elizabeth's treasury. Seeing that their enemies were daily receiving arms and money from England, the Chiefs, after the affair at Kinsale, resolved that Red Hugh O'Donnell should repair to Spain, to seek aid from King Philip, who owed Elizabeth a heavy retribution for having countenanced the Dutch, whose claims to liberty of conscience were styled rebellion by the Spaniards, in the same spirit as the desire of the Irish to protect themselves from legalized slaughter and oppression had been pronounced treason by certain English officials and their partizans:—

"Having come to this resolution, the persons he selected to accompany him on this journey were: Redmond Burke, the son of John; Captain Hugh Mostyn, son of Robert; and Flaithri, the son of Fithil O'Mulconry,

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that hee held but a contemptible opinion of him; for (said hee) when we expected a royall aid from him, and great store of crownes to supply our wants, the priests and frieres that came unto us brought us hallowed beades and poor counterfeit jewelles, as if we had been pettie Indian kinges, that would be pleased with threepenny knives and chaines of glasse, and the like beggerlie presents." The late learned W. C. Taylor, LL.D., who was deeply versed in ancient and modern history, remarked, relative to the descent of the Spaniards on Kinsale, that "the expedition was altogether the worst planned, and worst executed ever sent by a blundering government. Its preparation was made so openly, that one would suppose observation had been courted. It was miserable in amount; and its leader was wretchedly incompetent. Don Juan d'Aguila, to whom Philip had entrusted a small fleet and two thousand men, with the most inconceivable folly determined to land in the south of Ireland, while Tyrone, to whose assistance he had come, was shut up in the extreme north." Dr. Taylor further observes, that "the imperfect subjugation of Ireland cost Elizabeth more than three millions sterling, and an incalculable number of her bravest soldiers. The unfortunate country was reduced to a desert, and at least one-half the population perished by famine or the sword. The submission purchased at this tremendous cost, could not be sincere or permanent; and the system to which Elizabeth trusted for security manifestly increased the perils of her government. To extirpate the ancient nobility, and to divide their estates among the minions of the English and Irish courts, was avowedly the object of several successive administrations; and in pursuit of that object, the common principles of justice and humanity were flagrantly outraged. The undertakers were, in general, unprincipled adventurers, who showed no gratitude to the Crown, and no mercy to the country; they were faithless subjects and

a chosen father of the Franciscan order, who was his confessor; with others of his own faithful people besides them. When this resolution was heard by all in general, it was pitiful and mournful to hear the loud clapping of hands, the intense tearful moaning, and the loud-wailing lamentation, that prevailed throughout O'Donnell's camp at that time. They had reason for this, if they knew it at the time, for never afterwards did they behold, as ruler over them, him who was then their leader and earthly prince in the Island of Erin. On the sixth day of the month of January, O'Donnell, with his heroes, took shipping at Castlehaven; and, the breath of the first wind that rose wafting them over the boisterous ocean, they landed, on the fourteenth of the same month, in the harbour near Corunna, a celebrated city in the kingdom of Gallicia in Spain. And it was here stood the tower of *Breogan*, usually called Braganza, which had been erected in ancient times by *Breogan*, the son of *Bratha*, and from which the sons of Milesius, of Spain, the son of *Bilé*, son of *Breogan*, had set out in their first invasion of Erin, against the *Danaans*. When O'Donnell landed at Corunna, he walked through the town, and went to view *Breogan's* tower. He was rejoiced to have landed at that place, for he deemed it to be an omen of good success that he had arrived at the place from whence his ancestor had for-

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cruel masters. The great body of the peasantry hated them as intruders, and despised them as upstarts; nor was their conduct such as to diminish either feeling. Situated as Ireland was, the ancient aristocracy might easily have been made the bond of union between the people and the Sovereign. Time would have broken up overgrown estates, and the ordinary progress of events ameliorated the feudal system; but when the nobles were sacrificed to faction, all the links of society were broken, and government deprived of the natural means of introducing improvements. An additional danger resulted from the numbers of the Irish nobility who, when driven into exile, fled to the Continent, and obtained employment in the armies of France and Spain. They never resigned the hope of returning to their country, and recovering, in a new struggle, the estates of which they had been plundered. The commerce and trade of the country were annihilated by these protracted contests. The finances were so dilapidated, that they were inadequate to the ordinary expenses of the Government. Elizabeth, in her distress, proceeded to debase the coin—an expedient which of course only multiplied the difficulties. Religion could not be expected to possess much influence amid the incessant din of arms. It was, to use the language of an old divine, 'in everybody's mouth, and in nobody's heart.' Efforts were made by many partizans of the government, and by the papal emissaries, to give the struggle the character of a religious war; but they signally failed. Many of Elizabeth's bravest soldiers were bigotted Catholics, and yet they never for a moment swerved from their allegiance. Desmond, the leader in the second great war, notoriously offered to profess the reformed religion, if his estates could be secured; and Hugh O'Neill was so openly regardless of disputed doctrines, that his profession of anxiety to defend the true faith was hailed with shouts of ridicule by all parties. 'Hang thee,' said the Earl of Essex, with equal humour and truth, 'thou talkest of a free exercise of religion! Thou carest as much for religion as my horse!'"

merly obtained power and sway over Erin.* After having rested himself for a short time at Corunna, he proceeded to the place where the King was, in the province of Castile, for it was there he happened to be at this time, after making a visitation of his kingdom, in the city which is called Samora. And as soon as O'Donnell arrived in the presence of the King, he knelt down before him; and he made submission and obeisance unto him, as was due to his dignity, and did not consent to rise until the King promised to grant him his three requests. The first of these was, to send an army with him to Erin, with suitable engines and necessary arms, whatever time they should be prepared. The second, that, should the King's Majesty obtain power and sway over Erin, he would never place any of the nobles of his blood in power or authority over him or his successors. The third request was, not to lessen or diminish on himself or his successors for ever the right of his ancestors, in any place where his ancestors had power and sway before that time in Erin. All these were promised to him to be complied with by the King; and he received respect from him; and it is not probable that any Gael ever received in latter times so great an honor from any

* The legends say, that the valiant Spaniard, *Ith*, son of *Breogan*, was selected by his clan to explore the island of Erin. "This counsel they formed at *Breogan's* tower, in Gallicia; and thus it happened that they sent *Ith* to Erin; and not as some others assert, that he observed it like a cloud on a winter's night from the top of *Breogan's* tower; for there was acquaintance and intercourse previous to this between *Erin* and Spain, since *Eochaidh*, son of *Earc*, the last king of the *Fir Bolgs*, married *Taillte*, daughter of *Maghmor*, King of Spain; they used then on either side to practise traffic and commerce, and an exchange of their wares or valuables, one with another; so that the Spaniards knew Erin, and the men of Erin were acquainted with Spain, before *Ith*, the son of *Breogan*, was born." *Ith* sailed to Ireland with one hundred and fifty men, and on his arrival he found the three *Danaan* kings at contention, concerning the wealth of their fathers. "Upon hearing this, *Ith* went on with two-thirds of the crew that came with him in his ship, and as he came into the presence of the sons of *Carmad*, they received him courteously, and disclosed unto him the cause of their contest. He declared to them, on the other hand, that it was through stress of weather he had come on shore, and that he meant not to delay, but to sail back to his own country. However, as they thought *Ith* to be learned and experienced, they chose him as judge in the dispute between them; and his decision was, for them to divide the wealth into three equal parts; then he began to praise Erin, and declared that it was wrong for them to be in contention with each other, while the island was so abundant of honey and fruit; of fish and of milk; of vegetables and corn; while its air was temperate between heat and cold; and he still added, that if the country were divided in three parts between them, that it was sufficient for the maintenance of them all. After this, *Ith* takes his leave of them, and goes with his hundred soldiers towards his ship. The sons of *Carmad*, however, sharply noticed the greatness of the praise passed by *Ith* upon Erin; and they imagined, that if he could reach his own country, he would bring numerous forces to take possession of the isle. They therefore determined to despatch *Mac Coill*, with a force of one hundred and fifty men, in pursuit of him, and they over-

other King. When O'Donnell had thus finished his business with the King, he was desired by the King to return back to Corunna, and remain there until every thing should be in readiness for his return to Erin. This he did; and he remained there until the month of August following. It was anguish of heart and sickness of mind to O'Donnell that the Gaels should remain so long without being aided or relieved by him; and, deeming it too long that the army which had been promised had been without coming together to one place, he proposed to go again before the King, to know what it was that caused the retarding or delay in the raising of the army which he had promised; and when he arrived at the town which is called Simancas, two leagues from Valladolid, the King's court, God permitted, and the misfortune, ill-fate, wretchedness, and curse attending the Island of Eremhon,* and the Gaels of fair Banba in general, would have it, that O'Donnell should take the disease of his death and the sickness of his dissolution; and, after lying seventeen days on the bed, he died, on the tenth of September, in the house which the King of Spain himself had at that town (Simancas), after lamenting his crimes and transgressions, after a rigid penance for his sins and iniquities, after making his confession without reserve to his confessors, and receiving the body and blood of Christ, and after being duly anointed by the hands of his own confessors and ecclesiastical attendants: Father *Flaithri* O'Mulconry,† (then confessor and spiri-

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took him. *Ith* himself took the rear of his people, and brought them to the north Plain of *Ith*, where a general engagement took place between them and *Mac Coill*, in which *Ith* was wounded, and his people bore him to his ship, so that he died at sea with them, and was buried in Spain; after his corse was exhibited to the sons of Milesius, to incite them to come to Erin to take vengeance for him of the sons of *Carmad*." The coming of the Gaels or Milesians has been narrated at page 595; and some account of the *Ithians*, or families who descended from *Ith* and his relatives, will be found in our notice of the Celtic Society of Ireland, in IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No II., page 197. The rock on which *Breogan's* tower stood, in Gallicia, is now occupied by a light-house, parts of the interior of which are very ancient.

* Ireland was so called by the bards, from *Eremhon*, one of the sons of Milesius, noticed at page 596. *Banba* was another ancient name for Ireland, as before mentioned.

† This was Florence Conry who was admitted to be one of the most learned divines of his time. At his solicitation, Philip III. established the College of St. Antony of Padua, in Louvain, the first stone of which was laid, in 1617, by Albert and Isabella. In this college many of the most profound Irish scholars of the seventeenth century sojourned. Among them were John Colgan, editor of the "Trias Thaumaturga," and of the "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ;" Hugh Ward, author of the "Acta Sancti Rumoldi;" Patrick Fleming, editor of the "Collectanea Sacra;" and Michael O'Clery, as mentioned at page 592. Conry's tomb is still to be seen at Louvain. Among his various works, he published, in 1626, one entitled *Scathán an Chrabhuidh*, or, the "Mirror of Repentance," for the use of his countrymen. Several distinguished natives of Ireland lie buried in the College of St. Antony of Padua; among them may be mentioned, Dominic Lynch,

tual adviser to O'Donnell, and afterwards Archbishop of Tuam on that account), and Father Maurice *Ultach* (Donlevy), the son of Donogh, a poor friar of the order of St. Francis, from the convent of the monastery of the town of Donegal, which was one of O'Donnell's fortresses. His body was conveyed to the King's palace at Valladolid, in a four-wheeled hearse, surrounded by countless numbers of the King's state officers, council, and guards, with luminous torches and bright flambeaux of beautiful wax-light burning on each side of him. He was afterwards interred in the monastery of St. Francis, in the Chapter, precisely, with veneration and honor, and in the most solemn manner that any of the Gaels had been ever interred in before. Masses, and many hymns, chaunts, and melodious canticles, were celebrated for the welfare of his soul; and his requiem was sung with becoming solemnity.

Alas! the early eclipse of him who died here was mournful to many; for he was the head of the conference and counsel, of advice and consultation, of the greater number of the Gaels, as well in peace as in war. He was a mighty and bounteous lord, with the authority of a prince to enforce the law; a lion in strength and force, with determination and force of character in deed and word, so that he durst not at all be disobeyed, for whatever he ordered to be done should be immediately executed, accordingly as he directed by his words; a dove in meekness and gentleness towards the religious orders, the clergy, and the literati, and towards every one who had not incurred his displeasure, and who submitted to his authority; a man who had impressed the dread and terror of himself upon all persons, far and near, and whom no man could terrify; a lord, the expeller of rebels, the destroyer of robbers, the exalter of the sons of life, the executioner of the sons of death; a man who never suffered any injury or injustice, contempt or insult, offered him, to remain unrevenged or unatoned for, but took vengeance without delay; a determined, fierce, and bold invader of districts; a warlike, predatory, and pugnacious plunderer of distant territories; the vehement, vigorous, stern, and irresistible destroyer of his foreign and Gaelic opposers; one who never in his life neglected to do whatever was desirable for a prince; a sweet-sounding trumpet; endowed with the gift of eloquence and address, of sense and counsel, and with the look of amiability in his countenance, which captivated every one who beheld him; a promised and prophesied one, who had been truly predicted by prophets a long time before his birth, and particularly by the holy patron, *Columb Cille*, the son of *Felim*, who said of him:

> "A noble, pure, exalted man shall come,
> Who shall cause mournful weeping in every territory.
> He will be the pious *Donn*,
> And will be ten years King."

Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment of Lally, and *Róis*, or Rose O'Docharty, daughter of the Prince of Inis Owen, and wife of the famous General Owen Roe O'Neill.

"Pitiable, indeed, was the state of the Gaels of Erin after the death of O'Donnell, for their characteristics and dispositions were changed; for they exchanged their bravery for cowardice, their magnanimity for weakness, their pride for servility; their success, valour, prowess, heroism, exultation, and military glory, vanished after his death. They despaired of relief, so that the most of them were obliged to seek aid and refuge from enemies and strangers, while others were scattered and dispersed, not only throughout Erin, but throughout foreign countries, as poor, indigent, helpless paupers; and others were offering themselves for hire as soldiers* to foreigners; so that countless numbers of the free-born nobles of Erin were

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* Many of these exiles served with high distinction on the Continent, and we trust soon to have their adventures laid before us in the "History of the Irish in Foreign Services," promised by the learned editor of our Archæological Society's edition of the "Destruction of Cyprus," noticed in a former paper. In allusion to the fate of these brave soldiers, we find the following lines in a late writer:—

"But, Heavens! how many sleep afar, all heedless of these strains—
Tired wanderers! who sought repose through Europe's battle plains—
In strong, fierce, headlong fight they fell—as ships go down in storms—
They fell—and human whirlwinds swept across their shattered forms!
No shroud, but glory, wrapt them round; nor pray'r nor tear had they—
Save the moaning winds and the weeping clouds—poor exiles far away!"

A strong feeling of hope and desire of vengeance pervades the Irish political songs of the seventeenth century. The nature of these compositions, in which Ireland generally appears as a beautiful but afflicted female, has been well described by a learned French historian:—

"Les Irlandais aiment à faire de la patrie un être réel qu'on aime et qui nous aime; ils aiment à lui parler sans prononcer son nom, et à confondre l'amour qu'ils lui vouent, cet amour austère et périlleux, avec ce qu'il y a de plus doux et de plus fortuné parmi les affections du cœur. Il semble que, sous le voile de ces illusions agréables, ils veuillent déguiser à leur âme la réalité des dangers auxquels s'expose le patriote, et s'entretenir d'idées gracieuses, en attendant l'heure du combat; comme ces Spartiates qui se couronnaient de fleurs, sur le point de périr aux Thermopyles."

One of the most celebrated of these productions is that known as *Róisín dubh*, or the dark little Rose; *Róisín* being the diminutive form of the female name *Róis* or Rose. This song has been attributed to Red Hugh O'Donnell, and the following stanzas from one of its many versions, may serve to give an idea of the character of compositions of this class:—

"O, bitter woe, that we must go, across the sea!
O, grief of griefs, that Lords and Chiefs, their homes must flee—
A tyrant band o'erruns the land—this land so green—
And, though we grieve, we still must leave, our Dark *Róisín*.

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"O, never mourn as one forlorn, but bide your hour;
Your friends ere long, combined and strong, will prove their power:
From distant Spain will sail a train to change the scene
That makes you sad, for one more glad, my Dark *Róisín*.

"Till then, adieu! my fond and true! adieu, till then!
Though now you grieve, still, still believe we'll meet again;
I'll yet return, with hopes that burn, and brbad-sword keen,
Fear not, nor think you e'er can sink, my Dark *Róisín!*"

slain in distant foreign countries, and were buried in strange places and unhereditary churches, in consequence of the death of this one man who departed from them. In a word, it would be tedious and impossible to enumerate or describe the great evils which sprang and took permanent root at that time in Erin from the death of Red Hugh O'Donnell."

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"As for O'Neill and the Gaels who remained in Erin after the defeat at Kinsale, what Red Hugh Donnell had instructed and commanded them to do, before his departure for Spain, was, to exert their bravery in defending their patrimony against the English until he should return with forces to their relief, and to remain in the camp in which they then were, because their loss was small, although they had been routed. He had observed to them, also, that it would not be easy for them to return safe to their country, if that were their wish, because their enemies and adversaries would pursue and attack them; and those who had been affectionate and kind towards them, on their coming to Munster, would be spiteful and malicious towards them on their return to their territories, and that they would attack and plunder them, and scoff at and mock them. The Chiefs of the Gaels did not, however, take his advice, and did not attend to his request, because he himself was not among them; but they resolved on returning to their territories. They afterwards set out in separate hosts, without ceding the leadership to any one lord; but each lord and Chieftain apart, with his own friends and faithful people following him. Alas! how different were the spirit, courage, energy, hauteur, threatening, and defiance of the Gaels, on their return back at this time, from those they had when they first set out on this expedition. The surmises of the Prince O'Donnell, and everything which he predicted, were verified; for, not only did their constant enemies rise up before and after them to give them battle, but their former friends, confederates, and allies rose up, and were attacking and shooting them on every narrow road through which they passed. It was not easy for the Chiefs and gentlemen, for the soldiers and warriors, to protect and defend their people, on account of the length of the way that lay before them, the number of their enemies, and the severity and inclemency of the boisterous winter season, for it was then the end of winter precisely. Howbeit, they reached their territories after great dangers, without any remarkable loss; and each lord of a territory began to defend his patrimony as well as he was able. Roderic O'Donnell, the son of Hugh, son of Manus, was he to whom O'Donnell had, on the night before his departure, left the government of his people and lands, and everything which was hereditary to him, until he should return back again; and he commanded O'Neill and Roderic to be friendly to each other, as themselves both had been. They promised him this thing. The tribe of Conall then thronged around the representative of their Prince, though most of them deemed the separation from their former hero and leader as the separation of soul from body. O'Donnell's son, Roderic, proceeded to lead his people with resoluteness and constant bravery through every difficult

and intricate passage, and through every danger and peril which they had to encounter since they left Kinsale until they arrived, in the very beginning of spring, in Lower Connacht, where the cows, farmers, property, and cattle of the tribe of Conall were dispersed throughout the country, in Corran, in Leyney, and in Tireragh of the Moy. God was the herdsman and shepherd who had come to them thither; for although O'Donnell, at his departure, had left his people much of the cattle of the neighbouring territories, Roderic did not suffer them to be forcibly recovered from him by any territory from which they had been taken; for he distributed and stationed his soldiers and warriors upon the gaps of danger and the undefended passes of the country, so that none would attempt to come through them, to plunder or persecute any of his people."

Donall O'Sullivan, Prince of Bantry, had delivered his castle on the island of Dunboy to the Spaniards, in 1604; and finding, that after the battle of Kinsale, they had stipulated to deliver it to his enemies, he expelled the foreigners, and placed an Irish garrison of about one hundred and forty men in his insulated stronghold, who, for three weeks, maintained the castle against the entire land and sea force of England. And when the building crumbled before the perpetual discharge of the English ordnance, the intrepid garrison retreated to the dungeons, contesting every inch of ground, and death alone prevented them from burying themselves and their enemies in the ruins, by the ignition of the powder magazine. "So obstinate and resolved a defence," says Sir George Carew, "hath not been seen within this kingdom." O'Sullivan, after the ruin of his castle, "went with his cows, herds and people, and all his moveables, behind his rugged-topped hills, into the wilds and recesses of his country." After nine days' incessant march, in the depth of winter, through mountainous districts scarcely passable, even in the present day, he arrived on the brink of the Shannon. "During this period, he was not a day or a night without a battle, or being vehemently and vindictively pursued, all which he sustained and responded to with manliness and vigor. Not finding cots or boats in readiness, they killed their horses, in order to eat and carry with them their flesh, and to place their hides on frames of pliant and elastic osiers, to make *currachs* for conveying themselves across the green-streamed Shannon, which they crossed at the ford of the Red Wood." Hence he cut his way, opposed at every step by enemies, to Connacht, the number

of the party having been diminished from one thousand to thirty-five. "It is scarcely credible," say the Annals, "that the like number of forces, fatigued from long marching, and coming into the very centre of their enemies, ever before achieved such a victory in defence of life and renown, as they achieved on that occasion." Donall O'Sullivan, then in his seventieth year, was accompanied by his wife, on this daring expedition; and after having thus traversed the entire length of the kingdom, they sailed for Spain; "making choice," as the Chieftain himself wrote to the Conde de Caraçena, "rather to forsake his ancient inheritance, friends, followers, and goods, than to trust to the most graceless pardon or promise of his merciless enemies."

O'Neill and a few of his faithful allies, at bay in the fastnesses of the north, still bravely maintained their independence. The English commanders, aided by their Irish allies, formed a junction, and hemmed in the desperate northerns. The means destined by Providence for the preservation of mankind were now converted into the most destructive weapons. "It seemed incredible," says the secretary of the merciless Mountjoy, "that by so barbarous inhabitants, the ground should be so manured, the fields so orderly fenced, the towns so frequently inhabited, and the highways and paths so well beaten, as the Lord Deputy found them. Our captains, and by their example (for it was otherwise painful) the common soldiers, did cut down with their swords all the Rebels' corn, to the value of ten thousand pound and upwards, the only means by which they were to live, and to keep their Bonaghts, or hired soldiers." The entire fruits of the earth were thus destroyed; and the result was a famine, nearly equal in scenes of horror to the terrible dearth which devastated France in the eleventh century. The coinage was debased, and no means left untried to reduce the country into a desert.

"Carew," says Dr. W. C. Taylor, "was more merciless in establishing this cruel system than Mountjoy. He was naturally cruel and rapacious, a deliberate encourager of treachery, and not ashamed to avow and defend perfidy and assassination. When any of the insurgent leaders, broken by calamity, sued for permission to return to his allegiance, Carew granted pardon only on condition that the offender should prove his zeal for the royal service by murdering a

friend or relative; and this detestable practice he vindicates in his writings, as wise and sound policy." "Alas," exclaimed Elizabeth, horrified at the atrocities perpetrated by her ministers in Ireland, "the same reproach shall, I fear, be urged against me as was formerly made by Bato to Tiberius: 'It is you ,you! that are to blame for these things, who have committed your flocks not to shepherds but to wolves!'" Although immense rewards were offered for O'Neill, alive or dead, his faithful people preferred to perish by famine rather than betray the champion of their independence. "And it is most sure," writes the Lord Deputy, in 1603, "that never Traitor knew better to keep his own head, than this, nor any subjects have a more dreadful awe to lay violent hands on their sacred Prince, than these people have to touch the persons of their O'Neills; and he that hath as pestilent a judgment as ever any had, to nourish and to spread his own infection, hath the ancient swelling and desire of liberty in a conquered nation to work upon, their fear to be rooted out, or to have their old faults punished, upon all particular discontents, and generally, over all the kingdom, the fear of a persecution for religion, the debasing of the coin, which is grievous unto all sorts, and a dearth and famine, which is already begun, and must of necessity grow shortly to extremity; the least of which alone, have been many times sufficient motives to drive the best and most quiet estates into sudden confusion. These will keep all spirits from settling, breed new combinations, and, I fear, even stir the towns themselves, to solicit foreign aid." The great engine used by the Queen's generals in reducing the northern Chiefs was Red Hugh's kinsman, Niall O'Donnell, who was promised the Earldom of Tir Connell as a reward for his services; in lieu of which he was, when the war was ended, incarcerated for life in the Tower of London. In speaking of the successes achieved by his party, Sir Henry Docwra observes—"I must confess a truth: it was all by the help and advice of Niall and his followers and the other Irish that came in with Sir Arthur O'Neale, without whose intelligence and guidance little or nothing could have been done of ourselves, although it is true withall they had their own ends in it, which were always for private revenge, and we ours, to make use of them for the furtherance of the publique service." "To attack them, if fighting on the same side, would have been as dan-

gerous," says the native writer, "as to rob the nest of a serpent, to plunder the young of the griffin, or to attack a lion in his den." After having vainly exhausted every stratagem to entrap the wary Chieftain, the Queen's ministers were obliged to offer him the Earldom of Tirone, which he accepted in 1603; while the title of Earl of Tir Connell was conferred on Roderic O'Donnell. These arrangements were hardly concluded, when Don Martin de la Cerda arrived from the King of Spain, with two ships laden with ammunition, and carrying thirty thousand gold pieces to O'Neill and O'Donnell. The honor of the Chieftains having been pledged, they refused to accept this tardy aid, and De la Cerda returned with his treasure. A similar circumstance occurred in the year 1691, when, after the capitulation at Limerick, the French Admiral, Chateau Renaud, sailed up the Shannon with certain ships of war, bearing arms and money to the gallant adherents of King James. It is useless now to speculate on what might have been the result, if either had arrived in proper time. The presence of the French ships at Limerick, however, procured the Jacobites the restitution of a most important clause of the treaty, which, although solemnly agreed to, had been omitted in the copies prepared for signature by the Williamite lawyers.

Four years after the departure of Don Martin de la Cerda—

"Cuconnacht Maguire and Donogh, the son of Mahon, son of the Bishop O'Brien, brought a ship with them to Erin, and put in at the harbour of Swilly. They took with them from Erin the Earl Hugh O'Neill, and the Earl Roderic O'Donnell, with a great number of the Chieftains of the province of Ulster. These were they who went with O'Neill, namely, the Countess Catherina, the daughter of Magennis, and her three sons, Hugh the Baron, Shane, and Brian; young Art, the son of Cormac, son of the Baron; Ferdorcha, son of Conn, son of O'Neill; young Hugh, the son of Brian, son of Art O'Neill; and many others of his faithful friends. These were they who went with the Earl O'Donnell: Caffar (Cathbar), his brother, and his sister Nuala*; Hugh, the Earl's son, want-

* It was to this Princess, whom we noticed before at page 636, that Owen Roe *Mac an Bhaird*, or Ward, O'Donnell's Bard, who accompanied the Earls to Italy, addressed the exquisite elegy, commencing

"A bean fuair fáill ar an bpeapc!"

in which she is represented as bewailing the death of her kinsmen, at their grave on St. Peter's Hill, at Rome. As this poem illustrates the state of

ing three weeks of being one year old; Rose, the daughter of O'Docharty, and wife of Caffar, with her son Hugh, aged two years and three months; the son of his brother, young Donnell, the son of Donnell; Naghtan, the son of Calvagh, the son of Donogh Cairbreach O'Donnell; together with many others of his faithful friends. They entered the ship on the festival of the Holy Cross, in autumn. This was a distinguished crew for one ship; for it is indeed certain that the sea had not supported, and the winds had not wafted from Erin, in modern times, a party of one ship who would have

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Irish literature, at a period when certain writers, to serve the ends of their employers, have represented the native Chiefs of Ireland and their adherents as ignorant and barbarous savages, we select the following stanzas of the version made by the late Clarence Mangan, from Mr. Curry's literal translation. In the last line, the bard alludes to "Conn of the Hundred Battles," the common ancestor of the O'Neills and O'Donnells:—

"O, Woman of the piercing wail,
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
With sigh and groan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael!
Thou wouldst not then, from day to day
Weep thus alone.
'Twere long before, around a grave,
In green Tir Connell, one could find
This loneliness;
Near where *Beann Boirché's* banners wave
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
Companionless.

"Beside the wave, in Donegal,
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
Or Killilee,
Or where the sunny waters fall,
At Assaro, near Erna's shore,
This could not be.
On Derry's plains—in rich Drumclieff—
Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
In olden years,
No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial-ground
Fresh floods of tears!

"O, no!—from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle walls,
From Lissadill,
Would flock alike both rich and poor,
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
To Tara's hill:
And some would come from Barrow-side,
And many a maid would leave her home
On Leitrim's plains,
And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come,
And swell thy strains!

"O, horses' hoofs would trample down
The mount whereon the martyr-saint
Was crucified.
From glen and hill, from plain and town,
One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
Would echo wide.
There would not soon be found, I ween,
One foot of ground among those bands
For museful thought,
So many shriekers of the *caoine*
Would cry aloud, and clap their hands,
All woe-distraught!

been more illustrious or noble, in point of genealogy, or more renowned for deeds, valour, prowess, or high achievements, than they, if God had permittted them to remain in their patrimonies until their children should have reached the age of manhood. Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that conceived, woe to the council that decided on, the project of their setting out on this voyage, without knowing whether they should ever return to their native principalities or patrimonies to the end of the world."

" Two Princes of the line of Conn
Sleep in their cells of clay beside
O'Donnell Roe:
Three royal youths, alas! are gone,
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
For Erin's woe!
Ah! could the men of Erin read
The names those noteless burial-stones
Display to view,
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
Their tears gush forth again, their groans
Resound anew!

' The youths whose relics moulder here
Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord
Of *Aileach's* lands;
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
Thy nephew, long to be deplored
By Ulster's bands.
Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time
Could domicile Decay or house
Decrepitude!
They passed from earth ere manhood's prime,
Ere years had power to dim their brows
Or chill their blood.

" And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's Chief,
Cut off amid his vernal years,
Lies here a corse
Beside his brother, *Cathbar*, whom
Tir Connell of the Helmets mourns
In deep despair—
For valour, truth, and comely bloom,
For all that greatens and adorns,
A peerless pair.

"O, had these twain, and he, the third,
The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
Their mate in death—
A Prince in look, in deed, and word—
Had these three heroes yielded on
The field their breath,
O, had they fallen on *Criffan's* Plain,
There would not be a town or clan
From shore to sea,
But would with shrieks bewail the slain,
Or chant aloud the exulting *rann*
Of jubilee!

" When high the shout of battle rose,
On fields where Freedom's torch still burned
Through Erin's gloom,
If one, if barely one, of those
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
The hero's doom!

The causes which led to this event are wrapped in mystery. Whether the Earls were engaged in forming projects for the re-establishment of their ancient power—whether they had learned the dark designs of the State against them—or whether, as most probable, both of these causes actuated them to quit their native land, still remains undecided. "As for us that are here," wrote the At-

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If at Athbuy, where hosts of brave
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
The shock of spears,
Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
Long must the North have wept his death,
With heart-wrung tears!

* * * *

"Red would have been our warriors' eyes
Had Roderic found on Sligo's field
A gory grave,
No northern Chief would soon arise
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
So swift to save.
Long would *Leath Cuinn* have wept if Hugh
Had met the death he oft had dealt
Among the foe;
But, had our Roderic fallen too,
All Erin must, alas! have felt
The deadly blow!

"What do I say? Ah, woe is me!
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall!
And Erin, once the great and free,
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain,
And iron thrall!
Then, daughter of O'Donnell! dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside,
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride!

"Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay—
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
For all things go their destined way
As He decrees.
Embrace the faithful Crucifix,
And seek the path of pain and prayer
Thy Saviour trod;
Nor let thy spirit intermix
With earthly hope and worldly care
Its groans to God!

"And Thou, O Mighty Lord! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days,
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land!
Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,
Watch Thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
And shield at least from darker ill
The blood of *Conn!*"

torney-General of King James, "we are glad to see the day wherein the countenance and majestie of the law and civil government hath banisht Tirone out of Ireland, which the best army in Europe, and the expense of two millions of sterling pounds, did not bring to pass." In the succeeding year, the death of Sir Cahir O'Docharty, Prince of Innishowen, driven to take up arms by the savage conduct of the Governor of Derry, removed the last obstacle to the cherished project of the English "Plantation." "It was, indeed, from his death, and from the departure of the Earls we have mentioned, it came to pass that their principalities, their territories, their estates, their lands, their forts, their fortresses, their fruitful harbours, and their fishful bays, were taken from the Gaels of the province of Ulster, and given in their presence to foreign tribes; and they were expelled and banished into other countries, where most of them died."

The last entry in the "Annals of the Four Masters" records the death of the Earl of Tir Owen, in 1616—a fitting epilogue for a history, many of whose brightest recollections are associated with the names of the great northern Princes:—

"Hugh O'Neill, who had been Baron from the death of his father to the year (1585) when the celebrated Parliament was held in Dublin, and who was styled Earl of Tir Owen at that Parliament, and who was afterwards styled O'Neill, died at an advanced age, after having passed his life in prosperity and happiness, in valiant and illustrious achievements, in honor and nobleness. The place at which he died was Rome, on the twentieth of July, after exemplary penance for his sins, and gaining the victory over the world and the Devil. Although he died far from Armagh, the burial place of his ancestors, it was a token that God was pleased with his life that the Lord permitted him a no worse burial place, namely, Rome, the head city of the Christians. The person who died here was a powerful, mighty lord, endowed with wisdom, subtlety, and profundity of mind and intellect; a warlike, valorous, predatory, enterprising lord, in defending his religion and his patrimony against his enemies; a pious and charitable lord, mild and gentle with his friends, fierce and stern towards his enemies, until he had brought them to submission and obedience to his authority; a lord who had not coveted to possess himself of the illegal or excessive property of any other, except such as had been hereditary in his ancestors from a remote period; a lord with the authority and praiseworthy characteristics of a Prince, who had not suffered theft or robbery, abduction or rape, spite or animosity, to prevail during his reign; but had kept all under the authority of the law, as was meet for a Prince."

This great Chieftain, the personification of Celtic energy, holds no mean position among the distinguished men of an age eminently productive of great characters. His gallant struggles to preserve his country's ancient institutions, destined by Providence to give place to a system of government which has eventually conduced to promote the liberties and welfare of the human race, still entitle him to our sympathy and respect, for having acted on a principle which, according to a great philosopher, "is, of all others, perhaps, the most necessary for preserving society—an implicit admiration and adherence to the establishments of our forefathers."

It would be unjust to deny our tribute of admiration to the handful of brave men who, under immense disadvantages, and governed by a system essentially disuniting, so long maintained their independence, lands, and ancient institutions, against the great body of their fellow-countrymen, backed by the entire power and wealth of England, and by the unscrupulous machinations of sanguinary conspirators, miscalled statesmen. In whatever portion of the Globe, the love of liberty bravely contends with tyranny, it must command the sympathy of free men. The spirit which called Hugh O'Neill and his adherents into the field, was the same, in the abstract, style it what we may, as that which animated Bruce, William of Orange, and Washington, whose names have become associated with the most exalted feelings of human nature; yet, there was a time when even they were designated "Rebels"—a contumelious appellation ever on the lips of the opponents of the civil and religious liberties of mankind.

Scarcely had the spirit of freedom been reduced by famine and desolation, when the Anglo-Irish who had served against the Northern Clans found cause to repent of having combined with the enemies of their country. Promises made in the hour of danger were now publicly revoked, oppressive Penal Statutes were enacted, and the last days of the natives who had assisted to crush O'Neill and his brave adherents, were embittered by the reflection that their own conduct had involved themselves in the ruin which they had brought upon those who had bravely stood forth in defence of their ancient liberties. There was no sympathy for such short-sighted men in foreign countries, where the magnanimous Irish Chieftains found a generous reception, and, at home, these deluded renegades be-

came the helpless victims of needy and rapacious officials, on the faith of whose perfidious promises they had sacrificed the independence of their fatherland.

In the same spirit, though with a different result, the Hollanders—at the imminent risk of the liberties of the United Provinces—had suffered their richest city to fall into the power of their common enemy, Alessandro Farnese; because the narrow-minded citizens of Amsterdam anticipated, that when Antwerp had been reduced, its trade would be transferred to their own town.

Although the clan government of Ireland may be said to have terminated in the person of Hugh O'Neill, its spirit still lingered among the Celtic population of the island. It was this feeling which drew together the men who drove the Puritanical Munro from Benburb, in 1646, and baffled Cromwell, at Clonmel, in 1650. Much of the clan spirit was discernible in the wars of the Revolution, and it strongly pervaded the gallant Jacobite troops which formed the Irish Brigades.

So strange, however, are the changes of race, effected by time, that a few generations after "the departure of the Earls," the descendants of the men who had carried fire and sword into Ulster, to extirpate the last vigorous remnant of Celtic independence, were found assembled in armed convention at Dungannon—the very heart of the O'Neill's country—giving Ireland a proud place among the nations of Europe, and striking off the fetters imposed by their fathers on the liberties of their fellow-men. The representatives of the old clans of Erin—"a people of brilliant speech and rapid sword"—had, meanwhile, attained to the highest honors on the Continent, and decided the fate of Europe on many a well-fought battle-field. Nor were they less distinguished in the western hemisphere, in whose generous bosom so many millions of their countrymen have found a happiness and prosperity unattainable at home. In the "War of Independence," five-sixths of the Pennsylvanian line—"Washington's surest troops"—were Irishmen; and, "in a native of Donegal, the young Republic found her second General." The freedom of the United States may be said to date from the repulse of the British at "O'Sullivan's Island," where they encountered a defence as obstinate as their predecessors had experienced from the Chief of Dunbuy.

Thus was verified the ancient Celtic proverb, which foretold, that time would transform "the *Gaels* into foreigners and the foreigners into *Gaels*."

When the friars of Donegal had concluded their labors of compilation, the work was submitted to the scrutiny of the most learned antiquaries of Erin. Among the various commendatory testimonia prefixed to the Annals, we find the following, from the representative of the *Brehons* of Ormond :—

"Whereas the poor friar, Michael O'Clery (in obedience to his superior, Father Joseph Everard, Provincial of the Order of St. Francis, in Erin), came to me, to show me this book, I, Flann, son of *Cairbré* MacEgan, of the town of Mac Egan, in the county of *Tibrat Arann*,* do testify, that though many were the books of history of the old books of Erin which I saw, and though numerous and uncertain the number of ancient and modern books which I saw written and being transcribed in the school of Shane, son of *Torna* O'Mulconry, the tutor of the men of Erin in general, in history and chronology—and who had all that were in Erin learning that science under his tuition—I have not seen among them all any book of better order, more general, more copious, or more to be approved of, as a book of history and annals, than this book. I think also that no intelligent person whatever, of the laity or clergy, or of the professions, who shall read it, can possibly find fault with it. In attestation of which thing aforesaid, I here put my hand on this, at the town of Mac Egan aforesaid, the second of November, 1636."

No less laudatory was the declaration of the erudite Conor Mac Brody:—

"The poor friar, Michael O'Clery, in obedience to his Superior, Father Joseph Everard, Provincial of the Order of St. Francis, came before me to read and exhibit the book of history and annals written by himself and the other professional men, whose hands are upon it; and, after having viewed and examined it, I, Conor Mac Brody, son of *Maeilin óg*, of Kil Keedy and *Leitir Maelain*, in the county of Clare, do testify that this book is recommendable, and that we do not remember having seen a book of history or annals larger, better, or more generally copious in treating of all Erin, than this book; and that it is difficult to find fault with, censure, or criticise it. To attest what I have said, I now put my hand upon it, at Kil Keedy, the 11th November, 1636."

Nor were these eulogiums unmerited. The fidelity of the "Four

* Or the "Well of Ara," whence Tipperary takes its name.

Masters" has stood the test of time; every ancient Celtic manuscript, and every official document, discovered by our literary explorers, tend to confirm the veracity of these compilers. But for the labors of the poor friars of Donegal, a vast amount of our early history would have inevitably perished, as no less than six of the most valuable manuscripts, whence they drew their information, are not now known to exist; and even the autograph copy of their own Annals, from which the work before us is printed, owes its preservation to Dr. Petrie.

"How prophetic," observes this learned writer, to whom our literature is so heavily indebted, "were the just apprehensions of the chief compiler, 'that if the work were then neglected, or consigned to a future time, a risk might be run that the materials for it should never again be brought together.' Such, indeed, would have been the sad result."—"Even this careful transcript was supposed to have shared the same fate, and its recent discovery may be considered the result of a chance almost miraculous. What a solemn lesson, then, is here given us of the necessity of giving durability, while yet in our power, to the surviving historical remains of our country, and thereby placing them beyond the reach of a fate otherwise inevitable. To me it appears a sacred duty on all cultivated minds to do so. Had this compilation been neglected, or had it, asw as supposed, shared the fate of its predecessors, what a large portion of our history would have been lost to the world for ever!"

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the first portion of the "Annals of the Four Masters," extending to the end of the year 1171, was given to the world, with a Latin version, by the Rev. Charles O'Conor, and was long considered to form the most valuable part of the volumes, entitled "Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres," published at the private cost of the Duke of Buckingham. The comparatively imperfect knowledge possessed by Dr. O'Conor, of the ancient language of Ireland, rendered him on many points an incompetent authority; hence, he has fallen into many and glaring errors. We must not, however, judge of the past by the present. To the learned family of Balenagar we owe much. They endeavoured to make us acquainted with our original Celtic documents, at a time when Irish history had been brought into contempt by the absurd theories of Vallancey and his fantastic followers. Few works, issued in the present century,

exhibit so vast an amount of profound and varied erudition as those of the classical Dr. O'Conor. And although the fortunes of the noble house of Buckingham are, at present, overshadowed by a gloomy cloud, and though the glories of the once resplendent Stowe exist but in the verse of Pope, the enlightened, and hitherto unemulated munificence of the princely English Peer, who employed his wealth in the preservation of the history of this ancient nation, will not be forgotten by those whose gratitude is most to be prized.

The "Four Masters," in their Annals, fortunately for us, transcribed verbatim the passages of the original and contemporaneous records; their work thus becomes of the utmost value to the philologer, in tracing the language at its various stages. This, however, formed one of the chief difficulties of the Editor, as many of the more ancient entries are written in a dialect long obsolete, and totally incomprehensible to scholars perfectly conversant with modern Gaelic. Thus, the learned Dr. O'Conor was, in many instances, obliged to leave words and even whole lines untranslated. It is a proud testimony of Dr. O'Donovan's proficiency in our ancient dialects, that no passage, however obscure, has baffled his profound knowledge. Not alone content with giving us a rigid and exact translation of his original, the Editor has spared no labor to collate the statements of the "Masters" with those of other annals, and we find that his notes, in general, far exceed the text. All printed works, and many ancient Celtic manuscripts, with which the compilers were themselves unacquainted, have been made ample use of. The topographical portion of the work is, perhaps, the most elaborate. Of the innumerable ancient places referred to by the Annalists, but few remain to be identified. Nearly all these localities were personally visited and inspected by the Editor, during his engagement on the Ordnance Survey, which afforded him opportunities of acquiring precise and accurate local information which will probably be never again afforded to the historic investigator. He has also made a most important use of the historical traditions, extant some time ago, among the peasantry of the more remote districts, but now totally obliterated by the late sad events which have driven their exiled depositaries to strange lands, "far away, beyond the Atlantic's foam."

Nor is Dr. O'Donovan's genealogical learning less remarkable. The clearness and precision with which he traces the various ramifications of the ancient Irish clans and their representatives, in both hemispheres, adducing evidences from Celtic records which would be totally incomprehensible to the most learned "Garter" or "Clarenceux" King at Arms,—the interesting and important pedigrees and illustrative genealogies, not elsewhere extant, which he has embodied in his notes and appendices, may well serve as models for a College of Heralds. In the present age of superficial historic works, it would at first appear incredible that a single scholar should have accomplished so vast an undertaking: especially when we recollect that he has given to the world the most comprehensive and profound treatise extant on the Hiberno-Celtic language;* and his invaluable contributions to the publications of the Irish Archæological and Celtic Societies extend to many thousand pages. It would be unjust to compare him with Du Chesne, Dom Bouquet, Mabillon, Muratori, or other editors of Continental historic literature. Their path was smooth in comparison to the labors of Dr. O'Donovan. He had no printed precedents to guide him, save such as were calculated to mislead, no compilations save those of ignorant and delusive writers. He was thus obliged to contend with the obscure and obsolete idioms of a peculiar language, and to seek his authorities and illustrations among our unclassified and unindexed Celtic monuments, half effaced by the accidents of time, and which would still remain unintelligible and inaccessible to the literary investigator, but for the labors of himself and his erudite associate, Eugene Curry. In fine, whether we regard the industry and impartiality of the original compilers, the immense learning and unwearied researches of the Editor, or the exquisite typography of the volumes, it must be admitted, that these Annals, as edited by Dr. John O'Donovan, form one of the most remarkable works, yet produced on the history of any portion of the British Isles. The mass of information which they embody

* "A Grammar of the Irish Language, published for the use of the senior classes in the College of St. Columba." Dublin: Hodges & Smith, 1845. For an account of Dr. O'Donovan's contributions to our Archæological and Celtic Societies, see the notices of the publications of these bodies, in the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. II., page 192 to 222, and No. III., page 409 to 468.

constitutes a collection of national records, the value of which can never be superseded. To the student desirous of obtaining a correct knowledge of the history of the Hiberno-Celtic race, the work is indispensable; while in it only will the philologer find materials for tracing the progress and various stages of the last remnant of the Indo-European language. Standing thus alone, it must maintain a high place among the great literary monuments of the world, so long as the study of history continues to retain the charms which it has ever possessed for men of cultivated and philosophic minds. To the Publishers of the "Annals of the Four Masters," Irish historic literature has been long under many and deep obligations. To their exertions may be traced—if not the origin—at least much of the success which has attended the exertions of our literary societies, and we have elsewhere* spoken of the large number of invaluable Celtic documents which but for them would have passed out of our country. At a period of unexampled commercial prostration and disaster, and when, especially in Ireland, the social system was shaken to its foundation, making personal interest a secondary consideration, they have again come forward to demand national gratitude by the publication of the greatest original work which has ever issued from the Irish press. No accessory, however costly,† has been omitted to

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. III., page 466.

† The most elaborate care appears to have been taken by the publishers to produce a work perfect in every department, both literary and artistical. The Irish text was collated and transcribed by Mr. Curry, whose profound acquaintance with the obsolete Celtic dialects, has been noticed in the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. III., page 414; and who supplied very many examples from ancient glossaries to elucidate the meanings of difficult words, and various manuscript authorities, unexplored by any but himself, to illustrate the ancient topography of the Annals. A peculiarly exquisite Irish type, modelled from the characters in the venerable "Book of Kells," was manufactured expressly for this work. The rules to be observed in printing the text and translation were determined upon by a Committee selected for that purpose; and, that the external appearance of the volumes might be in keeping with the character of their contents, the covers have been designed from the elaborate case of the shrine of St. *Maidoc*, or *Aidan*, the first bishop of Ferns, the age of which, in the opinion of some of the most skilful antiquaries of Great Britain, can hardly be later than the eighth century. The index is the most complete work of the kind which we have yet seen; it exceeds four hundred large quarto pages, in double columns, and the mass of figures which it contains resembles a series of logarithmic tables, rather than references to an historical compilation. The accuracy with which the whole has been produced is highly creditable to the University Press; although the work exceeds four thousand pages, we have been unable to

render the work worthy of the high position which its contents demand, or to make it a monument of our country's literature, to be transmitted with pride to future generations, who will feel grateful to all whose names are connected with the preservation of the venerable but fast decaying monuments of the history of their fatherland.

In our necessarily compendious notice of the rich and varied contents of Dr. O'Donovan's edition of the "Annals of Ireland, by the Four Masters," we have endeavoured, as far as practicable, to use the language of original and contemporary writers, intentionally eschewing minute criticisms and arid disquisitions. We believe that the true object of history is to exhibit faithful pictures of the men of past ages, as they lived and acted, with all their original and characteristic attributes, free from the gloss of specious exaggeration, and unencumbered by those shallow philosophic speculations, so often

detect any important error or misprint in either the original text, translation, or notes. The Editor acknowledges his obligations to Captain Larcom, R.E., "who has been the active promoter of Irish literature, antiquities, and statistics, ever since the summer of 1825; and who, during his connexion with the Ordnance Survey, exerted himself most laudably to illustrate and preserve the monuments of ancient Irish history and topography;" to Captain Cameron, R.E., to George Petrie, LL.D., V.P.R.I.A., to Rev. J. H. Todd, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and to the learned Mr. Hardiman—to the three last, in conjunction with the Marquis of Kildare, and the Earl of Dunraven, the Annals are dedicated. "When Brother Michael O'Clery, the chief of the Four Masters, had finished the Annals of Ireland, he dedicated the work to Farrell O'Gara, Chief of Coolavin, there being," says Dr. O'Donovan, "no O'Donnell in the country to patronize his labours; and he adds, that his having done so should not excite jealousy or envy in the mind of any one, considering the nobleness of the race from which O'Gara was sprung, and that it was he that rewarded the chroniclers who assisted in the compilation. From the first moment that I undertook the present work, I had it in contemplation," continues the Editor, "to dedicate it to some persons who had eminently distinguished themselves by their exertions in promoting the study of Irish history and antiquities; and I feel confident that, although there are living at the present day many of the ancient Irish, as well as of the Anglo-Irish race, illustrious for their birth, talents, and patriotism, it will excite neither jealousy nor envy in any of them, that I should commit this work to the world under your names; for you have stood prominently forward to promote the cause of ancient Irish literature, at a period when it had fallen into almost utter neglect, and have succeeded in rescuing a very considerable portion of our history and antiquities from the obscurity and oblivion to which they had been for some time consigned. Permit me, then, to dedicate this work to you, that, as the Editor of the Annals of the Four Masters, I may be known to posterity as one who enjoyed your friendship, and felt grateful for the services you have rendered to Ireland," &c. It must be a source of sincere gratification to these distinguished individuals to have merited this eulogium, and to have their names associated with a work of such enduring value and historical importance.

delusive. Hence, the peculiar value of the "Annals of the Four Masters," in presenting us with unadorned and truthful narratives, —related in the very language spoken by the men whose acts they chronicle—unvarnished and unaffected by the contaminating influences of adventitious foreign models.

We have confined ourselves in the present paper to the consideration of the fortunes of the ancient natives of this island, as represented in their own Annals, and whose history has been never before noticed in a compendious though truthful manner. On the affairs of the early English settlers—who have left behind them neither literary remains nor historical documents worthy to be compared with those of the old Irish—we have not touched, save where necessary for the comprehension of our subject. They have had many chroniclers who would fain persuade us, that the history of Ireland consists of the details of the proceedings of certain officials, styled Deputies, whose authority, for many ages, did not extend beyond the compass of a few shires in Leinster.

In the true history of this nation, each ancient clan must re-appear on the portion of the island which it originally occupied—no section of the various races which have passed away on the Irish soil must be forgotten. The native Chieftain, surrounded by his devoted clansmen, bards, and learned *Brehons*—guarded by his light-footed kern and grim, axe-bearing galloglass; the Anglo-Norman Chevalier, in his embattled keep, girt with his men at arms, with glaive and shield, martel de fer, and haubergeon; the stout burghers, in their walled towns—founded by the roving sea-kings—the resort in the middle ages of the trading "French, Spaniards, Portugals, and Flemings;" the stalworth settlers in the fields of Ulster, whose sons "rose in dark and evil days to right their native land"—all must live again, with their original impassioned vigor and intensity, when History unrolls to us her ample page, "rich with the spoils of time." For such a truthful chronicle, materials are gradually accumulating. The great progress made, during the last ten years, in the study of our national records is apparent to the most superficial observer. This desire of self-knowledge has already struck deep and lasting root among those who in Ireland pretend to the cultivation of letters; although, as in all progressive movements destined to be permanent,

its extension has hitherto been gradual, but unreceding. The former neglect of Irish history and literature was attended with many evil results. Our aristocracy, divested of all exalted and ennobling national recollections, forgot their duty to a land whose past records they were designedly taught to regard as a mass of degrading associations; the lower classes, ignorant of the true history of their country, became the pliant tools of sordid demagogues and insidious fomenters of anarchy, from whom they learned to connect the present condition of the island with phases of opinion and states of society long since obliterated by the powerful hand of time.

Independently, therefore, of having created in Ireland a school of literature in its noblest form, the men who have stood forth in advocacy of the cultivation of our true history, have deserved well of all lovers of social order and progress, for having put us in possession of the real sources of those events which, in past ages, proved fatal to the peace of various sections of the Irish people.

Their publications have thus imparted permanent lessons of calm, practical philosophy, which cannot fail to produce salutary fruit, in promoting self-reliance, union, and philanthropy among all classes of our fellow-men.

ART. VI.—THE POOR LAW IN IRELAND, AND THE CONSOLIDATED ANNUITIES.

IN July, 1838, the Imperial Parliament enacted the first Irish Poor Law, the gravest experiment perhaps ever made in the economic and social condition of a people.

The circumstances under which this perilous law were introduced into Ireland were strange, and in themselves ominous of evil. In the face of the Report of their own Commissioners of Inquiry, and in opposition to the opinions of the most eminent political economists of the day, the Government resolved to introduce the Poor Law system; yet, painfully impressed with the hazardous nature of the experiment they were about to make, while professedly enact-

ing a system of compulsory charity, they limited the right to relief under it within the narrowest bounds, and, in a nation where millions might be classed as paupers, only conceded relief to such of them as came under the description of "destitute." As might easily, we should suppose, have been foreseen, the Government have not been able to maintain such a position; various amending statutes "for the more effectual relief of the poor in Ireland," with "Acts for advances in aid of rates to distressed unions," have succeeded each other, till at length not only the English Poor Law system, with all its worst vices, has been extended to Ireland, but one which has almost gone the lengths, without any of the supposed advantages of an agrarian law, in its wholesale confiscation of property. Terribly fulfilled indeed have been the worst predictions of Whately, of Chalmers, O'Connell, and others, who so strongly opposed themselves to the introduction of the Poor Law into Ireland—"the worst visitor," to use the language of Chalmers, "in the midst of all her grievances and wrongs that ever lighted on her shores."

But whatever opinion we entertain of the wisdom of introducing the Poor Law system into this country originally, now that it has been introduced we regard it as a permanent institution, and would not for a moment be understood as seeking to have it abrogated. We shall, as we conceive, do better service to our country on the present occasion, as we trace the history of the Poor Law in Ireland, by pointing out the enormous abuses and evils under which the system labors, as at present administered, and by suggesting their appropriate remedies. Viewing, indeed, the melancholy condition of so large a portion of our population, we feel the force of a remark of a benevolent traveller in Italy, when contemplating the vast pauperism of that country, that "without some sort of general *legal* relief, all private charity is hopeless," and even admitting that there is a vicious element in the principle of the Poor Laws, which we are not disposed to deny, still we say with Lord Hale, "better relieve twenty drones than let one bee perish."

But Lord Hale, in this quaint but humane saying, alluded to the 43rd of Elizabeth, the first English Poor Law, an act which was drawn up by the great Lord Bacon, and which was emphatically styled at the time, an Act for the Extirpation of Beggary. A system

more opposite both in principle and practice to the Irish Poor Law cannot be conceived. Labour was made the invariable condition to relief under the first; extremity of destitution under the latter. The statesmen of Elizabeth, in framing the English Poor Law Act, were careful not to contravene the Divine ordinance, that man in the "sweat of his face should eat bread?" The administrators of the Irish Poor Laws treat the poor as patients in an hospital of incurables: all industrial employment—all training with a view either to their present support or future improvement, is disregarded, their case is viewed as hopeless, so that, to vary the language of Lord Hale, while twenty drones are relieved, the *one bee does not perish*, because at length confounded with the drones in the poorhouse,* thus reversing altogether the order and course of apiary economy.

A system of Poor Laws, to work beneficially, or indeed to work at all, in Ireland, should have been a system specially adapted to the peculiar circumstances and exigencies of this country; and further, should have been accompanied by measures calculated to stimulate the energies, and develop the industrial resources of the people. This was strongly insisted upon by the advocates of the measure, as essentially necessary, but the Government unfortunately paid as little attention to the suggestions of the friends of the measure as to the prophetic warnings and opposition of its enemies. The truth is, the Irish Poor Law was opposed alike to the wishes and character of the people of this country. It was a measure conceived and carried in submission to the wishes and interests of English parties. The people of England were disgusted by the annual shoals of half-starved and half-clad labourers and mendicants cast upon their shores, reminding them at once of their misgovernment of Ireland, and the world at large of the miserable condition of a third of the United Kingdom.

The English labouring population were naturally jealous of this invasion of their labour market, which tended to bring down their condition to a level with that of their unhappy fellow-subjects. In short, Ireland sat, like Mordecai, "in the king's gate," and her wealthy neighbour could no longer enjoy her good things in peace. If there is one characteristic of the English people more prominent than an-

* So called in Ireland. The Work-house is only the official denomination—this distinction is significant.

other, it is their worship of wealth, and repugnance to poverty in all its shapes. Regarded in other countries as a misfortune, in England poverty is viewed and treated as a crime. To give her contentment then—to remove this painful apparition of her wretched sister from her presence, was absolutely essential. Keep the Irish at home!—(at least those who do not come over with full pockets or absentee rents,) let them not flout us with their rags—let them not startle us in the streets with their squalid looks, and piteous cries for charity—let them have a Poor Law—let them remain at home! There may have been other and better means of effecting this "consummation devoutly to be wished," but to John Bull the readiest and cheapest mode appeared an Irish Poor Law; and so the Imperial Parliament passed the "Act for the relief of the destitute Poor of Ireland." The clamour of the English people was for the time appeased, while the framers of the Act flattered themselves that they had neutralised its perils by rendering it almost inoperative. As we have already intimated, the *right* to relief was in the first place absolutely denied, all relief outside the work-house strictly forbidden, and admission only attained by submitting to the most painful and repugnant conditions. Too well aware of the impossibility of extending relief by the agency of such a system to the great mass of Irish pauperism, the authors of the measure had laboured to cut down the numbers of those who should obtain assistance to the lowest point, and to make the relief itself as little desirable as possible. To use the words of M. de Beaumont, "with one hand they offered the poor an alms, with the other they opened a prison!"* To a certain extent this policy was successful. For a few years the action of the Poor Law was scarcely felt. The people—even the most wretched—evinced an insuperable repugnance to availing themselves of its provisions—the Act remained comparatively a dead letter.

"Is there a possibility," asks the writer just named, "that two or three millions of individuals may find in Ireland their subsistence in a system of public charity? No; and to demonstrate this a

* "Irlande, Sociale, Politique, et Religeuse." We have quoted from this writer a good deal, though by no means approving of the greater portion of his work. Yet it is much to be feared, that Lord Clarendon and the organs of his Government have from this source derived much of their centralizing policy and rancorous anti-landlord sentiments.

simple calculation is sufficient." M. de Beaumont then enters into a short calculation: assuming that to provide two millions of paupers, in what he terms "the most vile nourishment," "la plus vile nourriture," it would require five sous, or something less than two-pence half-penny a day each.* At this rate the sum total for the annual maintenance of this wretched multitude would amount to the enormous sum of 200,000,000 francs, or at par, for brevity, to £8,000,000 sterling!

"Quelle loi des pauvres sera jamais, en Irlande établie á ce prix? qui en paierait les frais? On ne pense pas que l'Angleterre accroisse sa dette publique de quatre a cinq milliards pour se mettre en mesure de faire l'aumone á l'Irlande, *et si une pareille tâche était imposée aux proprietaires Irlandais dont elle absorberait tous les revenus, autant et mieux vaudrait peut être décreter aussitôt la loi agraire?*"

Well might this Frenchman thus reason upon the apparent impossibility of carrying to any efficacious extent the law of public charity in Ireland. Well might he regard as incredible the gigantic undertaking, of providing food in such a country for two millions of paupers in unproductive idleness. Yet we have seen this amazing enterprize, not only attempted, but persisted in; and tried to be carried through, no matter what destruction or sacrifice it involved. Ledru Rollin's projects, and Louis Blanc's Ateliers Nationaux, were rational and sober schemes, in comparison with the proposed objects of the existing Irish Poor Law. We think, however, that it was far from the original intention of the authors of the first Irish Poor-law to carry it to any such extent. It may be questioned indeed, if they contemplated more than the erection of large eleemosynary establishments, upon the model of the magnificent institutions of Florence and Genoa; and probably such establishments would have been more in unison with the religious feelings and

* Low as this scale of living is, it is generous in comparison with the actual allowance for the support of a pauper in the Irish workhouses. On the 12th of April last, the author of these remarks obtained from the clerk of the Kilmallock Union, in which he has property, a return of the state of the house, it appeared that on that day there were 4,960 inmates, maintained at a cost of 1s. ¼d. weekly each! Yet it is needless to say that the rates were enormous—in one of the best circumstanced electoral divisions they amounted to 8s. 2d. within the year.

character of the Irish people. But unfortunately the measure enacted was of a totally different character. Coupled with the amended Act it embodied all the worst vices of the English Poor Law, without any of its merits, and was sure to bring with it bitter fruits in due season. That season, and a fearful one, soon came. The potato, the miserable staple food of the Irish people, failed. The most dreadful famine recorded in history set in, and under its dire pressure the repugnance of the miserable people to the poor-houses was overcome, till, in the extremity of their sufferings, they rushed to them pêle-mêle. Then ensued scenes which baffle all description. Within the reeking enclosures of the Union work-houses were now assembled multitudinous crowds of both sexes, bringing together all the miseries, all the sufferings, and all the corruptions of poverty, until at length, when these vast buildings were crowed to overflowing, entire towns and desolated villages were converted into auxiliary work-houses. Rate after rate was struck for the support of these multitudes; till at length property became valueless under the burthen of fresh exactions, and all domestic or local sources of sustaining this vast pauper population failing, the resources of the empire had to be appealed to. We are bound to say, that the legislature itself had, at the first appearance of the potato disease, taken the alarm; and, as if conscious that the only effectual way of relieving the sufferings of the Irish people was by giving them remunerative employment, at the close of the session of 1846, it passed an "Act to facilitate the Employment of the labouring Poor in the distressed districts." As the conflict which has just arisen between the Treasury, represented by the Poor Law Commissioners, on the one side, and the Irish Poor Law Guardians, representing the ratepayers, on the other, has its origin principally in the advances made by Government under this Act, it may be proper for us to examine it a little more in detail, to enable us to form a correct judgment of the points in dispute.

What the exact amount of these advances may be, in common, no doubt, with the majority of our readers, we are not precisely aware; indeed, Lord John Russell himself states it rather vaguely in one of his recent letters to Lord Lucan; but taking it as assumed, at upwards of £8,000,000 sterling, it certainly gives us a striking idea of the

awful extent of the calamities by which we have been visited, as well as of the sacrifices made by the Imperial Parliament to aid in repairing them.* But having made this admission most unreservedly, and from a sense of duty, we must not on that account forbear to say that we think the Poor Law guardians have the strongest grounds of complaint against the Government, as well for the reckless manner in which these enormous sums were administered, as for the unseasonable moment, and ungenerous way, in which repayment of these advances has been now demanded.

The principle of the Labour Rate Act, notwithstanding the obloquy it has encountered, we hold to have been good. We are not among those who regard with apprehension or jealousy, in a country circumstanced like Ireland, the Government becoming, even on a large scale, the great employer of the people. Among the many administrative changes, which have of late been so much discussed, we are surprised that it has not occurred to our politicians to supply a deficiency that has so long been felt, namely, our want of a regular and *responsible* Minister of Public Works? This is the only country in Europe, we think, without such a functionary, and we are disposed to believe, that had there been such a member in the Government directly responsible to Parliament, many of the evils which we are now suffering from, and particularly the maladministration of the Act we are considering, would never have occurred.

But, while thus far allowing the principle of the Labour Rate Act to have been justifiable, it is now quite evident that it proceeded on a most mistaken assumption—namely, that the distress it was designed to alleviate was local and temporary; confined to certain districts of the country, and of a transitory character. This is clear from the title and preamble of the Act itself; and it is easily accounted for. There was great uncertainty for some time as to the real extent of the calamity which had befallen Ireland. All shrunk, as long as they could, from admitting the terrible reality; so that we are not to be surprised that the legislature, acting upon the informa-

* Nor must we forget that, exclusive of enormous charitable donations, Ireland herself paid in poor rates, in one year (1849), upwards of two millions!

tion supplied to it by the Government—even while passing an Act capable of very general application—should, nevertheless, have assumed that it would only be operative in a few "distressed districts" of the country. We are bound to believe, that, could it have foreseen the awful extent of the impending disaster—that, in place of being either temporary or local, for three consecutive years, two-thirds of Ireland should have been more or less subjected to famine, eventuating in the most unparalleled diminution of population and wealth recorded in history*—it would have devised and passed a very different measure, one better suited to the crisis, and of a more enlarged and Imperial character, than the Labour Rate Act. We hear much of repudiation, and many bitter reproaches of our forgetfulness of our just obligations. We will not descend to retort these accusations; much less will we believe that the Imperial Parliament, with a full and accurate knowledge of the calamity which was about to involve a third of the United Kingdom, would have thrown the exclusive charge of relieving it on that portion alone. The Rate-in-Aid Act certainly implies such a doctrine—and one more dangerous to the existence of the union between Great Britain and Ireland, cannot be conceived—but we believe that the principle of that most unpopular and mischievous measure is now regarded as untenable, even by English statesmen; and, if the two countries are to continue united on mutually advantageous and honorable terms, the representatives of the people of both countries must be vigilant that it be not made a precedent for further legislation. "When it happens," says Montesquieu, "that some large portions of the community suffer, *c'est pour lors que l'etat a besoin d'apporter un prompt secours.*" Yes, it is for the *State*, out of the general resources of the Empire, to meet so unforeseen and general a calamity as that which has visited Ireland; and we are satisfied that when Englishmen come to view the question dispassionately, and apart from all narrow-minded and selfish considerations, their wonted sense of justice will lead them to admit the strong claim that Ireland has, if not for remission, at least for the most indulgent settlement of her liabilities under the Acts we are considering. We have felt it our duty to dwell on this preliminary

* See Appendix, No. 3.

objection to the Labour Rate Act, which will however equally apply to the Relief Advance Acts, from its important bearing on the question of payment, now at issue between the Treasury and the Poor Law guardians. We now pass on to the gross abuses in the administration of these Acts, which the guardians bring forward to fortify their position against the Government—and which, we confess, appears to us the strongest part of their case. We have already said that we consider the main principle of the Labour Rate Act to have been justifiable (*assuming that the distress was, indeed, local and temporary*) —and we are fully satisfied that it was passed by the legislature with an anxious desire not only to meet the emergency, but to confer lasting benefit on the districts where it was put in operation. We are to arraign, not the Parliament, but the Government of the day, if, under the discretion left to it by the 6th section of the Act, the munificent sums voted by the legislature have been wasted in useless roads, rather than in remunerative works, calculated to develop the resources of the country. That works of such a character were recommended and urged upon the attention of the Government we have the admission of their own organs, even if we could forget that they had already in their offices a vast variety of plans, including the report of the Bog Commissioners, which alone cost the country upwards of £30,000. "Plans," says the *Globe*, commenting on the recent admirable memorial of Lord Rosse* and the guardians of the Parsonstown Union, "for new bridges, new roads, *or redemption of waste lands* were sent in, and that by persons best qualified to estimate the wants of their several neighbourhoods, to an amount that would have cleared out the bank of England!" Now, why were the best of these plans set aside, and the reclamation of waste lands, the deepening of rivers, the erection of piers on the coast and in tidal rivers, but, above all, the cultivation of the land, neglected, and the whole energies of the people wasted in the comparatively unprofitable labour of road making? It does not seem to have been the intention of the legislature to restrict the choice of the cess-payers to any particular species of public works. Why, then, did the Government, in exercising their power of approval and selection, do so?

*See Appendix, No. 3.

We regret to say it, but it is greatly to be feared, that against their own better judgment, the Government was at this melancholy crisis influenced, if not coerced, by the anti-landlord-phobia of the *Times*, and the Manchester school of politicians, in their conduct towards Ireland.

Under this baneful influence it became a leading object in the administration of the funds voted by Parliament, to guard as far as possible against the devoted landlords obtaining any possible benefit for their expenditure. This policy was followed too far even for Mr. Poulet Scroope, who, in 1847, thus wrote in one of his letters to Lord J. Russell:—"The great object to be had in view, *is to create employment and food for the people; employment in the production of food if possible.*" "Will you wait, my lord," he demands, "for some terrible convulsion before you appropriate the waste lands of Ireland, *the people's farm*, to the use of the people?" But the Government were not to be moved from their course. The system of road making was obstinately persisted in, till the Act itself expired, and left the greater part of these roads unfinished and useless! Then, and not before, the cost was counted—then it was found that upwards of four millions sterling* had thus been unprofitably wasted, in a few brief months, by the very men who had opposed the wise and munificent railway scheme of Lord George Bentinck as reckless and extravagant! Thus was abused and perverted, what the *Globe* calls "the most humane legislation on record in history." Is it surprising that the Irish people do not show themselves sufficiently grateful for these misdirected sacrifices? or that the Poor Law Guardians should hesitate before forestalling the rates, and permanently mortgaging them to meet annuities in respect of these advances for forty years to come? Is it surprising that some of the Boards of Guardians should have met the demands of the Treasury with passive resistance, even while expressing in their remonstrances submission to the law?

Nor must we forget, when considering the condition of this country, and her inability to meet any additional fiscal burthens, to remind our readers at the other side of the Channel, that Ireland has had to bear the brunt of the recent free trade policy, which commercial

*See Apendix, No. 1.

and manufacturing England, with a view to her own special interests, has forced upon us.*

Admitting, then, as we freely do, that the Parliament and people of England acted towards Ireland, throughout these disastrous events, in a spirit of the most munificent charity, and not forgetting that half of the enormous debt of £8,000,000, which the misfortunes of Ireland, including official mismanagement, entailed upon her, has been generously forgiven, we hold, nevertheless, that the period selected to begin repaying the other moiety was most unfortunate. Ireland is but slowly recovering (if at all) from a succession of the heaviest trials that any nation ever passed through; she surveys her once green and teeming fields, which now lie wasted and desolate, presenting the appearance of a vast field of battle; she counts up the terrible lists of her slain or missing, and finds, that in a few brief years, twenty per cent. of her population have been swept for ever from her bosom! Half of her landlords are ruined; her farmers, undismayed by the storms of approaching winter, are still flying across the Atlantic; her traders and shopkeepers are bankrupt; her artisans and labourers reduced to the condition of paupers; her banking circulation, always miserably inadequate to her wants, has been diminished nearly four millions;† her soil itself has been still more fearfully depreciated. To select such a time to call in payment of these Parliamentary advances was at once impolitic and ungenerous, even if nothing could be alleged against the

* Since the above remarks were written, in common with the community at large, we have derived much pleasure from the announcement made by the Treasury of a partial remission, subject to the approbation of Parliament, of the Labour Rate and Relief Annuities. It is to be confidently hoped that Parliament, when it meets, will deal with the whole question in an enlarged and liberal spirit, and thereby increase and restore confidence to the agriculturists of Ireland. And here we would strongly urge the imperative obligation imposed upon Government—to complete such of these roads as are really useful and required. On the plainest principles of justice and of law, we say, that the Government are bound to finish these works. They put themselves, with respect to them, in the position of a contractor, and the first duty of a contractor is to complete his contract—that is, to finish the work he has agreed to do. If he contracts to do a specific work, it is laid down by established authorities, that he must perform the *whole* of the work, before he is entitled to receive payment of any part of the price: so long as the work is unfinished, he is entitled to nothing.

† See Appendix, No. 2.

principle or the application of these advances. But we have abundantly shown how far this is from being the case. We hold, with Lord Rosse,* that "it has always been the policy of the English poor-law to localise relief for ordinary purposes;" but that to strike local rates to meet the expenditure consequent on a general calamity (and such, undoubtedly, is a famine) is a perversion of the fundamental principles of the Poor Law. Surely, it is to mar the great act of imperial munificence, to try and extract from this impoverished country, when hardly recovered from such a series of calamities, the cost of the relief which we admit was so liberally extended to her. We feel satisfied that the attempt must ultimately be abandoned, but it should never have been made. Better, far better, for the dignity and honor of England, to have sponged out the entire debt, great as it is, than to have thus mocked her suffering debtor with a demand for payment which she cannot meet—awakening, too, the bitter recollection of how the vast sums so generously voted for her assistance, and which should have permanently blessed and elevated her, have been squandered or perverted.

We make these remarks with feelings of pain. For many of the members of the present administration we entertain unfeigned respect. We cannot readily forget the long and eminent services of the noble Premier in the great cause of civil and religious liberty. We believe that he is actuated in his high office, even in matters where we may differ from him, by a pure and lofty ambition; and that, feeling, as he must, the deep interest that England—nay, the Empire—has in the well-being of Ireland, he is sincerely and ardently desirous to promote it to the utmost of his power. He has made warm and sincere professions of this desire; and we think that his well meant though abortive attempt to pass a measure of waste land reclamation, as well as Sir John Romilly's bill, with respect to the purchase of estates in the Encumbered Estates Court, sufficiently attest the sincerity of his desire to ameliorate the condition of Ireland; but some evil genius has presided over his Irish

* Lord Rosse has already conferred, by his genius, high honor on his country; and in his temperate and argumentative memorial as Chairman of the Parsonstown Union, he has rendered her still further service. (See Appendix, No. 3.)

Government, and baffled or neutralized all his good intentions. That this sinister influence may be soon removed we ardently hope, not only for the sake of Lord J. Russell's character as a statesman, but for the sake of our suffering country.

We must now bring these remarks to a rapid close. The subject we have been considering—the working of the Poor Laws in Ireland—is of so vast and all-absorbing an importance, that we shall be compelled soon to recur to it. We trust, when we next address ourselves to this great subject, that it may be freed from the extraneous question of Treasury advances and Treasury claims, which have excited so much angry discussion, and which, we are conscious, have embarrassed and hindered us in giving it the calm and anxious consideration which we purposed. In closing our observations, however, on the Irish Poor Law, we cannot insist too strongly on the absolute necessity there is for its radical revision. If this law is to work beneficially, or rather, if its working at all is to be a possibility,* the poor-houses must be made to a great extent self-supporting institutions. Land, as in America, must be attached to them; not the miserable twenty-five acres at present allowed by the Commissioners, but land commensurate with the pauperism to be relieved, and the general circumstances of the several unions. The area of these unions must be reduced; for it is impossible at present for the local guardians to exercise a vigilant inspection, either in the management of the house, or the state of the poor of their own electoral divisions. Without adopting the parochial system of England, it is absolutely necessary to more equitably apportion the burthen of supporting the poor. A cheaper machinery must be found to work the law in all its details: the establishment charges

* On the absolute necessity for auxiliary and external measures to the beneficial working of the Poor Laws in Ireland, we may quote the author of "the Irish Crisis," Sir C. Trevelyan, to whom, whether justly or not, the landed proprietors of this country attribute the hostile legislation of recent years. "The Poor Law," he writes, cannot alone bear the whole weight of the existing pauperism of Ireland; and its unproductive expenditure, however indispensable, must be supported by adequate industrial efforts, in order to prevent all classes of society from being involved in one common ruin."—*Irish Crisis*, p. 168. Our views on the Poor Laws and the evils of Ireland differ widely from this writer, but the absolute necessity of other means to remedy them cannot be more clearly expressed than in this passage.

at present are out of all proportion to the expenditure in maintenance (see Appendix). But having made all these reforms, it is nevertheless to other and very different measures, which should accompany these salutary changes, that we must mainly look for the social regeneration of Ireland. The Drainage Act, the Railway Advances Acts, were all measures dictated in a spirit of wisdom as well as generosity. The Government must proceed still further in this direction. It need not fear that for such expenditure it will not be amply repaid. It is from such measures—but above all, from the spread of education and peaceful and industrious habits amongst the people—that we confidently look for the prosperity of our country. We say confidently, for, undismayed even by the appalling returns of the recent Census, we will not despair of the fortunes of our country. The country of Ussher and Berkeley, of Boyle and Swift, of Burke and Sheridan, of Grattan and Curran, of Goldsmith and Moore, of Charlemont and Rosse, of Wellington and Gough, not to mention a host of other illustrious names, cannot thus be blotted out from the list of nations. We say confidently, for when we reflect upon the wonderful elasticity exhibited by Ireland in bearing up under such a rapid succession of misfortunes—when we think of her still boundless resources and varied natural capabilities—we are sanguine enough to believe that even many of her children of the present generation, who have witnessed the dire disasters we have been considering, will also live to see her prosperity placed on a surer and more durable basis, than it has ever yet been in any portion of her history.

APPENDIX No. I.

POOR-LAW STATISTICS.

The disastrous and rapid increase of the poor-rates will be seen from the following short table :—

In 1840	the Expenditure	amounted to	£37,057
1841	,,	,,	110,278
1842	,,	,,	281,233
1843	,,	,,	244,374
1844	,,	,,	271,334
1845	,,	,,	316,025
1846	,,	,,	435,001
1847	,,	,,	803,684
1848	,,	,,	1,826,634
1849	,,	,,	2,177,651

In the last-named year, perhaps that of the greatest distress, there was actually wrung from the suffering ratepayers, the enormous sum of £1,674,063, which, with the receipts from other sources, brings up the total to the immense sum stated above.

There was also due to the Consolidated Fund from Ireland, for Public Works, under the Labour Rate Act (as we believe), on the 5th January, 1850, £4,217,119.

The Poor-law Union Workhouses, without counting Auxiliaries, are more than double the number contemplated by Mr. Nicholls, and yet their average area is forty-five square miles each.

In 1845 the number of paupers relieved amounted to 114,205, in 1846 to 243,933, in 1849 to 2,142,766!!

A further and more particular analysis of the Expenditure in 1849 gives us these results:—

The number of *In-door* paupers receiving relief amounted to	932,284
The number receiving *Outdoor* relief, to	1,210,482
Grand Total	2,142,766

The Expenditure was as follows:—

In Maintenance, charged to Electoral Divisions, ...	£680,960
In ditto, charged to Unions at large, ...	116,336
In Out-door Relief, charged to Electoral Divisions, ...	655,654
In ditto, charged to Unions at large	23,949
Establishment charges	376,745
Other expenses, ...	324,007
	£2,177,651

It is unnecessary to direct our readers' attention to the enormous disproportion of the last two items.

The frightful mortality in the workhouses in the years 1848 and 1849 will be seen by the following summary:—

In 1848–49 the ratio of mortality amongst the inmates rose from 3·4 per 1000, on 7th October, to 12·4 per 1000 on the 5th May following. In 1849–50, the ratio advanced from 3·5 to 6·1 on 23rd March, since which date, in the mercy of Providence, it has gradually declined.

POOR LAW EXPENDITURE, 1850 AND 1851 (TO 29TH SEPTEMBER).

	In Maintenance.	Out-door Relief.	Other Expenses.	TOTAL.
	£	£	£	£
Ulster, ...	66,105	131	57,020	123,256
Munster, ...	339,281	6,047	188,577	533,905
Leinster, ...	168,858	4,716	104,017	277,591
Connaught, ...	111,158	1,245	67,737	176,140
Total, 1851...	685,402	12,139	413,357	1,110,892
Total, 1850...	710,945	120,705	598,390	1,430,108
Decrease,.....	25,543	108,634	185,039	319,216

APPENDIX No. II.

BANKING STATISTICS.—DECREASE OF THE CIRCULATION.

The banking capital of Ireland has long been miserably inadequate to her exigencies. "Ireland," writes Mr. Montgomery Martin, "for more than 8,000,000 people, has not £5,000,000 of banking capital, for £2,000,000 of the Bank of Ireland capital is lent to Government. Ireland has not, in fact, ten shillings per head of banking capital; while Scotland, for less than 3,000,000 people, has (£13,000,000) at least five pounds per head of banking capital, in addition to superior and more numerous monetary establishments."

But let us look at the returns of the banks of issue, under the provisions of the 8 and 9 Vict., c. 37, and we shall find that this miserable and stinted capital has rapidly declined.

On the 3d January, 1846, the total issue of all the Irish banks amounted to	£7,404,366
Amount of specie held by them, ...	2,489,254
Total, ...	£9,893,620
While, for the corresponding period in the year 1850, the amounts respectively under these heads had fallen to,	£4,669,824
And	1,494,861
Showing a decrease in the banking circulation of Ireland to the amount of	£3,728,935 !!!

The results are similar when we look at the Savings' Bank returns:—On the 29th of November, 1845, the number of depositors in the Savings' Banks in Ireland was 96,422, and the total amount of the sums deposited was £2,922,581. In 1849 the number of depositors had fallen to 45,548, and the total of the sums deposited to £1,200,273. We have not seen more recent returns, but we greatly fear they would only tell the same tale, even if the shameful treatment experienced by the depositors in the Cuffe-street and Killarney Savings' Banks had not shaken the confidence of the industrial classes of the Irish people in these establishments.

APPENDIX No. III.

LOCAL TAXATION.—LORD ROSSE.

Among the many eminent services to his country, rendered by this distinguished nobleman, we must not forget his patriotic efforts to lessen the intolerable burthen of local taxation under which she labours. In 1849 his lordship brought this subject before Parliament in a very able manner. The following is a short summary of the statistics on which he mainly based his arguments, and claimed relief for the people of this country. The gross income of Great Britain, as stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, amounts to £250,000,000, that of Ireland, according to Mr. John Stewart, a witness before the Committee on the Poor Laws, to only £20,000,000. The revenue of Great Britain and Ireland is, upon the average, £52,000,000; of this Ireland pays, actually collected within herself, £4,164,264, to which is to be added the amount of income drawn over to Great Britain, not less

than one million sterling. His lordship then compares the amount of rateable property and local taxation in England and Ireland respectively. In the former his lordship states the rateable property at one hundred and five millions sterling, and the amount of local taxation at twelve millions sterling; in Ireland the rateable property, as stated by his lordship, is less than ten millions, while the local taxation is upwards of three millions sterling—amounting to 8s. 4d. in the pound, or four times as large as it is in England! These startling figures speak for themselves.

In 1822, Goulburn, in speaking to a motion of Sir J. Newport's, said, "The Union-contribution of 2-17ths for Ireland is now confessed, on all hands, to have been unjust." In the reduction of taxation, from the Union to 1843, the relief given to Ireland was to that of Great Britain as 1 to 18, while her share of the taxes imposed has been higher than as 1 to 7. See also Mr. John O'Connell's "Argument for Ireland."

APPENDIX No. IV.

FREE TRADE IN CORN.

"The average price of corn is now only 35*s.* 6*d.* per quarter, or lower than it has been for fifteen years. This is caused by the anxiety of farmers to realize, in consequence of pecuniary pressure, and their fear of foreign imports."—*Mark-lane Express, Oct.* 1851.

ART. VI.—MR. MONTAGUE DEMPSEY'S EXPERIENCES OF THE LANDED INTEREST.

CHAPTER VI.

MY IRISH PROPERTY—HOW I——BUT THE LESS THAT IS SAID ABOUT THAT, THE BETTER.

THE daring traveller, whom business or pleasure may have induced, within the last few years, to penetrate as far westward as the town of Clonbosh, (and such adventurers are becoming by no means uncommon,) very possibly has observed a thin, timid-looking house, which seems to be squeezing and flattening itself against the gable of the great American Flour Store, in order to get out of the way of the huge gibbet-like market crane. On a deal board, over the door of this edifice, he may have read the words, "CLONBOSH INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY," the last half-dozen letters of the inscription treading on each other's heels, and tumbling against one another for want of room, like so many charity-school children at a church door. Should his visit have taken place on a Tuesday or a Thursday, he may have

caught a glimpse, over the green calico window-blind, of the small, Oxford-gray figure of the Rev. Mark Sweeny, seated at a sort of compromise between a desk and a counter, making entries in the smallest of ledgers, or distributing knitting-needles and worsted among sundry wild-looking females, of various ages and dimensions.

If the daring traveller had ever heard of the Clonbosh Ladies' Education and Fancy Work Society, it is very probable the impression on his mind would be, that the Rev. Mark, the green calico blind, and the wild-looking women, were, one and all, appendages of the Society. But this would be, like the impressions of many other daring travellers in Ireland, altogether false. The Amazons of Clonbosh would never have entrusted any duty, even so unimportant as that of handling worsted, to any meek little man in Oxford-gray; they would never have conspired to place knitting-needles in the hands of those wild-looking women, or connived at anything so paltry as a stocking manufacture. They might have encouraged doings in Berlin wool; but in mere yarn, never! And yet they failed in their efforts. How darkly the clouds seem to gather round the horizon of Erin's future, while we pause to reflect upon that fact! They failed! They failed—and took up their worsted brigands, their wax flowers, and their flirtations, just at the point where they had left them off, some months before, to play at committees. Then it was that Mr. Sweeny hung out his green window-blind; and having rallied round that standard a few of the less ambitious Amazons, succeeded in carrying out his original design, though he himself persisted in calling it merely an offshoot of the defunct society; and being somewhat flowery in his discourse, used to institute comparisons between a Phœnix and the shabby-looking little building, where he might be seen, two days in the week, making up huge parcels of Irish manufacture, and directing the same to some long-named Association in Dublin. Here it was that the poor little man used to wrestle alone with the columns of a complicated account, while he was preparing his monthly report; here he used to struggle for hours with bales of strong-scented frieze and drugget. It was here that during the winter of the famine (winter in every sense), encouraged by few, and assisted by none, he used to stand over the huge soup chaldron, an amiable duodecimo edition of the three Witches in Mac-

beth, bound in one. When the Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop of Innisboffin, was partaking of a round of visitation soirèes in the neighbourhood, I wonder did he hear anything of Mr. Sweeny and that little boiler; though, if he did, what was it to him? Mr. Sweeny was only doing his duty—nothing more—and therefore he had his reward.

Peace to the ashes of the Clonbosh Ladies' Society! (Why should not I be allowed to have my "ashes," when Mr. Sweeny has the undisturbed use of a Phœnix?) If the appearance my parlour used to present on a Board-day be any criterion, the liveliness of the House of Commons would be materially increased by the admission of lady-members; but should we be blessed with such an improvement in our Constitution, Mr. Speaker must be a person of strong nerves and great determination; or, what would, perhaps, answer the purpose better, a "ladies' man" of long experience. Had I been fitted by nature and education to figure in the latter capacity, it is possible that I might have actually enjoyed my position as Secretary. I cannot say positively, for I have never studied accurately the habits of the genus "ladies' man," for I do not consider Jubb, at Filer and Noggs's to be a specimen; I never thought much of his pretensions to the character after I discovered that the Miss Plinlimon he used to rave about was nothing more than an apprentice to a bonnet-maker in Cranbourne-street. I should like to see him in my place, when Mrs. Colonel Dodd publicly (that is to say, before the whole committee) accused Mrs. Howlan of distributing exclusively among her own retainers, two dozen copies of "Sandy M'Shane, the Serious Pig-driver," and appealed to me whether such an act was not an infraction of the seventeenth law of the Society. I doubt if his boasted knowledge of feminine ways would have saved him from the unanimous vote of censure which my miserable evasion of that momentous question incurred. But it was out of the question that I could enjoy myself. Nature had put a barrier between me and the dignity of a ladies' man, by making me insignificant in person and shy in disposition; and long habit had rendered me a person of so utterly depraved taste, that a quiet game of loo (sixpence limited) with Old Parker and—no, not Jubb, he was made too fast—but a few of a class who, in reference to the majority of their ages, and the sim-

plicity of their ideas, are called "old boys," was an institution much more consistent with my ideas of happiness than a convention of ladies resolutely bent on being official and business-like; even though their object was philanthropic, and though they did shake hands affectionately before setting to—which ceremony, somehow, always reminded me of "Bell's Life," another instance of the depraved taste aforesaid. However, I never went as far as Mrs. Fogarty, who persisted in saying that they met only for the purpose of, what she called in her terse style, "ballyragging and abusing one another;" but then every allowance must be made for the worthy creature's feelings: from the time that Mrs. Fogarty had undertaken the duties of housekeeper at Ballinahaskin, it was evident that she had determined within herself to be *aut Cæsar aut nullus* in the establishment. At least that was the substance of her determination; for I do not suppose Mrs. Fogarty ever heard of Cæsar; or if she did, it is probable that she considered him an insignificant person, to be classed with Venus, Nicodemus, and the other goddesses. With her, to plan was to succeed; and she became the Cæsar, while I filled the other post with as much dignity as I could. It was not in nature, then (certainly not in Mrs. Fogarty's nature), that she should view with indifference an invasion headed by dauntless women, who called her "Fogarty," and spilled ink on her floors, and required her to spoil her dishcloths by wiping up the same; nor did it, in my mind, detract from her virtues as a woman and a housekeeper, that she should have been obliged, on board-days, to relieve herself by rushing out on the hall-door steps, and hurling after the departing forms of the President and Committee, a few choice epithets expressive of contempt, which were never delivered till the objects of them were quite out of hearing, and were always accompanied by certain passes more hostile than mesmeric in their nature. Mrs. Fogarty, although absolute within-doors, and regulating every thing connected with domestic economy with a sway so despotic, that no social revolution, however strongly organized, would have had the slightest chance against her, was, nevertheless, powerful only as far as the hall-door: once past that frontier, I was in Mr. Myles's territory; and she herself used to admit, that "she had no call to my doings abroad, at all at all, barring that she

wished I'd scrape my feet outside the door, and not be fillin' her hall with the mud of five parishes." It was not long before I discovered, that, between these two powers—though apparently on friendly, not to say peaceful terms—there existed an enmity of the most profound description. Each was, in the eyes of the other, a monster of dishonesty; and neither ever lost an opportunity of privately impressing it on me, that I was a victim to the rapacity of his or her rival, as the case might be. Mrs. Fogarty, with that outspeaking candour which characterised her on every occasion, expressed an unqualified conviction that Myles put into his own pocket at least one-half of the rents he received on my account, and that the gallows was defrauded of its rights while he lived. On the other hand, Myles, who, when he had the choice, always took a circuitous course to gain his object, in preference to a straight one, used mysteriously to mention the curious fact of Tim Fogarty having been seen at chapel, wearing a pair of boots very like mine; or the still more surprising one of my being able to finish two pounds of tea in a week, without any one to assist me in the consumption thereof. These cross-charges were made the more perplexing to me, from the circumstance, that the reciprocally accusing parties were, when brought together, invariably obsequious, and even affectionate to each other. I have often known Mrs. Fogarty change a bitter invective against the family of the Myleses in general, but Mick Myles in particular, into a panegyric on the trustworthiness and "dacency" of that house, on the approach of its representative, who would return the compliment by a volley of flattery, enough to turn any head but that of a Fogarty. At first I laboured under alternate fits of confidence and distrust—one moment regarding Myles as the noblest of his species, the next spurning him from me to take Mrs. Fogarty to my heart (of course only figuratively). But I finally compromised the matter, by disbelieving the statements of both parties; which was, probably, under the circumstances, the best thing I could have done. As to attempting to shake off the yoke of Mrs. Fogarty, that idea was too wild to bear a moment's contemplation; and the ties by which Myles had bound me to himself were too numerous and complicated for me to undo. In the first place, there was the key of the oat-bin, of which he was the custodian; secondly,

he had the sole management of the tenants, by whom I was regarded as a person of secondary importance, and one whom it was quite needless to propitiate; thirdly, he had, by easy stages, initiated me into the mysteries of agriculture, and constituted himself my land-steward; by reason of which arrangement I found myself taking a deep interest in green-crops and guano, to my own great astonishment; for although I had always, in theory, viewed the tilling of the earth as a pursuit in itself delightful, and, from its antiquity, highly respectable, yet nothing like a practical taste for it had ever developed itself in me but once, and then it was confined to the limits of a wooden box, fourteen inches by six, painted green, and containing, besides a compost of brick-dust, shavings, and common clay, a small plant—a geranium, or a dandelion, or something of that sort, I believe—for which I had bartered a half-worn pair of——well, no matter! and which I fondly hoped would live to grace my bed-room window in Russell-street, Bloomsbury. This hope, it is needless for me to say, was blighted. I have a theory of my own, and am in possession of a number of facts tending to prove it, that the period of existence allotted by the laws of nature to horticultural specimens procured from peripatetic dealers never, under any circumstances, exceeds five days. It might be well worth the while of some ardent seeker after "useful knowledge" to inquire whether this mortality is to be attributed to the atmosphere in which the plants are produced, it being in general strongly impregnated with old clothes, owing to the double calling of the cultivators, or is simply caused by the absence of roots.

This was my first attempt at tillage; my second, being under the auspices of such a man as Myles, was, of course, somewhat more successful, as well as on a more extended scale. Not only was the stock of farming implements I had brought with me from London put into immediate requisition, but the Dublin coach used almost daily bring down on its roof some mysterious engine swathed in hay ropes, which was left, like a gigantic foundling, at the door of Tim Fogarty's cabin. In justice to Myles, I must say he had no part in introducing any of these monstrosities into the country. From the beginning he had denounced them (I thought somewhat disrespectfully) as "new-fangled yokes;" and though, in deference to my

feelings, he permitted each machine to be used once or twice, he always gratified his own animosity to innovation, by allowing it to go out of order on the first opportunity.

But I had in view a far nobler object than mere gain, which, either for me or for himself, was confessedly what Myles sought. Once fairly embarked in agriculture, I magnanimously determined that mine should be strictly a model-farm, and that no piece of mechanism, however complicated, or diagram in the "Hand-Book of Farming," no matter how intricate, should daunt me. I saw—or, what was practically the same thing, persuaded myself I saw—that the system of tillage pursued by my tenants was the root of all the evils I had been trying to correct by lectures on whitewash and cleanliness. To remove that root it was, of course, necessary to attack the soil, and not the soiled; and what could be more suited to such a purpose, or more in accordance with the maxim that example is better than precept, than a model-farm? But, besides, the Clonbosh Ladies' Society was then in full operation, and acquitting itself valiantly in the cause of reform, by disseminating tracts on ventilation, which were, no doubt, instructive to the recipients, though few of them could read, and all had rather more than was desirable of the article in question; and as I had no ambition to enter into either competition or partnership with that band of philanthropic houris, I resolved to concentrate all my energies on the establishment of a model-farm. There was something about the very name that I liked exceedingly: it was suggestive of agricultural meetings and cattle-shows, of sleek yearlings with blue ribbons tied to their tails, and complimentary addresses to Montague Dempsey, Esq., of Ballinahaskin, on his having exhibited the best bunch of carrots. But, alas! such success was not destined to attend the labors of Myles and myself; nevertheless, we did achieve some tangible results, with the assistance and advice of the "Hand-Book of Farming." I think I may safely lay claim to the credit of having exhibited, for the first time in that country, seeds, and, in one or two successful instances, mature plants, that were before considered exotic by the simple natives. I remember, in particular, a wonderful specimen of turnip —so wonderful, in fact, that its very name, as inscribed on the brown paper bag that had contained the seed, inspired the whole neighbour-

hood with awe—of which, I am confident, I would have had magnificent crops, had it ever come above ground. The "Hand-book" seemed to be of opinion that the failure was caused by "the fly" (whatever that meant), but Myles said it was all the fault of the patent turnip-sower; and I am inclined to think he was nearer the truth, for the machine being somewhat complex, and we innocent of its management, it is by no means improbable that we put the seed so far into the bowels of the earth, that nothing short of volcanic agency could have ever made it come up. Notwithstanding a few similar cases, we ultimately had turnips which arrived at maturity; and then arose the question, what we were to do with them? After much deliberation, Myles arrived at the decision that our only course was, to "buy bastes to eat them up." "Feed them off, you mean, Myles," said I, correcting his untechnical expression. And we *did* feed them off. Thirteen ill-fated calves were procured forthwith, and confined in a sort of pillory, constructed from a design in the "Handbook." For four months were those bovine martyrs deprived of the sweets of liberty; but though the stock of turnips diminished rapidly, they remained lean kine to the end of the chapter, nor could the most scientific handling detect anything but bony excrescences on their half-starved bodies.

In spite of these failures, I still persevered; but I could not conceal from myself, that though Myles did not appear to consider it a losing game at all, farming would be much too expensive an amusement for my finances to bear, unless better success attended it. It was, however, comforting to see that my efforts had made a decided sensation in the country. It might have been merely curiosity—though I hope it was some better motive—that used to induce the population of the neighbourhood to turn out, to a man, whenever it became known that Myles and I were conducting any particularly novel operation. Nor did the various implements we used excite less interest; indeed, some individuals, more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of enquiry than the rest, even went so far as actually to beg the loan of divers of those agricultural curiosities. But as these requests, coming invariably from those of my own tenants who were most in arrear, were obviously made with a view to flatter my weak point; and as the borrowers seemed always to consider that their

enterprising spirit ought to be rewarded with a reduction in their rent; nor did it afford me much encouragement, to see infants of tender years brandishing, in a manner highly dangerous to themselves and the public, billhooks or shears that had once formed a part of my museum, or sleeping peacefully in the trough of one of my patent turnip-slicers. In one or two instances, these formidable instruments were treated with a familiarity that led to unpleasant results, which of course gave rise to additional claims against me, as the lender. I recollect, in particular, having to compensate Tim Fogarty for the injury a curiously-fashioned sickle, with a peculiarly keen edge, had inflicted on his pig. As I saw him coming up the avenue, I felt a secret presentiment that his wo-begone expression of countenance was in some way attributable to that unfortunate weapon, and it was not without trepidation that I asked him if his reaping had been facilitated by it. "Oh, then, bad luck to it for a hook, sir," he replied; "I'm a'most heartbroken in regard of the same. 'Tis afther takin' the leg off Shawneen the pig with it I am. The craythur kem into the field where I was cuttin' the oats, and somehow, before you could say 'pays,' he was ruined." Shocked as I was by the melancholy occurrence, I could not help upbraiding the bereaved Tim for allowing his pig to commit so flagrant a breach of decorum as to enter a corn field uninvited. "And what for should I hinther the poor brute?" he retorted indignantly. "Anyhow, I'd like to see the man that id keep him out of a place that he tuck into his head there was somethin' good for atin' in."

I was one morning initiating a select assembly of the worst-paying tenants on the property into some high-farming mystery—as well as I remember, it was the culture of mangold-wurzel under adverse circumstances—a subject I had been making up the night before in "the Hand-book." I had just concluded an eulogium on the nutritious qualities of that root, and had already drawn from my pupils an admission that it was "powerful sthrong feedin', by all accounts," when the sententious inquiry "what for?" uttered by a sepulchral voice behind me, made me turn round, and to my confusion I found that I had had for an auditor no less a person than Mr. Tiftbury. Since that memorable dinner party at which I made his acquaintance, Mr. Tiftbury had settled within a few miles of Bal-

linahaskin, and was generally suspected to have an intention of doing wonders with the property he had purchased—this, and a wild myth to the effect that he had means sufficiently ample to pay the national debt, and was a sleeping partner in a Liverpool firm, made him greatly revered by the gentry of the country, while the popular belief among the peasantry was simply, that he had more money than he could count, even if he tried.

"What for?" said Mr. Tiftbury coming forward. "You said mangolds are strong feeding—I say, what for? If you mean for cattle, I ask where are they? what cattle? these men have got no cattle to stall-feed. Have you my good fellows?"

In reply to this question, one man suggested "ducks," and another murmured something about a calf; but the rest were silent, and Mr. Tiftbury, having, by way of a triumphal oration, knocked the head off a thistle, went on, "if you say mangold-wurzel is strong feeding for men, why then," said he, folding his arms, and with the air of a man who had made up his mind, and was prepared to abide the consequences, "why then I merely deny your assertion. Would you like to live on mangold wurzel?" continued he, seizing the proprietor of the calf by the collar.

"Begorra I'd rayther not," was the prompt reply.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Dempsey," said Mr. Tiftbury, turning to me, "you are not going the right way about it."

"The right way about what?" I inquired, startled by the idea that perhaps after all the "Hand-book" was not infallible, but I was relieved to find that he alluded merely to my attempts at reform.

"I have heard of your efforts to improve the condition of your tenantry," he continued; "I honor you for them, sir; but depend upon it you are not going the right away about it. Here I find you to-day delivering a lecture on mangold-wurzel and what not. Now, may I ask, of what earthly use would the finest crop of mangold ever raised be to these men who have neither cattle to eat it, nor a a market to sell it in?"

This was a question I had never considered, so Mr. Tiftbury had it all his own way.

"That sort of thing may be all very well," said he, "on a farm of five hundred acres; but on a holding of five, in the hands of a

cottier, it is, if I may be allowed the expression, fiddlestick. And then, there's your model farm, and your machines for this and your machines for that, and your machines for t'other; what good can your example do your tenants, while you follow a system like that?"

"But," said I, "high-farming is"——. What I was going to say about it I do not exactly recollect, but it is of little consequence, as Mr. Tiftbury interrupted me with—

"High humbug for a man like you, sir. I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Dempsey, your high-farming will ruin you, for you have no capital—excuse me, sir, I'm a plain man, but you have no capital;" and the loose change he was jingling in his pocket seemed to echo "capital! capital!" at this comforting prediction.

"Well, then, what are we to do?" I cried. "Is no arm to be extended to ameliorate the condition of the benighted peasantry, and—and—make them comfortable?" for I was beginning to get a little excited, which, after all, was, under the circumstances, quite excusable.

"Teach 'em the value of land, and the value of time," was Mr. Tiftbury's sententious suggestion.

"Why that is the very thing I have been doing—or, at least, trying to do"—said I.

"And admirably you have succeeded—with that man for instance."

I daresay he did not mean to make me uncomfortable—but I *did* feel rather hurt at the irony of his tone, and the contemptuous manner in which he pointed to one of my pupils, who, finding the lecture at an end, had gone over into his own plot of ground, and was refreshing himself by a little desultory digging, at the rate of a spadefull every five minutes.

"Look at him, sir," said Mr. Tiftbury, "look at him; and now, sir, will you tell me that man is fit to hold land, as he is—mind I say only, as he is now? I saw to-day a plough of yours—a remarkably fine plough; you did'nt get that plough made here, eh?—No, I thought not. You got it down from Dublin?—I thought so. Now, did you ever think of calculating how many of your poorer tenants you could have employed at eightpence a day for the price

of that plough, the expenses of its carriage, and the cost and keep of the pair of horses required to work it? Did it ever occur to you, that here where labour is so cheap, if, instead of ploughing your land you hired some of your own tenants to dig it for you, you would be consulting your own interest, and at the same time be going a great way towards teaching them the value of land, and the value of time, by showing them what their labour could effect under your direction? I say, Mr. Dempsey, has this ever occurred to you?"

It never had occurred to me—of course I did not tell Mr. Tiftbury so—but I expressed a belief that the persons he alluded to would not work.

"Oh! wont they!" he returned, with a laugh of derision; "just try 'em, that's all, at least those who have not got enough of land to occupy the whole of their time, and there's precious few of them that wont manage to do their own tillage as well as ever. I give 'em eightpence a day. The folks about here give only sixpence, I find; but I take care to get eight pennyworth of labour done, while they do not get above four. That's what I call teaching 'em the value of time. But whatever you do with your tenants," Mr. Tiftbury continued, after a pause to get breath for a fresh start—"whatever you do with your tenants, Mr. Dempsey, give them an interest in their land—make it worth their while to take care of it; what is the use of preaching whitewash and turnip-seed, when it is a race between you, whether you shall get most rent from them, or they most value from the land? You are building a lot of cottages—I was looking at them as I came along. Slated roofs and glass windows—well, that's very nice and very laudable, and all that; but it is beginning at the wrong end, and, besides, it will ruin you; just try my plan by way of a change, will you?"

It was too late. Already clouds were gathering fast, and in another month the storm of desolation had burst upon the land. The great famine of 1847 has taken its place in the long catalogue of Ireland's misfortunes; it has already become an era in her sad history. The scenes of starvation and misery which presented themselves daily throughout that eventful period, have obtained a mournful notoriety; but who, except an actual eye-witness, can form

a true idea of those scenes? It has been always a misfortune of Ireland's, that, owing to the association of ideas, everything connected with her seems to have, in many minds, something akin to the ridiculous inseparably joined with it; bright eyes, which shine still brighter through a tear of sympathy for the self-imposed tortures of "Oily Alligator," or "Little Screech-owl," or some other as euphoniously titled Choctaw chief, beam but with merriment at the name of the poor Irish peasant, and yet during that famine, in many a lonely cabin, might be found instances of a fortitude and a self-denying devotion, far surpassing the savage stoicism of the North American Indian, or the more refined heroism of the Spartan warrior. Not that the calamities of Ireland failed to execute compassion; the generous sympathy of America can never be forgotten. England came nobly to the rescue; and, let smart leading-article-writers abroad rave about Irish ingratitude, and rampant half-witted or wholly knavish demagogues at home howl forth their defiance and hatred of the Saxon, the English *people* have the gratitude of Ireland—the English government might have had it. But had Ireland been better understood—had she been a little better known than Madagascar or Loo Choo, how much more might the same amount of sympathy have benefited, not merely the starving peasantry, but even the unfortunate and now ruined landed proprietors, who, culpable though they have been as a class, yet deserve some share of the pity felt for Ireland, for their punishment is greater than they can bear. When I look back on that dreary winter, I confess I feel no surprise at the apathetic despair with which I viewed the destruction of all my schemes, and the embarrassments of my position; if my mind had been of a more energetic stamp, the misery I saw around me, and the critical nature of my own care, might have stimulated me to exertion. Had I been blessed with the philosophic temperament of some of my neighbours, I might have schooled myself to look on my troubles with calm indifference; but having neither the philosophy to contemplate, nor the energy to grappel with, my difficulties, the few struggles I made to extricate myself seemed only to sink me deeper in that "sea of troubles," which was fast engulfing all around me;—though not *all;* there was one exception. Although its illustrious predecessor had

gone to pieces on the first opportunity, Mr. Sweeny's modest little association bravely kept its head above water to the last, and like a stormy peterel, actually flourished among the billows.

When the first shock was over, and the landed proprietors of the country, who had been paralysed by its suddenness, began to look around them for means of escape from the ruin which threatened them—a mania, I can call it nothing else, for dispossessing their tenants became very prevalent among them—to look for rents which, in the best of times, had been but badly paid, was of course out of the question. Even Myles admitted, with something very like a sigh, that driving, that spirit-stirring pastime, was quite useless where there was nothing to drive; but by what sort of logic they came to the conclusion that waste lands were profitable, I have not the remotest idea. I know there is a stupid old proverb, that an empty house is better than a bad tenant, but I doubt its applicability in the present instance. For my own part, I would have much rather clung to the grand principle of the half loaf; but on this, as on every other point, Myles's reasoning was too profound for me to gainsay, and I followed the example of my neighbours, reserving to myself, however, the right of gaining possession, in every instance, by amicable treaty and the payment of a consideration, and not by ejectment, of which, in common with every other legal measure, I had undefined horror; but this trivial concession to my weakness did not in the slightest lessen the keen relish with which Myles entered upon his new pursuit. In fact I think he rather enjoyed opening negociations with those tenants who had quite got out of the habit of paying rent, and were naturally obdurate in their demands, and tenacious of land held on such reasonable terms. Although I, in my simplicity, fancied there was a marked difference between my mode of proceeding and that of the other landlords of the country, the "Knocknashindy Sympathiser" was of a different opinion; we were all indiscriminately held up to public odium in its columns. A very curious sensation is that of seeing one's name in print for the first time. To anything of a contemplative mind it affords the raw-material for a series of fine reflections; first, to think of the awful and dignified scrutiny of the editor as he surveys you in manuscript; then the man in the brown paper cap who smartly and unimpassionedly handles each old familiar letter that you

have for years looked upon as a part of yourself; the reverses you suffer at his hands, so completely alter your appearance that, if looking on, you would begin to doubt your own identity; then you go to the devil, if there is one attached to the establishment, and after all you discover yourself next morning in a damp sheet, but so far from being a bit the worse for that or for your previous sufferings, you find yourself decidedly improved, and feel a sudden increase of self-respect at being legible for at least once in your life. Should the mention made of you be favorable, so much the better; but in my case I was obliged to be content with the mere fact of being in print, as there was nothing very gratifying in finding the title of "Heartless Exterminator" appended to my respectable patronymic, or seeing paragraphs headed with "Coldblooded evictions on the Ballinahaskin property," or "Again we warn the tyrant Dempsey."*

Now and then, it is true, the defence of myself and my co-delinquents was warmly taken up the rival Journal, the *Clonbosh Constitution*, (for of course the "Sympathiser" had a rival—it would have been just as easy for the Tipton Slasher to accomplish a scientific "mill" without an antagonist, as for either paper to have kept up its circulation without a moral "buffer," in the form of a good bitter opposition,) but the only perceptible effect produced by interference on our behalf was an increase of virulence in the Sympathiser's rejoinders. My last public appearance (in print) was under peculiar circumstances. I am perfectly aware that to do full justice to the little adventure I met with, I ought to adopt a style something like this :—

CHAPTER (whatever it might be).

THE LONELY GLEN!—CRIME AND MYSTERY—SOLUTION OF THE LATTER.

The night was one of pitchy darkness, save when at intervals the moon burst through the murky veil of driving clouds, and revealed the horrors of the scene. To break the solemn stillness of that hour no sound was heard, except the plaintive sighing of the wind as it swept in fitful gusts across the darkened surface of the bog, or the querulous note of the sea-gull chiding rash man's approach to her damp and dismal, though beloved haunt. It seemed as though nature were in a misanthropic mood, inviting crime to come forth and do its worst.

* We regret to find that Mr. Dempsey has had a patriot of the Michael Dwyer and libelling Lucas class to endure. Why did he not bring the scoundrel before a high-minded, honest Dublin jury ?—ED.

But I can not do it. There is nothing melodramatic about me. I have not got the least particle of romance in my composition; so that, rather than pass over an incident of thrilling interest, I have cut the paragraph containing the account out of the *Clonbosh Constitution* of the 24th of March, 1848.

"DIABOLICAL ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION.—We had hoped that our ill-fated country, stricken as it is by famine, and bowed down by the iniquitous operation of a tyrannical Poor Law, was at least exempt from those evils arising from the insatiate thirst for blood, which has already marked the southern part of our island as "the land of crime." Alas! that hope has been dashed to the ground. Landlords of Clonbosh, look to yourselves;—the assassin is abroad—the fell demon of agrarian outrage has raised his bloodstained standard in our once peaceful neighbourhood. A dastardly attempt has been made by a gang of monsters in human form, upon the life of one who has claims of no ordinary description on the gratitude of a misguided people, one who has been ever foremost in the cause of reform, and whose dignified, yet retiring manners have endeared him to all our hearts. Need we say that we allude to the philanthropic Montague Dempsey? Yes, such was the man the sons of crime selected for their victim last Monday night. After a day spent, like most of his days, in unwearied exertions for the benefit of his tenantry, Mr. Dempsey was returning home, when his attention was arrested by the sound of voices behind a hedge near his own gate; scarcely had he paused to reflect on the singularity of the circumstance, when a murderous discharge of fire-arms pealed forth from the treacherous ambush, followed by a fiendish yell of triumph, and the unfortunate gentleman, making an exclamation to the effect that he was murdered, fell forward on the road. These particulars we have learned from his companion whose nerves seem to have received a severe shock from the melancholy occurrence, and who it appears fled for assistance immediately on the perpetration of the outrage. A hat, which has been recognised as the property of Mr. Dempsey, was picked up near the spot, and was found to contain a slug. We have not been able to ascertain the precise extent of the ill-fated gentleman's injuries, but have reason to hope they are not of a fatal nature."

"FURTHER PARTICULARS.—Our readers will be gratified to learn that Mr. Dempsey has been pronounced out of danger, no vital part having been injured. His wounds, which chiefly consist of bruises about the region of the forehead and nose, are to be attributed to the violence with which he fell on the shingle of the road. On questioning our informant further we have learned, that the slug found in Mr. Dempsey's hat was of the insect, not the missile, species."

The *Knocknashindy Sympathiser* viewed the occurrence in a somewhat different light, and wrote thus:—

"MR. DEMPSEY—Those of our readers who honored the *Clonbosh Constitution* of yesterday with a perusal, were no doubt astonished to see in the columns of that sycophant print, a long-winded and would-be eloquent account of an alleged attempt against the valuable life of one of its patrons, a certain Mr. Dempsey. The Editor of the *Constitution* was always remarkable for his skill in drawing prodigious conclusions from slender premises, but on this occasion he has exceeded himself. Much as we detest his principles, and execrate the fiendish eagerness he shows to blast the name of a true hearted and generous peasantry, we cannot help being amused when we think of the scanty materials out of which he has concocted his great 'attempt at assassination.' We have it on the best authority, the unimpeachable testimony of one who witnessed the whole affair, and was indeed a party in it, that the facts were simply these. Mr. Dempsey was returning on Monday evening, not after a day devoted to the good of his tenantry, as our policy-of-extermination-defending contemporary has it, but after a day spent in leaving houseless a number of those wretched beings whom the accursed rule of the Saxon has left dependant on the tender mercies of such as Mr. Dempsey. He was attended by his miscreant bailiff, who holds the unenviable post of his chief executioner, and than whom, we have reason to believe, a viler caitiff remains not unhung.

"It happened that within a field near Mr. Dempsey's gate, a number of our intelligent fellow-countrymen were occupied in the enjoyment of a right, which even the tyrannical Saxon has been compelled to recognise; of course we allude to the indefeasible right which every Irishman possesses of carrying and using arms for lawful purposes. The party in question were diverting themselves with shooting at a mark,

and at the moment of Mr. Dempsey's approach a gun was discharged, not at his worthless carcase, but at the target, which consisted of a pitchfork implanted perpendicularly in the soil and surmounted by an old hat. The rest may be easily accounted for: dreading the punishment he so richly deserved at the hands of an outraged tenantry, and conceiving that punishment had overtaken him, Mr. Dempsey, with a shriek of craven terror, prostrated himself in his congenial mud, and thus received the contusions which the *Constitution* has dignified with the name of 'wounds,' while his despicable comrade fled from the spot—the personification of abject cowardice. We take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Dempsey on his rapid recovery, and would suggest that before he ventures out again, he would provide himself with a double barrelled boot-jack, and a complete suit of bullet-proof metal dish covers."

I have already said that this was my last appearance in print; that is not precisely true; it was, however, my last appearance but *one* in any newspaper. My last was when—but that would be anticipating.

What a vast piece of consolation, to the weary wayfarer who climbs the hill of difficulty, there is in the reflection, that the descent on the other side is comparatively easy,* and that, should his sojourn on the summit prove only temporary, he will trundle down without the slightest personal exertion—his own momentum, and the few friendly pushes he may calculate on receiving, being quite sufficient to bring him comfortably to the bottom. Let this assurance beguile your way, oh! ye travellers, who toil up that well-worn but still rough path; and if misfortune sounds a retreat before your journey has been completed, philosophically thank your stars that she has saved you a greater fall. The latter was my case; I do not mean that I ever practised the philosophy that I now preach, but that, at the time when I commenced running down the hill (I fear I am running down the metaphor as well, but I cannot help that), the top of it seemed, as mountain tops often will, just as far off as when I started. But, beside the advantage of having thus a shorter descent, I had a few heavy encumbrances of long standing to start with; and it is wonderful how ra-

* It is a pity that Mr. Dempsey had not the benefit of a classical education. He might have introduced "Facilis decensus Averni," with great effect here.—Ed.

pidly a compact of mass of debt, once fairly set going, will increase in bulk, after the fashion of the rolling snow-ball. I suppose I must have very early shown strong symptoms of insolvency, but what they were I cannot imagine;—it is true that one half of my tenants had either run away or been bought out, and the condition of the other half afforded no prospect of rent for an indefinite period; it is true that the poor-rate collectors had seized my thirteen ill-starred calves, for the benefit of the union; but, surely, this did not justify the peremptory and even threatening tone of the letters I used to receive from my creditors, or the summary manner in which they afterwards followed up their threats. Of the others I knew nothing either personally or by report, but from the character I had heard of Mr. Dominick Sheehan, I *did* expect that he would not have lost so fine an opportunity of displaying that forbearance, which, according to Mr. Seizem, was one of the distinguishing features in his disposition—particularly after the mild and conciliatory reply I made to his first letter, when I stated my total inability to pay just at present the arrears of interest due on his mortgage, and expressed, in as forcible language as I could, my desire to do so ultimately. But the unkindest cut of all was the conduct of Mrs. Dempsey, and—alas! that my uncompromising love for veracity should compel me to say it—of Maria. Even now, though walls of towering height surround me, and vigilant janitors protect each massive door, my hand trembles as I pen that name, and an indescribable thrill pervades me when I think its fair owner is another's! Oh! Mark Sweeny, you man of meekness!—did you but see those letters, signed by your mother-in-law, but written in the unmistakeable hand of her whom you have sworn to love, honour, and cherish; they might grieve your gentle spirit, but much I fear they would not now surprise thee. I have them all, from No. 1 to 9, and ever shall I value those documents as illustrations of the progressive development of feminine hostility.

No. 1 was a perfect specimen of the early, or "Dear Munty" style—it was affectionate in its tone and delicate in its hints. No. 2, after the same tender commencement, alluded parenthetically to a certain dressmaker, who was at the time giving "ever so much annoyance" about her bill. No. 3 was the first of "My dear Montague" period, and came to the point at once, requesting a remittance without delay.

No. 4 stated that there was upwards of a year's jointure due, "and goodness knows how much interest to the girls." 5 "really could not see why" I had not complied with the request in No. 3, and 6 thought it "very odd" that I had not answered 5 at all. No. 7 was of opinion that "something must be done," and described that something in figurative language. 8, disdaining metaphor, contained a clearly developed threat of legal measnres; and in No. 9 the correspondence had evidently reached boiling point, indicated by the prefatory "Sir," and the bitter irony of the whole note; in it Mrs. Dempsey assured me that I had taken *advantage* of her *unprotected* position to trample on a *weak, defenceless woman* (*I* trample on any woman, much less such a one as Mrs. Dempsey!)—that she had appealed to my sympathies too often—that I had *none whatever*—and that, finally, she was determined to follow Mr. Seizem's advice, and join my other creditors in applying for a *receiver*, but that I was not to blame her, as it was all my *own fault*, and she was only doing her *duty* to herself and her children.

A few months before the word *receiver* would have been a mystery to me, but my faculties had been wonderfully sharpened of late; and in the very face of Dr. Johnson, whose definition, "one who *receives*," was obviously inapplicable to any usurper of such a property as mine, I felt a firm conviction that my reign at Ballinahaskin was over—and so it was.

One morning—it may have been even one *fine* morning, but I do not remember the precise state of the weather—the long threatened receiver made his appearance; I was deposed; the tenants, one and all, did servile homage to the new comer; and Mr. Parchment reigned in my stead. I call him Mr. Parchment for two reasons: in the first place, I am to this day in ignorance of his real name, though, I have no doubt, information on that point, as well as on some others connected with him, was contained in at least one of the many notices which Mrs. Fogarty intercepted and burned, from a superstitious idea that such documents ought never to be handled by a person in my position; and, secondly, his appearanee, to my mind, suggested "parchment" at once; his face, both in complexion and character, resembled a crabbed old mortgage deed, with two small red seals for eyes, and numerous and intricate initial flourishes worked in wrinkles

round the corners of his mouth, so that that orifice always looked as if just about to utter "this indenture witnesseth;" his laugh (for I heard him laugh once) had a dry, crackling sound, like the rustling of crisp new vellum; and even his old fashioned nankeen waistcoat might have been taken for an original will, so obscure was its pattern, and so much did its distended pockets seem to contain. My imagination was at that time very apt to dwell on legal mechanism in general, and hence it was that all these fanciful comparisons occurred to me when I saw the receiver for the first time, as he walked across the lawn, attended by (oh, the perfidy of man!) the obsequious Myles, who was showing him the lands, and courting his favor in the most cringing manner, at least as far as I could see; but that was not very far; the prospect from the house was not extensive, and I was then confined to its walls. Mrs. Fogarty had got, I have not the remotest idea how, intimation of certain designs against my person, and had prescribed, on the homœopathic system, a dose of imprisonment, to avoid loss of liberty. Then it was that that noble woman appeared in her true colors. Ballinahaskin was victualled for a siege; the hall-door locked, and the command of the garrison taken by her in person, with a coolness that showed her to be an adept in such matters, and a determination worthy of an Amazon and a better cause. The apostacy of Myles, while it attached her more firmly to my interests, unveiled completely the enmity she had hitherto cherished in secret for that amiable man. She now openly taunted him, whenever he passed the house, with being a "mane-sperted negur," and accused him of thriving on his plunder after he had robbed her "poor masther;" and, to this day, it is my belief she said what was true—one point, at least, was incontrovertible, he had gone over to the enemy, she had remained faithful to the last. Accept, O Bridget Fogarty! —or, if thou wouldst rather be addressed by the more endearing and familiar appellation Biddy — accept this tribute to thy virtues, as a token of gratitude from one who, in his hour of need, was deserted by all save thee; in sooth, thy temper was fiery, and thy tongue at times was troublesome, but thy heart was warm—and that, O Biddy! even in thy superiors, would atone for greater faults than thine.

I might recount the many events which occurred to relieve the monotony of that siege—how the enemy made frequent attempts to gain

admission, and how those attempts were always frustrated by the vigilance of Mrs. Fogarty; how the same heroic woman mistook a peaceable and unoffending man for a legal emissary of some sort, and thereupon broke his head with the handle of her sweeping brush,—which feat she accomplished after the approved fashion of harlequin in the pantomime, when he leans out of the first floor window, and lays his lath sword athwart the skull of unsuspecting pantaloon, who is knocking at the street-door. I might tell how a certain process-server literally sat down before our fortalice, and smoked pipe after pipe on the door-step, and how the supplies were for a time cut off, and nothing remained between the garrison and starvation but a side of bacon and a bottle of pickled onions. I might mention a host of such exciting incidents, but occurrences like these have now become every day matters; and, besides, I know there are many who will affect to consider my experiences fictitious; and I have no desire to encounter the indignation of some scores of gentlemen in difficulties, each of whom would probably think I was holding up his own peculiar case to public view. Suffice it to say, that Ballinahaskin held out for a long time, and seemed likely to rival Troy in its adherence to the motto, "No Surrender!" And even to furnish a theme, perhaps, for some future Homer. But, as Troy fell by stratagem, so eventually did Ballinahaskin. In an evil hour for me—though not, perhaps, for Mrs. Fogarty (for it was her dinner hour!) I lent an ear to the solicitations of Myles, who, through the key-hole of the hall-door, craved admittance with great earnestness. "Poor fellow," thought I, "no doubt he is sorry, and has come to ask forgiveness for his treachery," and, on the impulse of the moment, I let him in. "Troth, sir," said he, after he had assured himself that Mrs. Fogarty was not present, "'tis sorry I am to see your honor this way; it's a rayel murthur for a kind-hearted gintleman, that was so good to the poor, to be shut up in a lonesome house, for all the world like a rot in a thrap. I hope," he continued, taking some papers from his pockets, "your honor won't think hard of me for doin' my duty to them that employed me—a poor man must live, and they ped me well for givin' your honor this. Anyhow, what's the use of talkin'?—there's the copy, and here's the 'riginal; and there's a shay and two peelers waitin' for your honor, convaynient to the back gate!" It was a writ; and that night I was lodged at the expense of the county!

L'ENVOI.

(FROM THE EDITOR.)

It is to be regretted that Mr. Dempsey has seen fit to conclude his narrative so abruptly. There can be no doubt that, described in his pathetic style, the scenes he witnessed when in prison, and his subsequent adventures, would have been deeply interesting to all readers —at least we think so—but the unfortunate gentleman himself is of a different opinion. It might appear like vanity in the Editor of the IRISH QUARTERLY, were he to state the offers of present emolument and future fame that were made on his part to Mr. Dempsey, in order to induce him to add a sequel to his tale, containing, if possible, one or two love scenes; but, at all events, winding up matters satisfactorily, with a happy marriage. Suffice it to say, that nothing could have been more liberal than his terms, or more determined than Mr. Dempsey's rejection of them—on the grounds that he did not believe in matrimonial felicity, and would have nothing to do with fiction.

The worthy gentleman having thus evinced a manifest disinclination to give any further account of himself, the duty of relieving the anxiety of the public, as to his ultimate fate, devolves upon the Editor.

Mr. Dempsey's prolonged absence from Ballinahaskin, after the term of his incarceration * had expired, excited some surprise in the neighbourhood, and gave rise to many reports, alike absurd in their nature and prejudical to his character. It was confidently asserted that he had attempted suicide, and had been seen lying in state, and in a very untidy state, on the bank of the canal near Portobello, with two policemen keeping watch and ward over him. It was said that, preferring the calm seclusion of Mullin's Hotel† to the bustle and turmoil of the world without, he had fixed his residence there permanently, and might be seen any day, clad in a shawl-pattern dressing-gown, and playing rackets with much grace and energy. By some he was suspected of having changed his name and gone to

* It was to beguile the tedium of the hours he spent in durance vile that Mr. Dempsey committed his Experiences to paper. He touchingly alludes to this fact in the latter part of his tale. If any further confirmation be necessary, we have the original manuscript, written on protested bills and the backs of dunning letters, and will be happy to show it to any connoisseur in such matters.—ED.

† *Vulgo*, the Marshalsea.

America, others suggested California, or some hotter climate. And one of his Clonbosh acquaintances was ready to affirm on affidavit, that he had recognised him in Dame-street, attired in a paletot of deal boards, and bearing on his back the startling announcement, that the establishment he belonged to was the only house in the world for anadulterated tea at four-and-eight-pence. But after a time these rumours died away. Speculation itself grew weary of speculating, and Mr. Dempsey was quite forgotton, or remembered only in connection with a wheel-barrow of peculiar construction, which he had introduced into the country, and which is to this day known as "Dempsey's Patent." When the Encumbered Estates Court, that magic crucible for changing land into gold, was invented, Mr. Dempsey's property was one of the first experimented upon by the modern alchemysts; but those who watched his countenance as he read the first announcement of that fact, say, that with the exception of a smile of intense happiness, he displayed no emotion whatever. It was hoped that proceedings in which he was so deeply interested would have had the effect of drawing him from his concealment, or at least removing the veil of obscurity which hung over his fate, but Mr. Dempsey was sceptical as to the probability of a surplus, and besides, it was written in the Book of Fate that the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW was to be the means of his resuscitation. In the summer of 1850 there came into the possession of the Editor a document in which Messrs. Filer, Noggs and Parker, of Lombard-street, London, were requested to pay the bearer a certain sum of money—but why should he seek to conceal the fact?—it was a bill. Armed with this talisman he sought the counting-house of that eminent firm, and on explaining the cause of has visit, was directed to apply to the head cashier, Mr. Dempsey; it is not necessary to state the nature of his request, but it was granted with such dignified suavity, that the Editor on the spot registered a vow to cultivate the acquaintance of Montague Dempsey. He succeeded, and the intimacy has been productive of the happiest results to himself and the public. Six weeks afterwards, when the Editor stepped from the Holyhead packet on his native shore, he bore in his hand a richly freighted carpet-bag —it contained a pair of trousers, a waistcoat, a dressing-case, four shirts, a Bradshaw's Railway Guide, and the manuscript of "Mr. Montague Dempsey's Experiences."

ART. VII.—PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

Pre-Raphaelitism. By the Author of "Modern Painters." London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1851.

PRE-RAPHAELITISM.—Such is the title of a pamphlet, lately from the pen of Mr. Ruskin. The phrase is new, and is applied to a style or method of art practised by a few London artists, mostly very young men—which takes nature for its model, rejecting the dicta of schools, and which is thought to resemble much the works of artists before the time of Raphael—hence the name Pre-Raphaelitism. In a short preface, Mr. Ruskin says:

"Eight years ago, in the close of the first volume of 'Modern Painters,' I ventured to give the following advice to the young artists of England:—'They should go to nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her, laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing.' Advice which, whether bad or good, involved infinite labour and humiliation in the following it; and was therefore, for the most part, rejected. It has, however, at last been carried out, to the very letter, by a group of men who, for their reward, have been assailed with the most scurrilous abuse which I ever recollect seeing issue from the public press. I have, therefore, thought it due to them to contradict the directly false statements which have been made respecting their works; and to point out the kind of merit which, however deficient in some respects, those works possess beyond the possibility of dispute."

This fully explains the purpose of his pamphlet, and does not exaggerate the abuse which has been almost universally lavished on the Pre-Raphaelites. It is in the very nature of any kind of innovation to elicit cavil, but regard should always be had to intention. These men seek but for truth, and if they are wrong, it ought not to be difficult to prove them so. They have bestowed infinite pains and labour on a by no means easy art; and if that labour has been mis-directed there will be no necessity to increase the pang which such a conviction would bring to the minds of these same Pre-Raphaelites. At all events, abuse never did any good, and bad pictures are sufficiently plenty on the walls of our exhibitions to make us regret that those in question should have had the outpourings of all the vials; for a spectator possessed of but a moderate share of judgment, will easily see that the works of the Pre-Raphaelites are

not the productions of inferior artists: there is much to commend and admire—"however deficient in some respects," as Mr. Ruskin modestly urges.

So far as the press is concerned, Mr. Ruskin's literary labours have been viewed in the same light as the artistic efforts of the Pre-Raphaelites, but the circumstances which elicit this are the same in both instances—peculiarities of style and a departure from the beaten track. It is to be regretted that there is not more of beauty in the artistic works, and more method and clearness in the style of Mr. Ruskin's books; it is sometimes difficult, if not impossible, to clearly make out his meaning. When writing of "ideal and vital beauty," his own ideas seem to be not altogether determined, and some inconsistencies are occasionally apparent. His last pamphlet, however, is not obnoxious to this censure. He appears to have changed somewhat from opinions heretofore advanced, and taken a more healthy and rational tone concerning the ideal. There are two great points in Mr. Ruskin which are amply sufficient to redeem either his crotchets or peculiarities—those are, his innate love and admiration of nature, and his talented advocacy of the artists of our own times, and especially the landscape painters of England. He has effectually disposed of much of the twaddle of connoisseurs, and the cant of Old Mastership. Each generation of mankind evinces decided superiority over the preceding. Science and literature have advanced—the appliances of civilization and refinement, manufactures, commerce, theory of government, and sanitary regulations, all have made astonishing progress in the last four centuries. Art ought to be no exception, but connoisseurship will have it that the tendency of art is the reverse of onward, that having made extraordinary and rapid progress at the beginning of the sixteenth century, has never advanced since—but, on the contrary, retrograded; and connoisseurship is even now fighting to the death against the heresy which dares to differ from this their darling tenet.

However, style is but of secondary importance. Mr. Ruskin writes:—

"For it is always to be remembered that no one mind is like another, either in its powers or perceptions; and while the main principles of training must be the same for all, the result in each will be as various as the kinds of truth which each will apprehend. Therefore also, the modes of effort, even in men whose inner principles and final aims are exactly the same."

He also makes a very excellent apology for the want of beauty so apparent in the works of the Pre-Raphaelites:—

"Consider, farther, that the particular system to be overthrown was, in the present case, one of which the main characteristic was the pursuit of beauty at the expense of manliness and truth; and it will seem likely, *á priori*, that the men intended successfully to resist the influence of such a system should be endowed with little natural sense of beauty, and thus rendered dead to the temptation it presented. Summing up these conditions, there is surely little cause for surprise that pictures painted, in a temper of resistance, by exceedingly young men, of stubborn instincts and positive self-trust, and with little natural perception of beauty, should not be calculated, at the first glance, to win us from works enriched by plagiarism, polished by convention, invested with all the attractiveness of artificial grace, and recommended to our respect by established authority."

Nevertheless, it would have been better had the beautiful been more studied, which it might be, and no risk of losing either "manliness or truth:" the want of this essential has been a fruitful theme for what Mr. Ruskin designates—

"The loudness and universality of the howl which the common critics of the press have raised against them, the utter absence of all generous help or encouragement from those who can both measure their toil and appreciate their success, and the shrill, shallow laughter of those who can do neither the one or the other,—these are strangest of all—unimaginable unless they had been experienced."

Mr. Ruskin commences by some admirable remarks upon work—its quantity, and the fitness of the work to the individual. Its precise bearing on Pre-Raphaelitism is not so evident, but is not therefore the less excellent. He says:—

"I find that, as on the one hand, infinite misery is caused by idle people, who both fail in doing what was appointed for them to do, and set in motion various springs of mischief in matters in which they should have had no concern, so on the other hand, no small misery is caused by over-worked and unhappy people, in the dark views which they necessarily take up themselves, and force upon others, of work itself."

The most distinctive feature of modern society, especially in England, is the living in a hurry, which this constant and unceasing work impels to. We find that the Turk takes matters much more easily, and yet somehow he contrives to live —and live very com-

fortably too — certain social relations, which in our opinion ought to have a contrary tendency, notwithstanding. But with us, a man conceives he will be destroyed and his family ruined, unless in the pursuit of wealth he works himself to a degree that nearly shuts out all enjoyment and relaxation. There is no such thing as contentedness with a little moderate prosperity, but an incessant craving to engross a little of some one else's; and thus when a man by a happy thought strikes some new path, and appears to profit in it, directly he has to endure a fierce struggle with others, who hope to engross some of its fruits. Plagiarism, too, is ready to pounce on intellect, if it appears to attract the smallest degree of favour; and this craving re-acts from class to class, until the lowermost in the scale, is forced to work to the extreme of endurance, merely to procure the necessary essentials to bare existence. Mr. Ruskin, in the following extract, glances at the proximate cause of all this; but we do not suppose him as thereby advocating a return to that state of society which debarred talent from advancing itself, because it happened to be plebeian, but as pointing to an abuse of what is otherwise excellent:

"The very removal of the massy bars which once separated one class of society from another, has rendered it tenfold more shameful in foolish people's, i. e. in most people's eyes, to remain in the lower grades of it, than ever it was before. When a man born of an artisan was looked upon as an entirely different species of animal from a man born of a noble, it made him no more uncomfortable or ashamed to remain that different species of animal, than it makes a horse ashamed to remain a horse, and not to become a giraffe. But now that a man may make money, and rise in the world, and associate himself, unreproached, with people once far above him, not only is the natural discontentedness of humanity developed to an unheard-of extent, whatever a man's position, but it becomes a veritable shame to him to remain in the state he was born in, and everybody thinks it his *duty* to try to be a 'gentleman.'"

Also—

"There is no real desire for the safety, the discipline, or the moral good of the children, only a panic horror of the inexpressibly pitiable calamity of their living a ledge or two lower on the molehill of the world—a calamity to be averted at any cost whatever, of struggle, anxiety, and shortening of life itself."

He sums up with the following excellent remark, which it is to

be regretted occurs so seldom to many who by education and position ought to feel its force :—

"I do not in the least see why courtesy, and gravity, and sympathy with the feelings of others, and courage, and truth, and piety, and what else goes to make up a gentleman's character, should not be found behind a counter as well as elsewhere, if they were demanded, or even hoped for, there."

We do not see why they should not be both demanded and hoped for, there, and everywhere.

In a paper read by Mr. Crabbe, some years back, at a meeting of the Decorative Art Society, very similar ideas to the above are set forth; one paragraph occurs, in which he says—

"We have only to compare the productions of those countries with our own, and we shall find that their staples are all connected with *taste*, and that our staples are those of *quantity*. Their's tend to elevate the whole people in mental enjoyment, ours simply aim at an increase of wealth."

With us everything is measured by money, and the fine arts are no exception. No matter how brilliant may be the genius or talent of an artist, he has no position in public estimation until the idea gets disseminated, that he receives very high prices; our ideas of a work of Art are wonderfully changed, when the intimation is conveyed, that the artist "got a thousand guineas for it;" the change in the spectator's mind is marvellous, and he looks with awe on the production which ere while obtained scarce a passing glance. As a consequence, nothing is done for its own sake; and although at his first starting the young man of genius may have enthusiasm for his art, before he arrives at thirty, it has been pretty effectually dissipated by the kind efforts of those about him. We must hear Mr. Ruskin again:—

"I have only a word or two to say about one special cause of over-work —the ambitious desire of doing great or clever things, and the hope of accomplishing them by immense efforts: hope as vain as it is pernicious; not only making men over-work themselves, but rendering all the work they do unwholesome to them. I say it is a vain hope, and let the reader be assured of this (it is a truth all-important to the best interests of humanity.) *No great intellectual thing was ever done by great effort;* a great thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it *without* effort." * *

"Is not the evidence of Ease on the very front of all the greatest works in existence? Do not they say plainly to us, not, 'there has been a great *effort* here,' but, 'there has been a great *power* here?' It is not the

weariness of mortality, but the strength of divinity, which we have to recognise in all mighty things; and that is just what we now *never* recognise, but think that we are to do great things, by help of iron bars and perspiration:—alas! we shall do nothing that way but lose some pounds of our own weight."

This is unquestionably true. What charms most in a work of art is the seeming facility, and yet, withal, the care evinced in every touch. But care must not be confounded with labor; this latter is always painful, and is, besides, in the power of every drudge who happens to possess great patience. Not that we wish to decry this very necessary virtue. There is a large class of people who are unable to recognise any other excellence in a work of art than labor and excessive finish. Such people are almost certain to inquire how long the artist took to produce it, and the answer determines in their minds its relative excellence. Canova was commissioned by one of this class to execute a small statue; but, from the pressure of his many engagements, he was very slow in putting it in hands, and the gentleman called several times. At last, Canova felt so much ashamed of the repeated disappointments, that he said it was in progress, and named that day week for its inspection. At the time appointed, the gentleman came—saw the statue, which was everything he wished—agreed upon the price—and so won upon Canova, that he, by way of enhancing the work in his patron's estimation, acquainted him with the fact of its having been only commenced since his last visit. But the result was altogether the opposite of Canova's expectations; for the gentleman felt it as a most scandalous extortion to require such a price for a thing done so rapidly, and intimated as much to Canova, who tartly replied, that he would be sorry to disappoint such an admirer of art, and broke the statue into fragments before the eyes of his astonished patron. Mr. Ruskin is careful to guard against the misapprehension of being supposed, in deprecating misdirected over work, to countenance what he calls "the favorite dogma of young men, that they need not work if they have genius." He supposes that a man of genius is even more ready to work than other people, and more apt to derive good from it also. We rather differ from the first assertion, although fully agreeing with the last. Men of abstract pursuits—such as painting and literature—are very apt to be

desultory in their work, and wanting in that steady application which men of more common-place minds so generally possess. They are prone to fits of indolence and of extreme activity—sometimes getting through an amount of work astonishing often to themselves on a retrospect, and that, too, without being conscious of much effort. The more methodical and plodding have a great advantage over men of this temperament, which is that of most men of genius. But in the moments of their concentrated application, they derive much more good than do the others—being in the right vein—and matters are perhaps more equal than at a superficial glance one would imagine. Without industry and perseverance there is nothing to be achieved in art. The seeming facility and absence of effort, evident in the works of great artists, they possessed not always; it is the result of practice, of thought, and enthusiastic application. There is no more frequent mistake made by young artists than the attempt to imitate this charming facility, this power. They seek to achieve in a few months what is the gradual development of years; and in endeavouring to imitate style, forget that it is but a result—that every great man makes his own style—and that their's can only be made by a similar procedure; in other words, they commence at the wrong end, and end where they ought to begin.

It is the besetting sin of Academies that their tendency is rather to encourage this pursuit of style — the study of art being by them much more inculcated than the study of nature. Academies are admirably adapted for the producing of a certain mediocrity in art, but are uncongenial to higher development. Scarce any of the great artists—either ancient or modern—were Academy pupils: and it has been remarked how seldom students who have gained prizes and medals ever attain to any great eminence as artists. Dr. Johnson says, that "he who follows must necessarily be behind!" and Buffon has written, that "every man receives two educations: one at infancy and at schools, the other from himself; and this last is really an education." So is it with an artist—the education which he gives himself is the true and valuable one. We, therefore, entirely agree with Mr. Ruskin in the following:—

"Understand this thoroughly; know, once for all, that a poet on canvas is exactly the same species of creature as a poet in song, and nearly every

error in our methods of teaching will be done away with. For who among us now thinks of bringing men up to be poets?—of producing poets by any kind of general recipe or method of cultivation?"

It is because those young men, termed Pre-Raphaelites, seem conscious of this — and seem energetically to strive by careful study of nature to substitute some better methods — that the severity of the criticism with which their efforts have been met, is to be regretted. Mr. Ruskin's description of what is inculcated upon young artists is but little exaggerated :—

"We begin, in all probability, by telling the youth of fifteen or sixteen, that Nature is full of faults, and that he is to improve her; but that Raphael is perfection, and that the more he copies Raphael the better; that after much copying of Raphael, he is to try what he can do himself in a Raphaelesque, but yet original manner: that is to say, he is to try to do something very clever, all out of his own head, but yet this clever something is to be properly subjected to Raphaelesque rules, is to have a principal light occupying one seventh of its space, and a principal shadow occupying one third of the same; that no two people's heads in the picture are to be turned the same way, and that all the personages represented are to possess ideal beauty of the highest order, which ideal beauty consists partly in a Greek outline of nose, partly in proportions expressible in decimal fractions between the lips and chin; but partly also in that degree of improvement which the youth of sixteen is to bestow upon God's work in general."

The concluding portion of this would seem to imply that Mr. Ruskin has arrived at more rational conclusions respecting "the ideal," than those he held when he wrote his second volume of "Modern Painters," in which he has devoted several chapters to an elaborate investigation concerning ideal form; and as to what kind of ideal form may be attributed to a "limpet or an oyster," and he concludes that—

"Their ideality consists in the full development of all the powers and properties of the creature as such—and is inconsistent with accidental or imperfect developments—and even with great variation from average size, the ideal size being neither gigantic nor diminutive, but the utmost grandeur and entireness of proportion, at a certain point above the mean size."

Next he goes to primroses and violets, and so gradually up to oak trees—his ideal of the park oak, being—

"Full size, united terminal curve, equal and symmetrical branches on each side. The ideal of the Mountain Oak may be any thing—twisting, and

leaning, and shattered, and rock-encumbered—so only that amid all its misfortunes it maintains the dignity of oak."—"Therefore the task of the painter in his pursuit of ideal form, is to attain accurate knowledge, so far as may be in his power, of the character, habits, and peculiar virtues and duties of every species of being; down even to the stone, for there is an ideality of stones according to their kind, an ideality of granite, and slate and marble, and it is in the utmost and most exalted exhibition of such individual character, order and use, that all ideality of art consists." *

Now we conceive the plain practical application of all this to be, that an artist is by careful study and comparison of many different instances, to find out the average oyster, violet, oak, horse, or man, as the case may be; and having discovered it, he is always to make use of that ideal form; and that this constitutes ideality of treatment. The great characteristic of nature is extraordinary variety, even in forms very similar to each other—for instance, the leaves of trees, as, if a branch be carefully examined, not two leaves will be found exactly alike, therefore idealizing them is altogether antagonistic to what we see in nature. Sheep and goats, of all animals, possess the least individuality, yet it is said shepherds readily distinguish each one of their flock, and see nearly as great differences between them as we perceive in human physiognomy. Dr. Henderson, in his Icelandic tour, mentions his surprise on one occasion when he came suddenly on a flock of nearly sixty goats which two young peasant women were milking, and in reply to his inquiries as to how they could distinguish such as were unmilked when crowded closely together, they said they knew them all by name. The pictures by David in the Louvre, are instances of this ideality of treatment. The figures, especially in the mythological subjects, are all brothers and sisters, with a strong family likeness, and the spectator cannot but remark the want of naturalness and apparent truth in the whole composition. We find Mr. Ruskin, in the work above referred to, praises

"That habit in the old and great painters, of introducing portrait into all their highest works. I look at it, not as error in them, but as the very source and root of their superiority in all things, for they were too great and too humble not to see in every face about them, that which was above them, and which no fancies of theirs could match nor take place of—wherefore we find the custom of portraiture constant with them."

* Modern Painters, vol. ii., pages 99, 101, 104.

This is admirable and just, but in the very next page he says :—"There is no face which the painter may not make ideal if he choose"—thereby spurring the artist on to that tinkering and patching up of nature's work, which, the moment before, he praises the old masters for being too great and too humble to practice. Any study from nature is useless as a study, if it be departed from, or not made with extreme care : of course it is necessary to select nature—but having made a selection, it will be best to exert the energies upon imitating it, (and it will be a sufficient task for them,) and give up all ideas of improving nature, for there is always a fitness of one part to another, which is certain to be destroyed by any grafting upon it, of what in other instances might be considered better form. There is a propriety and perfect suitableness in the growth of every man's hair and beard—the complexion, and colour of eye, to his general contour, which cannot be bettered. No man ever improved his *personel* by dyeing his hair, even though his locks were of the reddest, nor do certain exquisites improve themselves by the strange fantastic forms the hair and whiskers are sometimes tortured into assuming.

There are many who decry what they designate a tame and servile copy of nature, and so lead young men to think it derogatory to their genius to study. It was some of those to whom Dr. Walcot held out the ironical hope, "that perchance nature might come and copy them." There is no doubt that a vulgar-minded man will give a vulgar transcript of any thing he seeks to represent, but as there is no vulgarity in nature, so a truthful rendering of it, will be in no degree vulgar.

At page 61 we find the following:—

"Many critics, especially the architects, have found fault with me for not 'teaching people how to arrange masses;' for not 'attributing sufficient importance to composition.' Alas! I attribute far more importance to it than they do;—so much importance, that I should just as soon think of sitting down to teach a man how to write a Divina Commedia, or King Lear, as how to 'compose,' in the true sense, a single building or picture. The marvellous stupidity of this age of lecturers is, that they do not see that what they call 'principles of composition' are mere principles of common sense in every thing, as well as in pictures and buildings.—A picture is to have a principal light. Yes; and so a dinner is to have a principal dish, and an oration a principal point, and an air of music a principal note, and every

man a principal object. A picture is to have harmony of relation among its parts? Yes; and so is a speech well uttered, and an action well ordered, and a company well chosen, and a meal well mixed. Composition! As if a man were not composing every moment of his life, well or ill, and would not do it instinctively in his picture as well as elsewhere, if he could. Composition of this lower or common kind is of exactly the same importance in a picture that it is in any thing else,—no more. It is well that a man should say what he has to say in good order and sequence, but the main thing is, to say it truly. And yet we go on preaching to our pupils as if to have a principal light was every thing, and so cover our academy walls with Shacabac feasts, wherein the courses are indeed well ordered, but the dishes empty."

"The infinite absurdity and failure of our present training consists mainly in this, that we do not rank imagination and invention high enough, and suppose that they *can* be taught."

There is a world of truth in this; the higher principles of art and design cannot be taught. All we can do is to inculcate certain facts and ascertained principles, which may shorten the labour of the pupil, and become useful at a future period. High excellence is innate, it almost resembles an instinct in this wise, that the man of genius cannot tell how he achieves his result, he only knows that he does it. In the paragraph which we subjoin, Mr. Ruskin glances at that widespread and universal taste, against which connoisseurs who revel in ideas of the classic, committees of taste, and smatterers in art, have waged such fierce and justly ineffectual war.

"The sudden and universal Naturalism, or inclination to copy ordinary natural objects, which manifested itself among the painters of Europe, at the moment when the invention of printing superseded their legendary labours, was no false instinct. It was misunderstood and misapplied, but it came at the right time, and has maintained itself through all kinds of abuse; presenting, in the recent schools of landscape, perhaps only the first fruits of its power. That instinct was urging every painter in Europe at the same moment to his true duty—*the faithful representation of all objects of historical interest, or of natural beauty existent at the period.*"

Mr. Ruskin dwells much on the power of memory in treasuring up form and effect; but memory, even when possessed in a high degree, and coupled with keen observation, is very likely to mislead; there are many effects in their nature so fleeting, that it is impossible to take any other method of recording them save mentally—to be

brought out at the fitting time; but it will be well to reserve the memory only for such, and anything that can be rendered, ought to be registered in the sketch-book in preference. Speaking of Turner's power of memory he has the following:—

"There is a drawing in Mr. Fawkes's collection of a man-of-war taking in stores: it is of the usual size of those of the England series, about sixteen inches by eleven; it does not appear one of the most highly finished, but is still farther removed from slightness. The hull of a first-rate occupies nearly one-half of the picture on the right, her bows towards the spectator, seen in sharp perspective from stem to stern, with all her portholes, guns, anchors, and lower rigging elaborately detailed; there are two other ships of the line in the middle distance, drawn with equal precision; a noble breezy sea dancing against their broad bows, full of delicate drawing in its waves; a store-ship beneath the hull of the larger vessel, and several other boats, and a complicated cloudy sky. It might appear no small exertion of mind to draw the detail of all this shipping down to the smallest ropes, from memory, in the drawing-room of a mansion in the middle of Yorkshire, even if considerable time had been given for the effort. But Mr. Fawkes sat beside the painter from the first stroke to the last. Turner took a piece of blank paper one morning after breakfast, outlined his ships, finished the drawing in three hours, and went out to shoot."

We would prefer to hear what the first lieutenant of a first-rate, would have said as to the details of rigging, &c., for we feel quite certain that a daguerreotype of a line of battle ship, in a similar position, or a careful study from the pencil of an artist skilled in such subjects, would be infinitely more truthful in such particulars; and this we say without in the least questioning either the memory or great artistic skill of Mr. Turner. Let an artist, or any one possessing a tolerably cultivated power of drawing, make a careful study of any well known object, such as a hat, tea-kettle, or parlour chair, in a given position; we will suppose the hat, a form that is sufficiently familiar—after making the sketch it is at all events fully impressed on the memory—let him then make another sketch of the hat from recollection, taking care to vary its position, either looking down on it, or some such change; let him then place the hat in exactly the same position, and compare the sketch with it, and he will be astonished to see how much it is out: this will do more to convince him of the absolute necessity of studying all that can be studied from nature, than the most elaborate treatise. And this brings also another consideration

of what a slight knowledge of anatomy is sufficient for an artist: it is with the outside appearance only that he has to deal, and knowing exactly where this or that particular tendon is, or how the muscles pull, will, as we have shown by the above example of the hat, be but of small use. He must study the living model in the position he requires—no other method will serve.

There never was a period when such a quantity of works on the fine arts have appeared as at present, by artists as well as amateurs; and what with volumes, pamphlets, articles in periodicals, and critiques, if the young student in art is not set on the right road, it will be a wonder. But there is a proverb about too many cooks. It is remarkable that artists, when they write, for the most part, modestly confine themselves to practical details, hints, and suggestions likely to be useful to the young artist, in his endeavours to overcome the insufficiency of his material; but the amateur is certain to rush into the highest flights. He it is who descants upon high art—the imaginative and the ideal—the lofty mission of the artist, and what Thackeray calls "the beautiful with the big B"—until the anxious inquirer and the writer are alike mystified.* Those last have written much about the creative power of art. The plain truth is, art is vastly more imitative than anything else. The artist who follows his imagination, instead of his eye, is tolerably certain to go wrong. Pascal says—"L'homme n'est ni ange ni bête; et le malheur est, que qui veut faire l'ange, fait la bête." This straining after the ethereal is a prolific source of absurdity in painting, which passes with many for lofty sublimity. This it is which has made artists represent the Almighty in the semblance of an old man, with a long beard—makes angels by well-formed, handsome young men, with birds' wings out of their shoulder-blades. A bird's wing is the representative of a man's arm; therefore there should be either the one or the other, but not both; it is not one iota superior to that ignorant abortion, the sculptured Centaur, with a double sternum apparatus, two stomachs, and two abdomens! But why wings at all? they are suited *only* to our atmosphere—some fifty miles above

* "It is expected, in this nineteenth Century, that a man of culture shall understand and worship Art. Among the windy gospels addressed to our poor Century, there are few louder than this of Art."—*Carlyle's Life of John Stirling*, page 228.

us, it is computed—a very small portion of an angel's journey through space. Then they give us stout, able-bodied men, sitting on clouds—those who have gone up in a balloon know what description of resting place they afford; and some show us heaven and the people in it just as they were on earth—hats, and coats, and other raiment—yea, we are even afforded a peep at the celestial choir, one of whom plays on a fiddle! and scrapes catgut as vigorously as ever did mountebank at a fair. Yet the admirers of such natural ideas smile with pity at the poor Pagan, who places the bow and arrows beside his departed brother, in the belief that he will need them in "happy hunting grounds." But it will be urged, this is all allegorical. So much the worse: allegory in painting is abominable. It may be appropriate for a nation who have no alphabet, but with us, who are able to describe all we want to convey in a written language, it is totally out of place.

Let it not be assumed, that because we decry the extravagant flights which over-zeal impels certain idolaters of art to take, that we wish to question the intellectuality of painting, or the high mental endowments requisite for an artist. We are enemies to cant of all kinds, but especially artistic cant. There are quite enough of real tangible difficulties in the path of the young artist, without strewing it with imaginary ones, to distract and waste his energies: such, for instance, as the following bathos :—"We possess this double power of embellishing in our imagination all the objects of nature, and of communicating to our own works that ideal and moral beauty which comes from the soul. Genius does not paint as it sees outwardly; it expresses what it sees inwardly. The sense of the beautiful is the light of the mind." We would like to see the landscape an artist could produce by only looking inwardly. This twaddle is by a French writer—Aimè Martin—and passes current mostly because no one likes, in exposing its absurdity, to risk being thought deficient in soul, and by assenting, it is a cheap and easy way to get credit for lofty aspirations, and cultivated intellect. We are forcibly reminded of the fable, in which certain swindlers announced that they could weave and make up magnificent robes, but that only clever people could see them, being invisible to the dull herd. The rogues had no cloth, but pretended to manufacture it, and everybody was in the greatest ecstacy at its magnificence.

Mr. Ruskin has the following admirable passage. Speaking of the "Seven Ages," he truly says—

"This subject cannot be painted. In the written passage, the thoughts are progressive and connected; in the picture they must be co-existent and yet separate; nor can all the characters of the ages be rendered in painting at all. One may represent the soldier at the cannon's mouth, but one cannot paint the "bubble reputation" which he seeks."

Many of the mistakes made by artists, and writers on art, are owing to the comparisons they institute between painting and writing. An artist has but a moment of time for his representation, and can only show what passes at the particular instant he has chosen. A poet can tell all that precedes what he describes, and can also make us aware of what is passing in the mind, often so much at variance with outward manifestation. Painting cannot give this; if it could, it would be false. Poets and painters often attempt what cannot, and what ought not to be represented. Nor can painters express two passions on the one face; all who have attempted it have failed, and any approach to its realization is existent much more in the imagination of the spectator than in the picture. A criticism of Aimè Martin's on a painting of the "Swearing of the Horatii," by David, occurs to us as exemplifying these mistakes. He writes—

"There is something energetical in the attidude of these three warriors. Their gesture is an oath; they swear to fight—but for what? Here the work of the intelligence stops short. The painter has made a fine picture, but no voice emanates from the canvas.

"The father who presents the swords might be considered but a drunken man; the three young men who listen, only vulgar warriors. I do not hear that energetic cry which responds to the call of Rome—I do not see the assurance of victory which radiates from the brow of heroes. All these heads are mute; and yet among these warriors there is a conquerer, a noble conqueror, who will become a cruel murderer. Where is this Roman, so eager for the honor of Rome, who, in his enthusiasm, sacrifices his sister to her? Show him to me. Give him a soul at once sublime and ferocious, or lay aside your pencil."

He discovers that they swear to fight, yet he cannot comprehend for what. The oath might just as well be not to fight, for anything a spectator can tell, who is ignorant of the story illustrated; and we

think if M. Aimè Martin found out the first, he ought, by the same rule, to learn the second. But no; he must hear the oath, or else, in his opinion, the work of the intelligence stops short. He wants to see the assurance of victory on their brows; but it may be—and no doubt this was David's conception—that, like truly brave men, they knew well the difficulties of the task they had to achieve, and neither undervalued the prowess of their adversaries, nor overvalued their own; and in two, at least, of the warriors it would have been a mistaken confidence, as we know they were slain. Because M. Martin is aware that one of the three becomes afterwards a murderer, he wants to see some manifestation of what at the time had no existence. It may be, that in a moment of passion—although naturally kind and humane—he did a cruel, a horrible act; or, being in nature a thorough savage (which is the most probable), he acted accordingly. And because David has not made this furious savage look sublime (an utter impossibility), he says, "lay aside your pencil!" He thinks that the father might be considered drunken. Possibly, if he was a spectator of the actual occurrence, and unable to hear what passed, he might think the same thing; and this is precisely the position an artist fancies himself to be in, when he wishes to illustrate any occurrence that has ever happened: he shows it exactly as he supposes it to have occurred, keeping the modesty of nature in view, and following her where he can; where he cannot, following that in nature which resembles what he seeks to illustrate. We are no admirers of David, but we wish to rescue him from false criticism. It is odd that M. Aimè Martin praises David highly for qualities his works do not possess. And with regard to art criticisms generally, we fear it is more of pictures than of painting, that nature is not sufficiently accounted of; and that, without some practical knowledge of the difficulties of the art, and the inadequacy of the material by which nature has to be represented, it is almost impossible to estimate the degree of merit that is due to the painter. Mr. Pyne, in one of his admirable letters on landscape, published in the "Art Journal," mentions the meeting his little son, on one occasion, with a brush and a small piece of canvas; and, to his inquiry of what he was going to paint, replied—"I am going to paint the beautiful bright sun." "Poor little fellow!" he adds, "one day he will

learn that the only material he has to imitate it, is a spot of white paint."

Mr. Ruskin is quite correct in attributing much of the different rendering of nature by artists, to their different kinds of sight—the near-sighted man, as a matter of course, sees objects comparatively indistinctly—and his pictures are therefore more remarkable for breadth of effect, and absence of minute detail—some carrying it to an extreme. Men with keen vision, on the contrary, see everything, and in the endeavour to represent what they see, give us pictures crowded with minute objects, and foregrounds showing almost every blade of grass. There are many degrees of vision between those extremes, as, indeed, portrait painters very soon discover to their infinite mortification, for numbers of people see the same object very differently, and hence, cannot be similarly gratified by a representation which necessarily only gives the particular appearance that is evident to the painter; and this accounts for the diversity of opinions regarding likenesses that are so constantly met with. The Pre-Raphaelites, we should say, judging by their works, must have very keen vision. By the same rule we should imagine Turner to be equally near-sighted —for a greater contrast to the works of the former cannot well be; and it seems to us strange, that Mr. Ruskin should continue equally enthusiastic in his advocacy of both, for he devotes a large portion of his pamphlet in defence of the Pre-Raphaelites, to a glowing panegyric on Turner. We extract the following, as affording an explanation of the grounds on which Mr. Ruskin's admiration of such opposite styles, is founded:—

"I wish it to be understood how every great man paints what he sees or did see, his greatness being indeed little else than his intense sense of fact. And thus Pre-Raphaelitism and Raphaelitism, and Turnerism, are all one and the same, so far as education can influence them. They are different in their choice, different in their faculties, but all the same in this, that Raphael himself, so far as he was great, and all who preceded or followed him who ever were great, became so by painting the truths around them as they appeared to each man's own mind, not as he had been taught to see them, except by the God who made both him and them."

This appears very reasonable and just, but nevertheless there is an education of the eye, and men require to be taught to see nature's

truths. Few are aware how very rapidly objects diminish in apparent size as they recede from the eye; because it is known that objects are really not smaller, there is a difficulty in seeing that they appear so. If a man be placed at the distance of two feet from the human eye, and another at the distance of eight feet, the farthest off will be diminished one-fourth. Again, if any object be viewed reflected upon the ground glass of an ordinary camera, it will appear very small—but if the glass and lenses are removed, and the eye placed exactly where the reflection on the glass appeared, it will be found that the object was scarcely, if at all, diminished; from this it would appear that groups of figures represented life-size, are incorrect, as under no circumstances could groups *appear* that size; indeed it is questionable if the pictorial representation of every figure that is life-size is not a falsity, for unquestionably no artist can see his sitter of such a size, as the distance is always about six or eight feet from the artist. It is not a sufficient answer to this, to say that the picture is to be viewed at that distance, and will diminish in the same ratio, because the picture is to represent the object as if at the same distance from the base line of the picture, that the object is really distant from the artist's eye.

When we look at any group of objects in nature, it is self-evident that we only see one particular local part at the same moment; while regarding the foreground the distance is all but invisible: and if the eye be kept steadily on one point, *the appearance* would be, only a very small portion distinct—in fact, a picture truthfully representing such appearance, would resemble the view reflected in a camera, when everything is out of focus, except one prominent object in the foreground; but the observer of nature can, by moving his eye, see almost every object equally distinct in turn, save only, that distant objects seem less defined on account of the atmosphere intervening, an effect termed by artists "aerial perspective." In a picture treated as we suppose, this could not be done by the spectator, and a feeling of disappointment would of course result; the artist is therefore driven to make a compromise—he gives us a conventional representation, and the art consists in so balancing those opposites, that no sense of incongruity is felt—a result which, in our opinion, the Pre-Raphaelites have not achieved: in their great effort to be truthful they become untrue

—for they show almost every object equally distinctly; and although such is the fact in nature, there is this difference in the pictorial representation, that all the objects are necessarily on the same plain, but in nature, being on different ones, the eye, as it travels further off, pitches itself to a different focus, and as it does not require to do this when opposite a picture, a sense of the want of naturalness is the result. This, also, is the cause of that seeming hardness of form and harshness of outline, so evident in their works. Draperies are by them most accurately and carefully studied—yet they give us the idea of being hard and unbending, instead of soft and textile, liable to be displaced by the smallest movement. A very marked change has taken place of late years in the treatment of draperies by artists, and in their attention to propriety of costume. Sir Joshua Reynolds' axiom, "it should be drapery, it should be nothing more," is now deservedly exploded; but the taste of his time was to look on all such matters as quite secondary. Inflated ideas of the classical were the only ones considered legitimate; and artists, in painting historical and scriptural subjects, generally invented their costumes, and thereby saved themselves a world of trouble. The old masters, too, for the most part, followed the same course. We have often fancied, in looking at some of their paintings, that if the people they represent wore such costume, they must have been so constantly occupied in keeping their pieces of cloth from falling to the ground, that they could not possibly have had leisure to do anything else. The artist of the present day requires to be a more generally informed man than sufficed heretofore; anachronisms, which then passed current, would not be tolerated now. How different are the paintings by Horace Vernet, illustrating the patriarchal age. He travelled in the East, and saw the resemblance between the manners and customs of the Nomadic tribes of the desert and those mentioned in holy writ—and, knowing how unchangeable are the habits of these people, he transcribed their costume and physiognomy to his canvas, and produced the most striking and characteristic illustrations of that age, that have ever been produced. Barry's treatment of the death of Wolfe was the very opposite. Allan Cunningham says, that the people who knew all the different regiments that were engaged, even to the colour of their facings, were astounded to see nothing but naked men.

The Germans have unquestionably been foremost in their strict attention to detail, and in giving the appropriate costume of the period represented. In looking over some back volumes of the *Quarterly Review*, we lately met with an article on Modern German Painting, in which it is very severely handled—too severely, in our opinion. There are many points of resemblance between the works of the German artists and the Pre-Raphaelites — and both have fallen into similar mistakes. The Reviewer is particularly caustic in his remarks on Mr. Hildibrandt's picture of the Murder of the Young Princes in the Tower—because of the satin mattresses, arabesque patterns, gold borders, and load of finish in every part. "Who," he says, "in telling the tale, would stop to point out the pattern of the coverlid, or the border of the smock, or excruciate you by faddling over the binding of the book? The narrator would feel that these minutiæ—though they might be there — in no way helped to tell the story." If they were there the artist ought to represent them; and Shakspeare says—

"A book of prayers, too, on their pillow lay."

Lord Chesterfield was of opinion "that anything that is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," and we think all the details of a picture should be carefully and accurately rendered — for these matters *do* help to tell the story; but they should be given with such art as only to appear when looked for — like the real objects — and should not equally arrest attention with the principal subject matter of the picture—and this is precisely the art which the Pre-Raphaelites seem most to lack. The writer commences by stating that for several years an impression has been gaining ground that the Germans are leaving us far behind in art—"and with the national absence of self-esteem, which works in us so strongly, for good and for evil, we are at once ready to draw disparaging comparisons, and discouraging conclusions." We thought how a German or a Frenchman would smile at this; for if there is one character of John Bull's more marked than another, it is his perfect conviction that every thing English is right, and that whatever differs must be wrong—and this, probably, accounts for the rough handling he has given to German art.

In the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy, David Roberts had

a painting of an Attack on a Caravan in Syria, which gave the effect of nature most charmingly; it was remarkable, also, as being not at all labored; indeed, on a near inspection, it was almost coarse — but there were all the evidences of great care and consummate art. In the same Exhibition was the painting, by Maclise, of Caxton's Printing Office, in the Almonry, at Westminster, which, in point of high finish and extraordinary attention to every minute detail, surpasses anything that the Pre-Raphaelites have produced, and is much more truthful, as well as graceful. The smallest and most trifling object is as carefully labored as the more prominent and important. In the left hand corner are scattered some brushes and colors, and one little glass vial contains a yellow pigment in powder, in which the different appearance of the loose grains on the top and the closely compressed part at the sides, is plainly distinguishable. In looking at this picture it is impossible to disassociate from the mind an idea of the immense quantity of labor bestowed upon it. In our opinion, Landseer's method is more desirable, for, with great care, and all requisite attention to detail, he has combined a mastery and play of the pencil exceedingly captivating; his pictures are, also, pre-eminent for great natural truth. The following passage from Mr. Ruskin is quite true, and shows that, however partial he is to the Pre-Raphaelists, he is not insensible to their demerits:—

"I have a word to say to the Pre-Raphaelites specially. They are working too hard. There is evidence in failing portions of their pictures, showing that they have wrought so long upon them that their very sight has failed for weariness, and that the hand refused any more to obey the heart. And besides this, there are certain qualities of drawing which they miss from over-carefulness. For, let them be assured, there is a great truth lurking in that common desire of men to see things done in what they call a 'masterly,' or 'bold,' or 'broad' manner; a truth oppressed and abused, like almost every other in this world, but an eternal one nevertheless; and whatever mischief may have followed from men's looking for nothing else but this facility of execution, and supposing that a picture was assuredly all right if only it were done with broad dashes of the brush, still the truth remains the same; that because it is not intended that men shall torment or weary themselves with any earthly labour, it is appointed that the noblest results should only be attainable by a certain ease and decision of manipulation. I only wish people understood this much of sculpture, as well as of painting, and could see that the finely finished statue is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a

far more vulgar work than that which shows rough signs of the right hand laid to the workman's hammer."

One thing that they are successful in, is propriety of attidude and expression. The painting by J. E. Millais, illustrative of Tennyson's lines—

> "She only said 'my life is dreary,
> He cometh not!' she said;
> She said 'I am aweary, aweary,
> I would that I were dead.'"

The perfect truth with which the idea is portrayed, and the utter weariness evident in the attitude and air of the figure, cannot be exceeded. His other picture of the Woodman's Daughter, is equally successful. The sullen and abrupt air with which the rich squire's young son offers the fruit to the little girl, and the open, confiding and gratified manner evident in her reception of his gift, is exceedingly truthful—but one cannot help saying, what a pity they are not handsome!

Whether those gentlemen will realize the high hopes and expectations Mr. Ruskin indulges in—and "found a new and noble school in England," remains to be seen, but that they possess the essential qualities likely to lead them to greatness—industry, perseverance, and earnestness, is undeniable.

Painters and poets, but especially the former, are by general consent of mankind classed as the *genus irritable*. Mr. Ruskin, we fancy, has mixed much with artists—and probably had this peculiarity of theirs in his mind when penning the following:—

"In general, the men who are employed in the Arts have freely chosen their profession, and suppose themselves to have special faculty for it; yet, as a body, they are not happy men. For which this seems to me the reason,—that they are expected, and themselves expect, to make their bread *by being clever*—not by steady or quiet work; and are, therefore, for the most part, trying to be clever, and so living in an utterly false state of mind and action."

With the following passage we conclude. It may be read with advantage by legislators, by painters, and by amateurs:—

"Suppose that every tree of the forest had been drawn in its noblest aspect, every beast of the field in its savage life— that all these gatherings were al-

ready in our national galleries, and that the painters of the present day were laboring, happily and earnestly, to multiply them, and put such means of knowledge more and more within reach of the common people—would not that be a more honorable life for them, than gaining precarious bread by 'bright effects?' They think not, perhaps. They think it easy, and therefore contemptible, to be truthful; they have been taught so all their lives. But it is not so, whoever taught it them. It is most difficult, and worthy of the greatest men's greatest effort, to render, as it should be rendered, the simplest of the natural features of the earth; but also, be it remembered, no man is confined to the simplest; each may look out work for himself where he chooses, and it will be strange if he cannot find something hard enough for him. The excuse is, however, one of the lips only; for every painter knows, that when he draws back from the attempt to render nature as she is, it is oftener in cowardice than in disdain."

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